POEMS
ON
Affairs of State,
FROM
The Time of *Oliver Cromwell*, to the Abdication of K. *James* Second.

Written by the Greateſt Wits of the Age,
VIZ.

Duke of *Buckingham*,	Mr. *Milton*,
Earl of *Rocheſter*,	Mr. *Dryden*,
Earl of *Dorſet*,	Mr. *Sprat*,
Sir *John Denham*,	Mr. *Waller*,
Andrew Marvell, Eſq;	Mr. *Ayloffe*, &c.

With ſome Miſcellany Poems by the ſame: Moſt whereof never before Printed.

Now carefully examin'd with the Originals, and Publiſh'd without any Caſtration.

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1710.

B L

THE PREFACE.

THE common Aim of Prefaces, to prepoſſeſs the Reader in favour of the Book, is here wholly uſeleſs; for what is now publiſh'd is none of the trifling Performances of the Age, that are yet to make their Fortune, but a Collection of thoſe valuable Pieces, which ſeveral Great Men have produc'd, no leſs inſpir'd by the injur'd Genius of their Country, than by the Muſes. They are of eſtabliſh'd Fame, and already receiv'd and allow'd the beſt Patriots, as well as Poets. I am ſenſible, that ſhould we conſult our ſuperficial Hypo-Criticks, they would often be apt to arraign the Numbers: for there are a ſort of Men, who having little other merit than a happy Chime, would fain fix the Excellence of Poetry in the Smoothneſs of the Verſification; allowing but little to the more eſſential Qualities of a Poet, great Images, good Senſe, *&c.* Nay, they have ſo blind a Paſſion for what they excel in, that they will exclude all Variety of Numbers from *Engliſh* Poetry, when they allow none but *Iambics*; which muſt by an Identity of Sound bring a very unpleaſing Satiety upon the Reader. I

muſt own, I am of opinion that a great many rough Cadencies that are to be found in theſe Poems, and in the admirable *Paradiſe Loſt*, are ſo far from Faults, that they are Beauties, and contribute by their Variety to the prolonging the Pleaſure of the Readers. But I have unawares fallen into this Digreſſion, which requires more time and room than I have here to allow, to ſet it in that juſt light it requires. I ſhall return to the following Poems writ by Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Marvel*, &c. which will ſhew us, that there is no where a greater Spirit of Liberty to be found, than in thoſe who are Poets. *Homer*, *Ariſtophanes*, and moſt of the inſpir'd Tribe have ſhew'd it; and *Catullus*, in the midſt of *Cæſar*'s Triumphs, attack'd the Vices of that Great Man, and expos'd 'em, to leſſen that Popularity and Power he was gaining among the *Roman* People, which he ſaw would be turn'd to the Deſtruction of the Liberty of *Rome*.

Quis hoc poteſt videre, quis poteſt pati, &c.
And,
Pulchre convenit improbis Cinædis,
Mamurræ, Pathicoque, Cæſarique.
And again,
Nil nimium ſtudeo Cæſar tibi velle placere, &c.

But it would be endleſs to quote all the Liberties the Poets have of old taken with ill Men whoſe Power had aw'd others to a ſervile Flattery: The ſucceeding Tyrants have not been able to ſuppreſs the numerous Inſtances we have ye

of it. We have therefore reaſon to hope that no *Engliſhman* that is a true Lover of his Country's Good and Glory, can be diſpleas'd at the publiſhing a Collection, the Deſign of which was to remove thoſe pernicious Principles which lead us directly to Slavery; to promote a publick and generous Spirit, which was then almoſt a ſhame to the Poſſeſſor, if not a certain Ruin. I believe were a Man of equal Ability and unbyaſs'd Temper to make a juſt Compariſon, ſome of the following Authors might claim perhaps an equal ſhare with many of the moſt celebrated of the *Romans* or *Greeks*. I know in a Nation ſo factious as this, where the prepoſterous Principles of Slavery are run into a point of Conſcience and Honour, and yet hold abundance in unſeaſonable and monſtrous Diviſions, it would be a Task that muſt diſoblige too many to undertake. But when all *Europe* is engag'd to deſtroy that tyrannick Power, which the Miſmanagement of thoſe Times, and the ſelfiſh evil Deſigns of a corrupt Court had given riſe to; it cannot be thought unſeaſonable to publiſh ſo juſt an Account of the true Source of all our preſent Miſchiefs: which will be evidently found in the following Poems, for from them we may collect a juſt and ſecret Hiſtory of the former Times.

And looking backward with a wiſe afright,
See Seams of Wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight.

Oh that we cou'd yet learn, under this Auſpicious Government founded on Liberty, the generous

nerous Principles of the publick Good! Sure this Conſort of Divine *Amphions* will charm the diſtracted Pieces of the publick Building into one noble and regular Pile, to be the Wonder, as well as Safeguard of *Europe*. This being the Aim of this preſent Publication, it muſt be extremely approv'd by all true Patriots, all Lovers of the general Good of Mankind, and in that moſt certainly of their own in particular.

Omnes profecto liberi libentius
Sumus, quam ſervimus.

Take off the gaudy Veil of Slavery, and ſhe will appear ſo frightful and deform'd, that all would abhor her: For all Mankind naturally prefer Liberty to Slavery.

'Tis true, ſome few of theſe Poems were printed before in looſe Papers, but ſo mangled, that the Perſons that wrote them would hardly have known, much leſs have own'd them; which put a Perſon on examining them by the Originals or beſt Copies: and they are here publiſh'd without any Caſtration, with many curious Miſcellaneous Poems of the ſame Great Men, which never before ſaw the light.

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POEM

POEMS
ON
State Affairs.

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwel, *and his Victories.* *By* E. Waller, *Esq;*

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
Protect us from our ſelves and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.
Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign;
And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as *Neptune* ſhow'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race:
So has your Highneſs (rais'd above the reſt)
Storms of Ambition toſſing us repreſt.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious State,
The Seat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their Doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Veſſel in our Fleet.

Your Pow'r reſounds as far as Wind can blow,
Or ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
Heaven, that has plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
To balance *Europe*, and her State to awe;
In this Conjunction does on *Britain* ſmile,
The greateſt Leader to the greateſt Iſle.
Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and Succour of your Court;
And then, your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the World's Protector ſhall be known.
Fame, ſwifter than your winged Navy, flies
Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe.
With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her Head above the reſt.
What may be thought impoſſible to do
For us, embraced by the Sea and You?
Lords of the World's great Waſte, the Ocean,
Whole Foreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea:
And every Coaſt may trouble and relieve,
But none can viſit us without your Leave.
Angels and we know this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat arrive;
While we deſcend at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with Vengeance, or the good to Aid.
Our little World, the Image of the great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own Growth has all that Nature craves,
And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky:
So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
Our ever conſtant Friend, the Sea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm, in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine;
And without planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig up Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho the heavieſt Metal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow:
Things of the nobleſt kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho her Eagle thro the World had flown,
Could never make this Iſland all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conquering *Henry* flouriſh'd, and now You:
For whom we ſtaid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for You,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.
He ſafely might old Troops to Battel lead
Againſt th'unwarlike *Perſian*, or the *Mede*,
Whoſe haſty Flight did form a bloodleſs Field,
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with Want and Cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for You to tame:
Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Gariſons you bind.
Here foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.
They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Prefer'd by Conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.

So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like Favour find the *Iriſh*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea are join'd.
Holland, to gain your Friendſhip, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent.
She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuſe
Preventing Poſts, the Terror of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces tremble at their Roar,
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
Unite Affections, and reſtrain our Rage.
Leſs pleaſures take brave Minds in Battel won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he conquers ſpare:
To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one Hand, but you heal with both
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our Age miſled,
And o'er theſe Nations ſuch Confuſion ſpread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come d
Was ſo much Power and Clemency in One;
One whoſe Extraction's from an antient Line,
Gives hopes again that well-born Men may ſhine
The Meaneſt in your Nature, mild and good,
The Noble reſt ſecured in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe:
How ſuch a ruling Spirit could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt o'er your own ſelf to reign.

Your private Life did a juſt Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons ſhould live.
Born to Command, your Princely Vertues ſlept,
Like humble *David*, whilſt the flock he kept.
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchleſs Worth,
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To ſow Contention, gave a proſperous end.
Still as you riſe, the State's exalted too,
Finds no Diſtemper while it's chang'd by You:
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noiſe
The riſing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deſtroys.
Had you ſome Ages paſt this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we ſhould read your Story.
But living Vertue all Atchievements paſt,
Meets Envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.
This *Cæſar* found, and that ungrateful Age
With loſing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Miſtaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union at that ſtroke.
That Sun once ſet, a thouſand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars;
To ſuch a Tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.
If *Rome*'s great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by You?
You that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compoſe;
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows; if he that firſt took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.
As the vext World to find repoſe at laſt,
It ſelf into *Auguſta*'s Arms did caſt:

So *England* now does, with like Toil oppreſt,
Her weary Head upon your Boſom reſt.
Then let the Muſes with ſuch Notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
Your Battels they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, of Armies over-run,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Duſt did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
Illuſtrious Arts high Raptures do infuſe,
And every Conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here in low ſtrains your milder Deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
To crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd Nations, and the Sea beſide:
While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
Like *Joſeph*'s Sheaves, pay Reverence, and Bow.

Three POEMS on the Death of the late Protector *Oliver Cromwell*.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxford*, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's on the late Uſurper O. Cromwel *Written after his Funeral, by Mr.* Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have born him to the Sky
Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho our beſt Notes are Treaſon to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applauſe of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what Praiſe we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho in his Praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an Act of Friendſhip to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe,
Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular?
For in a round, what Order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the Parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him ſo;
And Wars like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that eaſy Miſtreſs to the young,
But to her antient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the Faults of others Sway,
And ſet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun;

Not like raſh Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Deſign:
We owe that Bleſſing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unſought Rewards did join;
Rewards that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
Firſt fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poiſe:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but made a noiſe.

XII.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and aſſay'd
To ſtanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs thro the Land he paſt,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *Eaſt* ſubdue;
And made to Battels ſuch Heroick haſt,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought, ſecure of Fortune as of Fame;
Still by new Maps the Iſland might be ſhewn,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where e'er he came
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is ſown.

XV.

His Palms, tho under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Portraict ſhew'd a Work-man's Hand
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the Price of all its Toil and Care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her Safety reſcu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no Int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that Fate which did his Arms diſpoſe
Her Land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe Stars which only ſhine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his Countenance did imprint an Awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow.
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'reign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all Offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Succeſsful Councils did him ſoon approve,
As fit for cloſe Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant *Holland* he vouchſaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival of the *Britiſh* Main;
Now tamely glad her unjuſt Claim to ceaſe,
And buy our Friendſhip with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted Sea thro *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love:
Each knew that Side muſt conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the *Frenchman*'s Cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light *Monſieur* the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt,
Tho *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his Right:
For tho that ſome mean Artiſts Skill were ſhewn

In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet ſtill the fair Deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, ſaw
How ſhe Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle Vertues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large Breaſt,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch Heroick Vertue Heaven ſet out,
The Stars, like Commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more *Alps* to ſtand,
Altho an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command we boldly croſs'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The higheſt Acts it could produce to ſhew:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilſt the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs;
But when freſh Laurels courted him to live,
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new Succeſs,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Veſtal, under Spoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as a Tribute ſent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd;
And th' Iſle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obſequies loud Sighs confer'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have ſince his Death aroſe,
But Faction now by habit does obey;
And Wars have that reſpect for his Repoſe,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Aſhes in a peaceful Urn ſhall reſt,
His Name a great Example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high Endeavours may be bleſt,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.

SIR,

SEeing you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friend's hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius *of that Excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportion'd and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written: Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and form'd under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege. So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is*

Your most Devoted,

and Oblig'd Servant.

To the Happy Memory of the late Uſurper, Oliver Cromwell. *By Mr.* Sprat *of* Oxon. *Pindarick Odes.*

I.

'TIS true, great Name, thou art ſecure
From the Forgetfulneſs and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame, like Men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of it ſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs Art can do;
Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearſe,
Tho it were never heard or ſung in Verſe.
Without our help, thy Memory is ſafe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an Inſcription,
Remember'd only on the Braſs, or Marble-ſtone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roſes and Perfumes,
Will but officious Folly ſhow,
And pious Nothings to ſuch mighty Tombs.
All our Incenſe, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unneceſſary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices ſpare,
Their coſtly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet;
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it ſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
The one's extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of Thee, and join
Their feeble Names with Thine,

Their

Their weaker Sparks with thy illuſtrious Light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
Wants no addition of another's Beam;
It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them
Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred Urn ſurvive,
Without the Food of Oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs;
Duty commands our Tongues:
Tho thou want not our Praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo Men from Religion are not freed,
But from the Altars Clouds muſt riſe,
Tho Heaven it ſelf doth nothing need,
And tho the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whoſe each Year
Full of new Miracles did appear!
Whoſe every Month might be
Alone a Chronicle, or a Hiſtory!
Others great Actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle Star:
But thine the Milky-way,
All one continu'd Light, of undiſtinguiſh'd Day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen
Scarce any common Sky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double Shapes be ſhown,
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
Live *Jove* ſometimes with warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand:
Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,

All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty Gold,
That the leaſt Grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thy ſelf wer't great,
Whilſt yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure Signs of future Greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy Domeſtick Worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full Spring ſhould call it forth:
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the ſame Colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open Day and Light;
The Sun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo:
So whilſt but private Walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty Mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame Vertues did appear,
Tho in a leſs and more contracted Sphere,
As full, tho not as large as ſince they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Tho then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true, thou waſt not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in haſt,
But after many other Colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt Princely Dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:

Thoſe

Thoſe Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt Deſign
On meaner things with equal Mind.
That Soul which ſhould ſo many Scepters ſway,
To whom ſo many Kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtick way:
So Government it ſelf began
From Family, and ſingle Man,
Was by the ſmall relation firſt,
Of Husband and of Father nurs'd;
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread it ſelf o'er all the World at laſt.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd;
When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms and diſmal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
Thou left'ſt thy more delightful Peace,
Thy private Life, and better eaſe;
Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the Hook:
When Death had got a large Commiſſion out,
Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing Serpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thy ſelf, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and ſick before
Thy Wars and Arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the Diſeaſe did lie,
And like the Cure of Sympathy,

Thy ſtrong and certain Remedy
Unto the Weapon didſt apply ;
Thou didſt not draw the Sword, and ſo
Away the Scabbard throw,
As if thy Country ſhou'd
Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood :
But that when the great Work was ſpun,
War in it ſelf ſhould be undone ;
That Peace might land again upon the ſhore,
Richer and better than before :
The Husbandmen no Steel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful Iron of the Plow ;
That Bays might creep on every Spear :
And tho our Sky was overſpread
With a deſtructive Red,
'Twas but till thou our Sun didſt in full light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph :
So from that Crimſon Flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters and Learning roſe and renewed :
Thou fought'ſt not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State ;
And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
In the Field of *Mars* didſt mow,
Was, that a Holy Iſland hence might grow.
Thy Wars, as Rivers raiſed by a Shower,
With welcome Clouds do pour :
Tho they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged Stream ;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better Parts annoy :
But all the Filth and Mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another Slime,
To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in Battels and in Arms excel;
That ſteelly Arms themſelves might be
Worn out in War as ſoon as Thee:
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been firſt overcome by Thee;
As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve.
Others by Thee did great things do,
Triumphd'ſt thy ſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too.
Tho they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher Sphere;
Thou, the great Sun, gav'ſt light to every Star.
Thy ſelf an Army wert alone,
And mighty Troops contain'd in one:
Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
Like that which flaming in the Angel's hand,
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be High or Great,
Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
But as the Veſtal Heat,
Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee victorious to the Field.
Thy Arms, like thoſe which antient Heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didſt adore;
And all the Words thy Armies had,
Were on an heavenly Anvil made;
Not Intereſt, or any weak Deſire
Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inſpire;

Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the *Perſian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reſerv'd by Heaven and thoſe bleſt Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

Tho Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word;
Tho Fortune for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Unconſtancy;
Amidſt thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too;
Wounded'ſt thy ſelf, when thou didſt kill thy Foe;
Like Steel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt:
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy Battels make thee Proud or High,
Thy Conqueſt rais'd the State, not Thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thy ſelf in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a poliſh'd Golden Shield doth ſhine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
So when the Heavens ſmil'd on thee in Fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs, and Victory to thy Tent;
To Heav'n again the Victory was ſent.

XII.

England, till thou did'ſt come,
Confin'd her Valour home;
Then our own Rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
And were to us, as well
As to our Enemies, unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our Fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the Dead.

The *Britiſh* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
To Slavery and Burden ſtoop'd;
With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
Lay in his Den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt Voice before,
A trembling Eccho ran thro every Shore,
And ſhook the World at every Roar:
Thou his ſubdued Courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his Claws, and from his Eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful Lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring Floods
His mighty Thunder ſounds thro all the Woods:
Thou haſt our Military Fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, Heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt, that Azure Chain of Waves
Which Nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
Was rather Burden than an Ornament;
Thoſe Fields of Sea that waſh'd our Shores,
Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours
To us, the liquid Maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As 'tis unto the Sun,
Only a Bed to ſleep on was;
And not, as now, a powerful Throne,
To ſhake and ſway the World thereon.
Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
Thou all the Wilderneſs of Water ſway'd;
Thou didſt not only wed the Sea,
Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy Yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke:

He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our ſelves more hurt;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a ſport;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which ſhould to tear our ſelves be us'd.
Our Strength within it ſelf did break
Like thundering Cannons creak,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' Enemies ſecur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Iſle,
And all the World the while
Is exerciſing Arms and Wars
With foreign or inteſtine Jars.
The Torch extinguiſh'd here, we lend to others Oil;
We give to all, yet know our ſelves no fear;
We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
Where'er we pleaſe, our Swords for to unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate Regions breathe:
Like to the Sun, whoſe Heat is hurl'd
Thro every Corner of the World;
Whoſe Flame thro all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himſelf the while no Fire doth know.

XV.

Beſides, the Glories of thy Peace
Are not in number, nor in value leſs.
Thy Hand did cure, and cloſe the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the Ship was well nigh loſt,
After the Storm upon the Coaſt,

By its Mariners endanger'd moſt:
When they their Ropes and Helms had left;
When the Planks aſunder cleft,
And Floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe Land and Harbour for us found,
And ſaved'ſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd
A Work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy wheth'r we would or no:
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe Vertues only in thy Mind had ſeat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt!
Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
Open in time of War,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe of fear;
Religion and the awe of Heaven poſſeſt,
All places and all times alike, thy Breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beſide;
Our after-times, and late Poſterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal Work was done;
When Heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy Burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy l
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy Cures,
And with a fine Thread weave out all thy Loo
So one did bring the choſen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them thro their pathleſs Road,
Guided himſelf by God.

He brought them to the borders; but a ſecond Hand
Did ſettle and ſecure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Uſurper Oliver Cromwell, *enſuing the ſame. By Mr.* Waller.

WE muſt reſign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air: ſo *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſt their King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On *Oeta*'s Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread;
The Poplar too, whoſe Bough he wont to wear
On his victorious Head, lay proſtrate there:
Thoſe his laſt Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Raviſh'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reft,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter Mind;
Our Bounds enlargement was his lateſt Toil,
Nor hath he left us Priſoners to our Iſle:
Under the Tropick is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us diſengage,
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wiſe Conduct to his Country ſhew'd
Their antient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To Him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;

Nature her ſelf took notice of his Death,
And ſighing ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a Breath,
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows roll'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch *War* *By Sir* John Denham, 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou dar'ſt deſign that Fight,
Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
If thy bold Hands can without ſhaking draw,
What ev'n th' Actors trembl'd at when they ſaw;
Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.
First, in fit diſtance of their proſpect Main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Herc'les* Pillars with the Prow!
And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.
Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new:
What leſſer Sacrifice than this was meet
To offer for the Safety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
See what free Cities and wiſe Courts can do.
So ſome old Merchant, to inſure his Name,
Marries afreſh, and Courtiers ſhare the Dame:
So whatſoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glaſſes are more durable than Plate.
No Mayor till now ſo rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.
Then Painter, draw Cerulian *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor, o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his Hue,
Uſe nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh* Blue.

To pay his Fees the Silver Trumpet ſpends,
And Boatſwains Whiſtle for his Place depends;
Pilots in vain repeat their Compaſs o'er,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
The conſtant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muſcovy ſells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munſter*, War;
Aſhly, Prize; *Warwick*, Cuſtom; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.
Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas Wings,
Swol'n like his Purſe, with Tackling like his Strings,
By ſlow degrees of the increaſing Gale,
Firſt under Sail, and after under Sale:
Then in kind viſit unto *Opdam*'s Gout,
Hedg the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntſmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
Firſt find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough* Convoy may betray with eaſe.
So that the Fiſh may more ſecurely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.
But Painter, now prepare, t'inrich thy Piece,
Pencil of Ermin, Oil of Ambergreece;
See where the Dutcheſs, with triumphant Trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth aſſail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Nature's kindly Call,
Down to the Sea for to ingender crawl.
See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
To *Harwich* thro the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows bury'd in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
Suffic'd of old the *Citharean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A ſmall Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddeſſes in one; *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.

O Dutcheſs, if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with Intereſt in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
So feaſt the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;
Nor the *Venetian Duke* with ſuch a ſtate
The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.
Now Painter, ſpare thy weaker Art; forbear
To draw her parting Paſſions and each Tear:
For Love, alas! hath but a ſhort delight;
The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to fight.
She therefore the Duke's Perſon recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, her Friends;
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, moſt *Coventry*;
For they ſhe knew were all more 'fraid than he.
Of flying Fiſhes one had ſav'd the Fin,
And hop'd by this he thro the Air might ſpin;
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the Invention of the Diving-Bell;
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coil'd round about him was impenetrable.
But theſe the Duke rejected, only choſe
To keep far off, let others interpoſe.
Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
Kept State ſuſpended in a Chair volant;
All ſave his Head ſhut in that wooden Caſe,
He ſhew'd but like a broken Weather-glaſs;
But arm'd with the whole Lion Cap-a-Chin,
Did repreſent the *Hercules* within.
Dear ſhall the *Dutch* his twinging Anguiſh know,
And ſee what Valour wet with Pain can do.
Curſt in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
That thro his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert reſolv'd to fight it like a Lion;
And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*:
He to prolong his Life in the diſpute,
And charm the *Holland* Pirates, tun'd his Lute,
Till ſome judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.

Now Painter, reaſſume thy Pencil's care,
Thou haſt but Skirmiſht yet, now Fight prepare;
And draw that Battel terrible to ſhow,
As the laſt Judgment was of *Angelo.*
First let our Navy ſcour thro Silver Froth,
The Ocean's Burden, and the Kingdoms both;
Whoſe very Bulk may repreſent its Birth,
From *Hide* and *Paſton*, burdens of the Earth;
Hide whoſe tranſcendent Panch ſo ſwells of late,
That he the Rupture ſeems of Law and State;
Paſton, whoſe Belly bears more Millions
Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let Shoals of Porpoiſes on every ſide
Wonder in ſwimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t'behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſwift and ſtrong than they of Wing.
But yet preſaging *George* they keep in ſight,
And follow for the Relicks of a Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well diſſembled Fear,
Or bold Deſpair, more than we wiſh, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to Fight, their eaſy Stomachs render;
With Breaſts ſo panting, that at every Stroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat thro the Oak:
While one concerned, in the interval
Of ſtraining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.
Noah *be damn'd! and all his Race accurſt,*
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt!
What tho he planted Vines, he Pines cut down;
He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
He firſt built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but Eight, e'er ſince endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch *Necromantick Friar, be damn'd,*
And in thine own firſt Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who firſt invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimſtone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd, and treble damn'd be Clarendine,
Our Seventh Edward, *with all his Houſe and Line!*

Who

Who to divert the danger of the War,
With Briſtol, *bounds us on the* Hollander:
Fool-coated Gown-man! ſells to fight with Hans,
Dunkirk; *diſmantling* Scotland, *quarrels* France;
And hopes he now hath bus'neſs ſhap'd, and Power
T' out-laſt our Lives or his, and ſcape the Tower;
And that he yet may ſee, e'er he go down,
His dear Clarinda *circled in a Crown.*
By this time both the Fleets in reach diſpute,
And each the other mortally ſalute:
Draw penſive *Neptune* biting of his Thumbs,
To think himſelf a Slave whoe'er o'ercomes:
The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blue Breaſts, tearing their green Locks
Paint *Eccho* ſlain, only th' alternate ſound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Aſſuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt took Fire too ſoon,
And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
Monſieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thouſand Sparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet e'er this happen'd, Deſtiny allow'd
Him his Revenge to make his Death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his Side did range,
And batter'd *Lawſon*: Oh too dear Exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too ſhort a ſpace,
But loſt his Knee; ſince dy'd in glorious Race:
Lawſon! whoſe Valour beyond Fate did go,
And ſtill fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himſelf, tho *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of danger's Random ſet.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some ſay 'twas to grow Duke too by Contract:
An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
Daſhes him all to pieces, and his *Hope.*

Such was his riſe, ſuch was his fall, unprais'd;
A Chance-ſhot ſooner took him than Chance rais'd:
His ſhatter'd Head the fearleſs Duke diſtains,
And gave the laſt firſt proof that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it ſoon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding*'s Blood:
To be Immortal he was not of Age,
And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preſage;
And judg'd it ſafe and decent, coſt what coſt,
To loſe the Day, *ſince his dear Brother's loſt.*
With his whole Squadron ſtraight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auranea* careleſs at us ſail'd;
And promiſed to do what *Opdam* fail'd:
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves t'her cloſer than a *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd, and withal diſdain'd;
So ſtrongly by a thing ſo ſmall, detain'd;
And in a raging bravery to him runs,
They ſtab their Ships with one another's Guns:
They fight ſo near, it ſeems to be on Ground,
And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The Noiſe, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
Is not to be expreſt, nor underſtood.
Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands:
All Luxury of War, all Man can do
In a *Sea-fight*, did paſs between them two.
But one muſt conquer whoſoever fight;
Smith takes the Giant, and is made a Knight.
Marlborough that knew, and durſt do more than all,
Fell, undiſtinguiſht, by an Iron-ball:
Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy Fate!
Who would ſet up War's Trade that means to thrive?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards ſurvive:
What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt;
And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant.*

Hence

Hence all his Life he againſt *Fortune* fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompens'd.
But envy not this Praiſe t'his Memory,
None more prepar'd was, or leſs fit to die.
Rupert did others, and himſelf excel :
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns* ; and bravely *Sanſon* fell.
What others did, let none omitted blame,
I ſhall record, whoe'er brings in his Name :
But unleſs After-Stories diſagree,
Nine only came to fight, the reſt to ſee.
Now all conſpire unto the *Dutchmens* loſs ;
The Wind, the Fire, we, they themſelves do cr
When a ſweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with ſoft Diadems his Temples crown :
And firſt he orders all the reſt to watch,
And *They* the *Foe*, whilſt *He* a *Nap* doth catch.
But lo, *Brunker* by a ſecret inſtinct,
Slept on, nor needed ; he all day had winkt.
The *Duke* in Bed, he then firſt draws his Steel,
Whoſe Virtue makes the miſled Compaſs wheel.
So e'er *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent ;
And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like tho
'Twere time that I and thou too do repoſe.
But all our Navy ſcap'd ſo ſound of Limb,
That a ſhort ſpace ſerv'd to refreſh and trim ;
And a tame *Fleet* of theirs doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant* :
Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our o
And Halcyon *Sandwich* doth command alone :
To *Bergen* we with confidence make haſte,
And ſecret Spoils by hope already taſte ;
Tho *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and there
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
And ſeize all for his Maſter *Arlington*.

Ruyter, whoſe little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
And waſted our remoteſt Colonies,

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With Ships all foul return'd upon our way;
Sandwich would not diſperſe, nor yet delay:
And therefore like Commander grave and wiſe,
To ſcape his ſight and fight, ſhut both his eyes;
And for more ſtate and ſureneſs, *Cutten* true
The left Eye cloſeth, the right *Mountague*;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
To make all ſafe, t' apply to both his Seal.
Ulyſſes ſo, till Syrens he had paſt,
Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Maſt.
Now can our Navy view the wiſhed Port,
But there (to ſee the fortune!) was a Fort:
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent uſe to treat.
His Couſin *Mountague* by Court-diſaſter
Dwindled into the wooden Horſe's maſter:
To ſpeak of Peace ſeem'd amongſt all moſt proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With Friends or Foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furniſh'd all,
Men, Pouder, Mony, Cannon,—treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in ſix Captains bravely to be ſhot.
And *Mountague*, tho dreſt like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care
Wrinkled his Membranes under forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence;
For as if all their Ships of Walnut were,
The more we beat them, ſtill the more they bear:
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.
Now gentle Painter, e'er we leap on ſhore,
With the laſt ſtrokes ruffle a Tempeſt o'er;
As if in our Reproach the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take eaſe:

The Seas the Spoils within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our mouths do blow:
Strew all their Ships along the ſhore by ours,
As eaſily to be gather'd up as Flowers:
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to miſtake
A Man of War, and among Flowers a Snake.
Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with Eaſtern Pearl
And Diamonds, ſate th' Officers and Earl:
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and ſo to *Oxford* rides.
Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our ſhames,
Ride all inſulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*.

Now treating *Sandwich* ſeems the fitteſt choice
For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice:
He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,
Ships to the *Groyn: Embaſſys bear no Arms*.
There let him languiſh a long Quarantain,
And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
We've done we know not what, nor what we get
If to eſpouſe the Ocean all this pains,
Princes unite, and do forbid the Banes:
If to diſcharge Fanaticks, this makes more;
For all Fanaticks are, when they are poor:
Or of the Houſe of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commiſſions are transfer'd away:
But if for triumphant Check-ſtones, and Shell
For Dutcheſs Cloſet, 't hath ſucceeded well.
If to make Parliaments as odious paſs,
Or to reſerve a ſtanding Force, alas!
Or if, as juſt, *Orange* to re-inſtate,
Inſtead of that, he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as ſpent,
And with five Millions more of detriment;
Our Sums amount yet only to have won
A Baſtard *Orange* for Pimp *Ar——ton*.

Now may Hiſtorians argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham ſays thus; tho always *Waller* ſo:

And he, good Man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
This Penance did for *Cromwel*'s Epitaph.
And his next Theme muſt be o'th' Duke's Miſtreſs;
Advice to draw Madam *l'Edificatreſs.*
Henceforth, O *Gemini!* two Dukes command,
Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland.*
Since in one Ship it had been fit they'd went,
In *Petty*'s Double-keel'd *Experiment.*

To the KING. By Sir *John Denham.*

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas and Iſles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's Smiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
While Swarms of Inſects, from thy Warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Jove's Minos, *rul'ſt a greater* Crete,
And for its hundred Cities count'ſt thy Fleet.
*Why wilt thou that State-*Dædalus *allow,*
Who builds the Butt, a Lab'rinth, and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judg ſevere,*
And in's own Maze couſine the Engineer.
O may our Sun, ſince he too nigh preſumes,
Melt the ſoft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto thoſe Seas his War hath ſet on flame!
From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view thoſe Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's univerſal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power deſcend,
Rule by its Pattern, there to re-aſcend:
Let Juſtice only awe, and Battel ceaſe;
Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

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Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham

Sandwich in *Spain* now, and the Duke in Love,
Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove
Lilly's a *Dutchman*, Danger's in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibſon*, that among thy Navy ſmall
Of Muſcle-ſhells, commandeſt Admiral;
Thy ſelf ſo ſlender, that thou ſhew'ſt no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-Colours, and expreſs,
Drawing in little, what we yet do leſs.
First paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far,
Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
And let the Terror of their linked Name
Fly thro the Air, like Chain-ſhot, tearing Fame:
Jove in one Cloud did ſcarcely ever wrap
Lightning ſo fierce, but never ſuch a Clap.
United Generals ſure are th' only Spell,
Wherewith *United Provinces* to quell:
Alas, even they, tho ſhell'd in treble Oak,
Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.
Rupert and *Beaufort*, halloo; ah, there *Rupert*
Like the phantaſtick hunting of St. *Hubert*;
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
Purſues by *Fountainbleau* the witchy Hair.
Deep Providence of State! that could ſo ſoon
Fight *Beaufort* here e'er he had quit *Thouloon*.
So have I ſeen, e'er human Quarrels riſe,
Foreboding Meteors combat in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The General meets a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of youthful Heat,
Tho half their number, thinks the odds too g

The Fowler, watching ſo his watry ſpot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better ſhot.
Tho ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no Weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;
But ſwoln with ſenſe of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* muſt be by *Albemarle* outdone:
Little he knew with the ſame Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Art,
Superiour now in Number and in Heart;
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
To conquer theirs too with a Declaration?
And threatens, tho he now ſo proudly ſail,
He ſhall tread back his *Iter Boreale*.
This ſaid, he the ſhort period, e'er it ends,
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Navies meet,
And charges in himſelf alone a Fleet;
And with ſo quick and frequent Motion wound
His murdering ſides about, the Ship ſeem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his circling Tire,
Like whirling Hoops, ſhew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And ſhoots them thro a Porcupine of Flame.
In noiſe ſo regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Muſick ſet:
Ah! had the reſt but kept a Time as true,
What Age could ſuch a Martial Conſort ſhew!
The liſt'ning Air unto the diſtant ſhore,
Thro ſecret Pipes convey the tuned Roar;
Till as the Eccho's vaniſhing, abate,
Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulſe of State.
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place ſupply,
His Guns determine who ſhall live or die.
But Victory doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.
Ruyter no leſs with vertuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:

Yet he obſerv'd how ſtill his Iron-Balls
Recoil'd in vain againſt our Oaken Walls;
How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,
By our inchanted Timber fillipped.
Leave then, ſaid he, th' invulnerable Keel,
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd Dilemma's thro our ſinew'd Shrouds.
Foreſts of Maſts fall with their rude embrace,
Our ſtiff Sails maſh'd, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
Nor any Ship could ſail but as the Ark.
Shot in the Wing ſo, at the Fowler's call,
The diſappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
Yet *Monk* diſabled ſtill ſuch Courage ſhews,
That none into his mortal Gripe dare cloſe:
So an old Buſtard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
But ſince he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his Plumes the beſt he can for flight:
This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
What Indignation his great Breaſt did ſwell.

Not vertuous Man unworthily abus'd,
Not conſtant Lover without cauſe refus'd,
Not honeſt Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hiſs'd off the Stage, nor Sinner in deſpair;
Not Parents mock'd, nor Favourites diſgrac'd;
Not Rump by Monk *or* Oliver *diſplac'd;*
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,
Feel half the Rage as Gen'rals when they fly.

Ah, rather than tranſmit th' ſtory to Fame,
Draw Curtains, gentle Artiſt, o'er the ſhame:
Caſhier the Memory of *Dutel*, rais'd up
To taſte, inſtead of Death, his Highneſs Cup;
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deſerv'd, was ſhot;

Tho others that ſurvey'd the Corps ſo clear,
Said he was only petrify'd for fear:
If ſo, th' hard Statue mummy'd without Gum,
Might the *Dutch* Balm have ſpar'd, and *Engliſh* Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great *HARMAN* almoſt chark'd to Coal;
And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the Prince t' embark in *Loveſtein*;
And wounded Ships, which we immortal boaſt,
Now firſt led captive to an hoſtile Coaſt.
But moſt with ſtory of his Hand and Thumb,
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum;
When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before:
Fortune (it ſeems) would give him by that laſh,
Gentle Correction for his Fight ſo raſh.
But ſhould the Rump perceive't, they'd ſay that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle*'s Arſe.
The long Diſaſter better o'er to veil,
Paint only *Jonas* three days in the Whale:
For no leſs time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his ſpungy Jaw.
Then draw the youthful *Perſeus* all in haſt,
From a Sea-Beaſt to free the Virgin chaſt;
But neither riding *Pegaſus* for ſpeed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* ſhielding at his need.
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to ſave *George* himſelf, and not the Maid:
And tho arriving late, he quickly miſt
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to reſiſt.
Not *Greenland* Seamen, that ſurvive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to ſpy the next Year's Fleet from ſhore,
Hoping yet once within the oily ſide
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide;

Yet he obſerv'd how ſtill his Iron-Balls
Recoil'd in vain againſt our Oaken Walls;
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So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to ſpy the next Year's Fleet from ſhore,
Hoping yet once within the oily ſide
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide;

As our glad Fleet with univerſal ſhout
Salute the Prince, and wiſh the ſecond bout.
Nor Wind's long Priſoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
The fallow Seas ſo eagerly aſſault,
As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful Joy
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But ſoon unrigg'd, lay like an uſeleſs Board,
(As wounded in the wriſt Men drop their Sword)
When a propitious Cloud between us ſtept,
And in our aid did *Kuyter* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To ſave his Heroes, Miſts of better uſe.
Worſhip the Sun, who dwell where he doth riſe;
This Miſt doth more deſerve our Sacrifice.
Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
Thy lying Bells ſhall thro the tongues be burn'd;
Paper ſhall want to print that Lye of State,
And our *falſe Fires true Fires* ſhall expiate.
Stay, Painter, here a while, and I will ſtay;
Nor vex the future Times with my ſurvey:
Seeſt not the *Monky Dutcheſs* all undreſt?
Paint thou but her, and ſhe will paint the reſt.
This ſad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of *Perſian* Loom:
Like chaſte *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,
But made all fine againſt her *GEORGE* came h
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much ſhorter,
She ſtood with Groom and Coachman for Suppo
And careleſs what they ſaw, or what they thou
With *Hom Penſe* full honeſtly ſhe wrought.
One Tenter drove, to loſe no time or place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whilſt thus they her tranſlate from *North* to *E*
In poſture juſt of a four-footed Beaſt,
She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind ſhe turn'd before

Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer;
She ſhed no Tears, for ſhe was too viraginous,
But only ſnuffing her Trunk cartilaginous,
From Scaling Ladder ſhe began a Story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning paſt, and preſent, and *futuri*,
With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly ſound,
Her Eyes to ſparkle, and her Udder-bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to ſnarl:
Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay, now it is beyond all ſuffering!
One valiant Man by Land, and he muſt be
Commanded out to ſtop their Leaks at Sea:
Yet ſend him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;
Firſt the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honour ſplit.
But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef e'er he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the firſt do skip,
But ſhall fall ſhort tho at the Gen'ral-ſhip.
Next they for *Maſter of the Horſe* agree;
A third the *Cock-Pit* begs, not any Me.
But they ſhall know, ay merry ſhall they do,
That who the *Cock-Pit* hath, ſhall have Me too.
I told *George* firſt, as *Calamy* told Me,
Of the King brought theſe o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
And ſell Intelligence to buy a Place:
That their Religion's pawn'd for Clothes; nor care,
'Tis run ſo long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to eat!
Whilſt *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* ſtarv'd abroad,
And here true Roy'liſts ſink beneath their Load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and ſo do here; now, who but they!
What! ſay I Men! nay, rather Monſters; Men
Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledg then.
See how they home return'd in revel rout,
With the ſmall Manners that they firſt went out:
Not better grown, nor wiſer all the while,
Renew the Cauſes of their firſt Exile:
As if, to ſhew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I choſe a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
  Firſt, they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name:
Then Biſhops muſt revive, and all unfix
With Diſcontents, to content twenty ſix:
The Lords Houſe drains the Houſes of the Lord,
For Biſhops Voices ſilencing the Word.
O *Barthol'mew!* Saint of their Kalendar!
What's worſe, th' *Ejection* or the *Maſſacre?*
Then *Culpeper*, *Glo'ſter*, and the Princeſs dy'd;
Nothing can live that interrupts a *Hyde.*
O more than human *GLOSTER!* Fate did ſhew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Berkley that ſwore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chaſtity depoſe;
Juſt as the firſt *French Card'nal* could reſtore
Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.
For Portion, if ſhe could prove light when weigh
Four *Millions* ſhall within three years be paid;
To raiſe it, we muſt have a *Naval War*,
As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar!*
Abroad all Princes diſobliging firſt,
At home all Parties but the very worſt.
To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*'s ſad,
Or the King's Marriage: But he thinks I'm mad:
And ſweeter Creatures never ſaw the Sun,
If we the King wiſh *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*

But a *Dutch* War ſhall all theſe Rumours ſtill,
Bleed out theſe Humours, and our Purſes fill;
Yet after four Days Fight, they clearly ſaw
'Twas too much Danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for *Sixſcore thouſand Pound*:
So with the King's Drums Men for Sleep compound.
But modeſt *Sandwich* thought it might agree
With the State-prudence, to do leſs than he;
And to excuſe their timorouſneſs and ſloth,
They found how *George* might now do leſs than both.
Firſt *Smith* muſt for *Leghorn*, with force enow
To venture back again, but not go thro:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The diſtance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time ſhould loſe,
And for my Duke too, cannot interpoſe.
But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
Might yet not be ſufficiently weak;
The Secretary that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
Diſcovers a great Secret, fit to ſell,
And pays himſelf for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thoulon!* *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith aſſembling the Supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*;
And upon this pretence they ſtrait deſign'd,
The Fleet to ſep'rate, and the World to blind:
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench
Could not but ſmile) is deſtin'd to the *French*.
To write the Order, *Briſtol*'s Clerk is choſe;
One ſlit's in his Pen, the other in his Noſe:
For he firſt brought the News, it is his place;
He'll ſee the Fleet divided like his Face,
And thro the cranny in his griſly part,
To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.
The Plot ſucceeds, the *Dutch* in haſt prepar'd,
And poor Peel-Garlick *George*'s Arſe they ſhar'd:

And

And then preſuming of his certain Wrack,
To help him late they ſent for *Rupert* back.
Officious *Will* ſeem'd fitteſt, as afraid
Leſt *George* ſhould look too far into his Trade.
At the firſt Draught they pauſe with Stateſmens Care,
They write it foul, then copy it as fair:
And then compare them, when at laſt it's ſign'd;
Will ſoon his Purſe-ſtrings, but no Seal could find.
At Night he ſends it by the Common Poſt,
To ſave the King of an Expreſs the coſt.
Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
Some Patents paſs with leſs circumference.
Well *George*, in ſpite of them thou ſafe doſt ride,
Leſſen'd I hop'd in nought but thy Backſide;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine, exceeds the Victories ſo great:
Nor ſhalt thou ſtir from hence, by my conſent,
Till thou haſt made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
'Tis true, I want ſo long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a ſhift;
Nor will I with vain Pomp accoſt the Shore,
To try thy Valour at *the Buoy o' th' Nore*:
Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
Cheriſh the Valiant up, Cowards caſhier:
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.
Out of the very Beer, they ſell the Malt;
Pouder of Pouder, from pouder'd Beef they ſalt.
Put thy Hand to the Tub; inſtead of Ox,
They victual with *French* Pork that hath the Pox.
Never ſuch ill Cotqueans by ſmall Arts do wring,
Ne'er ſuch ill Huſwives in the managing!
Purſers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
Mariners on Shore leſs madly ſpend their Pay.
See that thou haſt new Sails thy ſelf, and ſpoil
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable coyl.*
Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
Nor the Sea-Dioceſs be impropriate:

Lo

Look to the ſick and wounded Pris'ners; all
Is Prize; they rob even the Hoſpital:
Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en*.
Now by our Coaſt the *Dutchmen*, like a flight
Of feeding Ducks, Ev'ning and Morning light:
How our Land-Hectors tremble, void of Senſe,
As if they came ſtrait to tranſport them hence:
Some Sheep are ſtoln, the Kingdom all array'd,
And ev'n Presbyters now call'd on for aid.
They wiſh ev'n *George* divided, to command
One half of him at Sea, th' other on Land.
What's that I ſee! ah, 'tis my *George* agen!
It ſeems they in ſev'n weeks have rig'd him then:
The curious Heav'n with Lightning him ſurrounds,
To view him, and his Name in Thunder ſounds.
But with the ſame ſhift goes, their Navy's near:
So e'er we hunt, the Keeper ſhoots the Deer.
Stay Heaven a while, and thou ſhalt ſee him ſail,
And *George* too he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avaunt *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt!
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant!
I'll teach thee to ſhoot Sciſſers; I'll repair
Each Rope thou loſeſt, *George*, out of this Hair;
'Tis ſtrong and coarſe enough; I'll hem this Shift,
E'er thou ſhalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift:
Bring home the old ones, I again will ſew,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.
What, twice diſabled! Never ſuch a thing!
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*;
Guard thy Poſteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
Tho Jury-Maſts, thou'ſt Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this diſgrace)
He turns, and Bullets ſpits in *Ruyter*'s face.
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they diſcard their *Trump*; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.

Where

Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your ears!
Fire out the Waſps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
Cram'd with the Honey of our *Engliſh* Bees.
Ah now they are paid for *Guinea*; e'er they ſteer
To the Gold Coaſt, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your Ships to Stoves e'er you ſet forth,
To warm yonr Traffick in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich!* had thy Conduct been the ſame,
Bergen had ſeen a leſs but richer Flame;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battels to repeat,
And oftner beaten be than we can beat.
Scarce had *George* leiſure after all his pain,
To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter*'s out again:
Thrice in one Year! Why ſure this Man is wood!
Beat him like Stock-fiſh, or he'l ne'er be good.
I ſee them both again prepare to try;
The firſt ſhot thro each other with the Eye.
Then —— but the ruling Providence that muſt
With human Projects play, as Wind with Duſt,
Raiſes a ſtorm. So Conſtables a Fray
Knock down, and ſend them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New-England* Firs in *Engliſh* Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-ſtroke:
To get the Fleet to Sea, exhauſt the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers lights! ſo thin a puff
Of angry Air can ruin all that huff:
So Champions have ſhar'd the Liſts and Sun,
The Judg throws down 's Award, and they have
(done
For ſhame come home, *George*, 'tis for thee too much
To fight at once with *Heaven and the* Dutch.
Woe's me! what ſee I next? alas, the Fate
I ſee of *England*, and its utmoſt date.
Thoſe Flames of theirs at which we fondly ſmile,
Kindle like Torches our ſepulchral Pile.

War

War, Fire, and Plague, againſt us all conſpire;
We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire?*
See how Men all like Ghoſts, while *London* burns,
Wander, and each over his aſhes mourns!
Curs'd be *the Man that firſt begat this War*,
In an ill hour, under a blazing Star:
For others ſport, two Nations fight a Prize,
Between them both Religion wounded dies.
So of firſt Troy, *the angry Gods unpaid,*
Raz'd the Foundations which themſelves had laid.

Welcome, tho late, dear *George:* here hadſt thou (bin,
We'd ſcap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
Thou ſtill muſt help them out when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, ſee *Beaufort* dares approach,
And our Fleet angling, as to catch a Roach.
Gibſon farewel, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'ſt drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING. By Sir *John Denham.*

GREAT Prince! and ſo much Greater as more Wiſe;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes;
What Servants will conceal, and Councils ſpare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
And the Aſſiſtance of an Heavenly Muſe,
And Pencil repreſent the Crimes abſtruſe.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no foreign Foe;
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Juſtice flow.
Shake but, like Jove, *thy Locks divine, and frown,*
Thy Scepter will ſuffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Caſſandra's *Song, e'er Fate deſtroy,*
By thy loud Navy's wooden Horſe, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, *from the Tumult's wave,*
And gentle Calms, tho but in Oars will ſave:

So Philomel *her ſad Embroidery ſtrung,*
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd,
The Tragedies at Court ſo long conceal'd:
But when reſtor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter ſings.

Directions to a Painter. *By Sir* John Denham.

DRAW *England* ruin'd by what was given before
Then draw the Commons ſlow in giving more:
Too late grown wiſer, they their Treaſure ſee
Conſum'd by Fraud, or loſt by Treachery;
And vainly now would ſome Account receive
Of thoſe vaſt Sums which they ſo idly gave,
And truſted to the Management of ſuch
As *Dunkirk* ſold, to make war with the *Dutch*:
Dunkirk, deſign'd once to a nobler Uſe,
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's Houſe.
But what Account could they from thoſe expect,
Who to grow rich themſelves, the State neglect?
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Diſgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's Curſe
But to have theſe our Rulers, is a worſe.
Yet draw theſe Cauſers of the Kingdom's Woe,
Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe;
Asking new Aid for War with the ſame face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with ſuch haſt,
They will have nothing that may eaſe it paſt.
The Law 'gainſt *Iriſh* Cattel they condemn,
As ſhewing diſtruſt o'th' King, that is, of Them.

Ye

Yet they muſt now ſwallow this bitter Pill,
Or Mony want, which was the greater Ill.
And then the King to *Weſtminſter* is brought,
Imperfectly to ſpeak the Chanc'llor's Thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd ſo well,
He tells the Parliament he cannot brook
Whate'er in them like Jealouſy doth look:
Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at home, deſpis'd abroad.
Thus paſt the *Iriſh* with the Mony-Bill,
The firſt not half ſo good, as th' other ill.
With theſe new Millions might not we expect
Our Foes to vanquiſh, or our ſelves protect;
If not to beat them off uſurped Seas,
At laſt to force an honourable Peace?
But tho the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
Of our perverted State allow us neither;
Could we hope leſs than to defend our Shores,
Or guard the Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
We hop'd in vain: Of theſe remaining are,
Not what we ſav'd, but what the *Dutch* did ſpare.
Such was our Ruler's generous Stratagem;
A Policy worthy of none but them.
After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
They riſe, and now a Treaty is confeſt,
'Gainſt which before theſe State-cheats did proteſt:
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Int'reſt, is their Care.
Stateſmen of old, *thought Arms the way to* Peace;
Ours ſcorn ſuch thread-bare Policies as theſe:
All that was given for the *State*'s Defence,
They think too little for their own Expence:
Or if from that they any thing can ſpare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great Work Embaſſadors muſt go
With bare Submiſſions to our arming Foe.

Thus

Thus leaving a defenceleſs State behind,
Vaſt Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Againſt whoſe Fury what can us defend,
Whilſt our great Politicians here depend
Upon the *Dutch* Good-nature? *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War muſt ceaſe.*
Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
Tho by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.
Here, Painter, let thine Art deſcribe a Story,
Shaming our warlike Iſland's antient Glory:
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our firſt Ships were on the Ocean ſteer'd;
Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we ſupinely ſleep,
Without Oppoſers, Maſters of the Deep:
Make them ſecurely the *Thames*-mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade.
Draw Thunder from their floating Caſtles, ſent
Againſt our Forts weak as our Government:
Draw *Woolwich*, *Deptford*, *London* and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a foreign Power.
Yet turn their firſt Attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerneſs* play;
Which ſoon deſtroy'd, their lofty Veſſels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
Make them more help from our Remiſſneſs find,
Than from the Tide, or from the *Eaſtern* Wind.
Their Canvas ſwelling with a proſperous Gale,
Swift as our Fears, make them to *Chatham* ſail:
Thro our weak Chain their Fireſhips break their wa
And our great Ships (unman'd) become their Prey.
Then draw the Fruit of our ill-manag'd Coaſt,
At once our Honour and our Safety loſt:
Bury thoſe Bulwarks of our Iſle in ſmoke,
While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Count
The *Charles* eſcapes the raging Element, (cho
To be with Triumph into *Holland* ſent;
Where the glad People to the ſhore reſort,
They ſee their Terror now become their Sport.

But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
Thou paint'ſt Confuſion on our troubled Shore:
Inſtruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The ſaddeſt Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,
While ſome with Horror and Amazement ſtand:
Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjuſtly robb'd them of their Pay:
Boldly refuſing to oppoſe a Fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conſpire:
Some (though but few) perſuaded to obey,
Uſeleſs for want of Ammunition ſtay:
The Forts deſign'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
And what paſt Reigns in Peace did ne'er omit,
The preſent (whilſt invaded) doth forget.
Surpaſſing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at leaſt in fear.
Make our Dejection (if thou canſt) ſeem more
Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before:
The King of Danger now ſhews far more fear,
Than he did ever to prevent it, care;
Yet to the City doth himſelf convey,
Bravely to ſhew he was not run away:
Whilſt the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry*'s Wars,
Are only acted on our Theaters.
Our Stateſmen finding no expedient,
If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Diſeaſe:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear,
Which moſt, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
So our Great Prince, when the *Dutch* Fleet arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burn; and as they burnt, he ——

Directions to a Painter. *By Sir* John Denham.

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did cea
Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*,
Now for a *Cornucopia:* Peace, all know
Brings *Plenty* with it; wiſh it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nation
Can'ſt thou not on the Change make Merchants g
Look outward Smiles, while vexing Thoughts wit
Thou art no Artiſt, if thou canſt not feign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit Diſdain.
Draw a brave Standard ruffling at a rate,
Much other than it did for *Chatham*'s Fate.
The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joy, that t
Have ſcap'd the Danger of being ta'en away:
Theſe, as now mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fi
As painted Fire for Show, not Heat or Light.
Amongſt the roar of theſe, and the mad ſhou
Of a poor nothing underſtanding Rout,
That think the *On-and-Off Peace* now is true,
Thou might'ſt draw Mourners for *Black Bartholo*
Mourners in *Sion!* Oh 'tis not to be
Diſcover'd! draw a Curtain curteouſly
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Nigh
A Bonefire here and there; but none too bright
Nor laſting; for 'twas Bruſhwood, as they ſay,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung aw
But ſtay, I had forgot my Mother; draw
The Church of England 'mong the *Opera*,
To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will ſay,
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
At this end then, two or three Steeples ringi
At th' other end, draw *Quires Te Deum* ſingin
Between them leave a ſpace for Tears; reme
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now if thou skill'ſt proſpective Landskip, draw
At diſtance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er ſaw ;
Polyroon, *Spicy Iſlands*, *Kits*, or *Guinea* :
Surinam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia* :
No, no ; I mean not theſe, pray hold your Laughter ;
Theſe things are far off, not worth looking after :
Give not a hint of theſe : Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats: Draw *Scotland* firſt, then *Holland*.
See, canſt thou ken the *Scots* frowns ? Then draw thoſe
That ſomething had to get, but nought to loſe.
Canſt thou thro Fogs diſcern the *Dutchmen* drink ?
Buſs-Skippers, lately Capers, ſtamp to think
Their catching Craft is over ; ſome have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But paſſing theſe, their Stateſmen view a while
In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile :
Copy the Piece there done, wherein you'l ſee
One laughing out, *I told you how 'twould be !*
Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals ;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them : Now for this take light
From him that did deſcribe Sir *Edward*'s Fight.
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt ; what tho ?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords Commiſſioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France* ;
To parly there a while, until they ſee
How things in Parliament reſented be.
So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament ;
A petty Seſſions draw, with what content,
Gueſs by their Countenance, who came up Poſt,
And quickly ſaw they had their Labour loſt :
Like the ſmall Merchants when they Bargains ſell ;
Come hither *Jack* : What ſay ? Come kiſs, Farewel.
It 'twas abortive, born before its Day,
No wonder then it dy'd ſo ſoon away ;
Or breath'd it once, and that with ſuch a force,
As blaſted Thirty Thouſand Foot and Horſe.

As once *Prometheus* Man did ſneeze ſo hard,
As routed all that new-rais'd ſtanding Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
But if this little one could do ſo much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
If thou know how; if not, leave a great ſpace,
For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.
Now draw the ſhadow of a Parliament,
As if to ſcare the upper World 'twere ſent:
Croſs your ſelves, Gentlemen, for Shades will frig
Eſpecially if't be an *Engliſh* Sprite:
Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears;
Sink th'others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thoughtſom on Accounts, to ſee
How his Diſburſements with Receits agree.
Peep into Coaches, ſee Perriwigs neglected,
Croſs'd Arms and Legs of ſuch as are ſuſpected,
Or do ſuſpect what's coming, and foreſee
Themſelves muſt ſhare in this Polutrophy.
Painter, haſt travel'd? Didſt thou e'er ſee *Ro*
That fam'd Piece there, *Angelo*'s day of Doom?
Horror and Anguiſh of Deſcendents there,
May teach thee how to paint Deſcendents here.
Canſt thou deſcribe the empty Shifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade?*
Some ſhift their Crimes, ſome Places; and among
The reſt, ſome will their Countries too, e'er lon
Draw in a Corner, Gameſter, ſhuffling, cutting,
Their little Crafts, no Wit, together putting:
How to pack Knaves, 'mong Kings and Queens
A ſaving Game, whilſt Heads are at the Stake. (
But croſs their Cards, until it be confeſt,
Of all the Play, fair Dealing is the beſt.
Draw a Veil of Diſpleaſure, one to *Hide*,
And ſome prepar'd to ſtrike a blow on's ſide.
Let him that built high, now creep low to ſhelt
When Potentates muſt tumble *Helter Skelter*.

The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
Such Marks as theſe could not chuſe but be hit.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone ; *Barthol'mew*-day,
Of all the Days i'th'Year, they're ta'en away.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, but to another
Mitre, I wiſh not ſo, tho to my Brother:
I care not for Tranſlation to a See,
Unleſs they would tranſlate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the *North-Weſt* ; that which it leaves behind,
Curſes or Outcries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho
Crimes of a Viceroy: Deputies have ſo
Been ſerv'd e'er now: But if the Man prove true,
Let him with *Pharaoh*'s Butler have his due.
Make the ſame Wind blow ſtrong againſt the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder ſome from coming o'er.
And rather draw the golden Veſſel burning,
Even there, than hither with her Fraight returning.
'Tis true, the noble Treaſurer is gone:
Wiſe, Faithful, Loyal, ſome ſay th' only one!
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind,
Can ſteer our Veſſel without Southern Wind.
Women have groſly ſnar'd the wiſeſt Prince
That ever was before, or hath been ſince:
And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezebel*;
Giv't to adorn the Dining-room of Hell.
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deſerve a place with *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*.
Stay Painter, now look, here's below a ſpace
I'th' bottom of this, what ſhall we there place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the reſolve be *Neſcio*. So have done.
Expoſe thy Piece now to the World to ſee,
Perhaps they'll ſay of It, of Thee, of Me,

Poems and Paints can ſpeak ſometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are licentious Youths.

Quæ ſequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à neſc
quo nebulone ſcripta, reperiebantur.

Bella fugis, bellas ſequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, ſunt tibi bella Thori:
Imbelles imbellis amas, adeoque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.

The laſt Inſtructions to a Painter, about the Dut *Wars*, 1667. *By* A. Marvel, *Eſq;*

AFter two Sittings, now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait;
But e'er thou fall'ſt to work, firſt Painter ſee,
If't be'nt too ſlight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canſt thou paint without Colours? then 'tis right
For ſo we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canſt thou daub a Sign-Poſt, and that ill?
'Twill ſute our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or haſt thou mark'd how antique Maſters limn,
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in ſhady Smoke, prodigious Tools?
'Twill ſerve this Race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fo
But if to match our Crimes thy Skill preſumes,
As th' *Indians* draw out Luxury in Plumes;
Or if to ſcore out our compendious Fame,
With *Hook* then thro your Microſcope take aim;
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To ſee a tall Louſe brandiſh a white Staff.
Elſe ſhalt thou off thy guiltleſs Pencil curſe,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worſe.
The Painter ſo long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His deſperate Pencil at the Work did dart;
His Anger reach'd that Rage which paſt his Art.
Chance finiſh'd that, which Art could not begin,
And he ſat ſmiling how his Dog did grin.
So may'ſt thou perfect by a lucky Blow,
What all thy ſofteſt Touches cannot do.
Paint then St. *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Court's Pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune choſe him for her Pleaſure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-man's Shoulders, Butcher's Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore;
For never *Bacon* ſtudied Nature more:
But Age allaying now that youthful Heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards, and cheat.
Draw no Commiſſion, leſt the Court ſhould lye,
And diſavowing Treaty, ask Supply;
He needs no Seal but to St. *James*'s Leaſe,
Whoſe Breeches were the Inſtruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* diſpute his Power, from thence
Can ſtrait produce them a Plenipotence.
Nor fears he the *Moſt Chriſtian* ſhould trapan
Two Saints at once, St. *German* and *Alban*;
But thought the Golden Age was now reſtor'd,
When Men and Women took each others Word.
Paint then again her Highneſs to the Life,
Philoſopher beyond *Newcaſtle*'s Wife:
She naked can *Archimedes* ſelf put down,
For an Experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft eſſay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid;
And found how Royal Heirs may be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventreſs free
Of's Highneſſes *Royal Society*.
(Happieſt of Women if ſhe were but able
To make her glaſſen Duke once malleable.)

Paint her with Oyſter-Lip, and Breath of Fame,
Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
With Chancellor's Belly, and ſo large a Rump,
There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump.
Expreſs her ſtudying now, if *China* Clay
Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey;
Or how a mortal Poiſon ſhe may draw
Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Coca*.
Witneſs ye Stars of Night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the ſick Steam didſt fail;
Ye neighb'ring Elms that your green Leaves did ſhed,
And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled.
Not unprovok'd ſhe tries forbidden Arts,
But in her ſoft Breaſt Love's hid Cancer ſmarts;
While ſhe reſolves at once *Sydney*'s Diſgrace,
And her ſelf ſcorn'd for emulous *Denham*'s Face,
And nightly hears the hated Guard, away
Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
Paint *Caſtlemain* in Colours that will hold
Her, not her Picture, for ſhe now grows old.
She thro her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
Diſcern'd Love's Cauſe, and a new Flame began.
Her wanted Joys thenceforth, and Court ſhe ſhuns,
And ſtill within her Mind the Footman runs.
His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
She ſlights) his Feet ſhap'd for a ſmoother Race.
Then poring with her Glaſs, ſhe re-adjuſts
Her Locks, and oft-tir'd Beauty now diſtruſts;
Fears leſt he ſcorn'd a Woman once aſſay'd,
And now firſt wiſht ſhe e'er had been a Maid.
Great Love! how doſt thou triumph, and how reig
That to a Groom couldſt humble her Diſdain!
Stript to her Skin, ſee how ſhe ſtooping ſtands,
Nor ſcorns to rub him down with thoſe fair Hands,
And waſhing (leſt the Scent her Crime diſcloſe)
His ſweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
But envious Fame too ſoon began to note
More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;

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And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune ſweet.
Juſtly the Rogue was whip'd in *Porter*'s Den,
And *Jermain* ſtraight has leave to come again.
Ah Painter! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaſpe* the *Apelles* give.
Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The Houſe of Commons clattering like the Men.
Deſcribe the Court and Country both ſet right
On oppoſite Points, the Black againſt the White.
Thoſe having loſt the Nation at Tick-Tack,
Theſe now adventuring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them muſt the Fate divide,
(As Chance does ſtill in Multitudes decide.)
But here the Court doth its Advantage know,
For the Cheat, *Turner*, for them both muſt throw;
As ſome from Boxes, he ſo from the Chair
Can ſtrike the Dye, and ſtill with them go ſhare.
Here Painter reſt a little, and ſurvey
With what ſmall Arts the publick Game they play:
For ſo too, *Rubens* with Affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.
The cloſe Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
And thought all loſt that goes not to the Cheats:
So therefore ſecretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would ſqueeze;
And fix to the Revenue ſuch a Sum
Should *Goodrick* ſilence, and make *Paſton* dumb,
Should pay Land Armies, ſhould diſſolve the vain
Commons, and ever ſuch a Court maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet*'s Luxury ſhould ſuffice,
And what can theſe defray but the Exciſe?
Exciſe, a Monſter worſe than e'er before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thouſand Hands ſhe has, and thouſand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred Rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades like *Caſawar* ſhe feeds;

Chops

Chops off the piece where-e'er ſhe cloſe the Jaw,
Elſe ſwallows all down her indented Maw.
She ſtalks all Day in Streets conceal'd from ſight,
And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night;
She waſts the Country, and on Cities preys:
Her of a Female Harpy in Dog-days,
Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race moſt hot,
And moſt rapacious like himſelf begot;
And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increaſt,
Bugger'd in Inceſt with the mungrel Beaſt.

Say Muſe, for nothing can eſcape thy Sight,
(And Painter, wanting other, draw this Fight)
Who in an *Engliſh* Senate fierce Debate
Could raiſe ſo long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals firſt the Troop march'd in,
For Diligence renown'd, and Diſcipline.
In Loyal Haſt they left your Wives in Bed,
And *Denham* theſe with one Conſent did head.
Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
That ſold their Maſter, led by *Aſhburnham*.

To them ſucceeds a deſpicable Rout,
But knew the Word, and well could face about;
Expectants pale, with Hopes of Spoil allur'd,
Tho yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain:
Wood theſe command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane
Still his Hook-ſhoulder ſeems the Blow to dread,
And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.
The Poſture ſtrange Men laugh at, of his Pole
Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he ſtole:
Headleſs St. *Dennis* ſo his Head does bear,
And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.

Court Officers, as us'd, the next Place took,
And follow'd *F* —— *x*, but with diſdainful Look:
His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all diſpraiſe
In vain; for always He commands that pays.

Then the Procurers under *Progers* fill'd,
Gentleſt of Men, and his Lieutenant mild;

Bronka

Bronkard, Love's Squire, thro all the Field array'd,
No Troop was better clad, nor ſo well paid.
Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:
Groſs Bodies, groſſer Minds, and groſſer Cheats;
And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their Seats.
Charlton advances next (whoſe Wife does awe
The Mitred Troop) and with his Looks gives Law.
He march'd with Beaver cockt of Biſhop's Brim,
And hid much Fraud under an aſpect grim.
Next do the Lawy'rs merc'nary Band appear,
Finch in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.
The Troop of Privilege, a Rabble bare,
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney*'s Care;
Their Fortunes Error they ſupply'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than theſe engage.
Then marcht the Troop, whoſe valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies ſake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his Abſence him that firſt it laid.
Then came the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
Whoſe Horſes each with other interferes:
Before them *Higgins* rides with Brow compact,
Mourning his Counteſs anxious for his Act.
Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw Lots,
For the Command of Politicks and *Scots:*
Thence fell to Words——but Quarrels to adjourn,
Their Friends agreed they ſhould command by turn.
Carteret the Rich did the Accountants guide,
And in ill *Engliſh* all the World defy'd.
The Papiſts (but of thoſe the Houſe had none
Elſe) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.
Bold *Duncomb* next, of the Projectors Chief,
And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.
Late and diſorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew;
Before them enter'd, equal in Command,
Aſſley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Laſt

Laſt then but one, *Powel* that could not ride,
Left the *French* Standard weltring in his ſtride;
He, to excuſe his ſlowneſs, Truth confeſt,
That 'twas ſo long before he could be dreſt.
The Lords Sons laſt all theſe did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horſe.
Never before nor ſince, an Hoſt ſo ſteel'd
Troop on to muſter in the *Tuttle-Field.*
Not the firſt Cock-horſe that with Cork was ſhod
To reſcue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:
Nor the late Feather-man, whom *Tomkins* fierce
Shall with one breath like Thiſtle Down diſperſe.
All the two *Coventries* their Generals choſe,
For one had much, the other nought to loſe.
Not better choice all accidents could hit,
While Hector *Harry* ſteers by *Will* the Wit.
They both accept the Charge with merry glee,
To fight a Battel from all Gunſhot free.
Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wiſe,
They feign'd a Parley, better to ſurprize;
They that e'er long ſhall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
Who in a time of Treaty durſt invade.
Thick was the Morning, and the Houſe was thin,
The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious Heavens! had not you them croſt,
Exciſe had got the Day, and all been loſt:
For t'other ſide all in cloſe Quarters lay
Without Intelligence, Command or Pay;
A ſcatter'd Body, which the Foe ne'er try'd,
But often did among themſelves divide.
And ſome run o'er each Night, while others ſleep,
And undeſcry'd return'd 'fore Morning peep.
But *Strangeways*, that all Night ſtill walkt the round
For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd;
Firſt ſpy'd the Enemy, and gave th' Alarm,
Fighting it ſingle till the reſt might arm:
Such *Roman Cockles* ſtood before the Foe,
The failing Bridg behind, the Streams below.

Each ran as Chance him guides to ſeveral Poſt,
And all to pattern his Example, boaſt ;
Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
And now to edg their Anger, Courage grind.
Firſt enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
Of *Iriſh* Cattle, and Solicitor.
Then daring *S — r*, that with Spear and Shield
Had ſtretch'd the Monſter Patent on the Field.
Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damſel frail,
That pierc'd the Giant *Mordant* thro his Mail :
And ſurly *Williams* the Accountants Bane,
And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
Old *Waller*, Trumpet-General, ſwore he'd write
This Combat truer than the Naval Fight.
Of Birth, State, Wit, Strength, Courage, *How'rd* pre-
And in his Breaſt wears many *Montezumes*. (ſumes,
Theſe, with ſome more, with ſingle Valour ſtay
The adverſe Troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his Perſon repreſents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his Soul ;
Believes himſelf an Army ; theirs one Man,
As eaſily conquer'd ; and believing can
With heart of Bees ſo full and head of Mites,
That each, tho Duelling, a Battel fights.
Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Broacht whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.
But Strength at laſt ſtill under Number bows,
And the faint Sweat trickl'd down *Temple*'s Brows ;
Even Iron *Strangeway*'s chafing yet gave back,
Spent with Fatigue, to breath awhile Toback —
When marching in, a ſeaſonable Recruit
Of Citizens and Merchants held diſpute ;
And charging all their Pikes, a ſullen Band
Of *Presbyterian Switzers* made a ſtand.
Nor could all theſe the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown Reſerve that ſtill remain'd ;
A Groſs of *Engliſh* Gentry, nobly born,
Of clear Eſtates, and to no Faction ſworn,

Dear

Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
For Country's Cauſe, that glorious thing and ſweet:
To ſpeak not forward, but in Action brave,
In giving generous, but in Council grave;
Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
But ſure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
The Van and Battel, tho retiring, falls
Without diſorder in their Intervals;
Then cloſing all in equal Front, fall on,
Led by Great *Garraway*, and Great *Littleton*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
Adjutant-General was ſtill at hand.
The Marſhal Standard *Sands* diſplaying, ſhows
St. *Dunſtan* in it tweaking Satan's Noſe.
See ſudden chance of War, to paint or write,
Is longer Work, and harder than to fight:
At the firſt Charge the Enemy give out,
And the *Exciſe* receives a total Rout.

Broken in Courage, yet the Men the ſame,
Reſolve henceforth upon their other Game:
Where Force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
And what Haſt loſt, recover by Delay.
St. *Albans* ſtrait is ſent to, to forbear,
Leſt the ſure Peace (forſooth) too ſoon appear.
The Seamens Clamours to three ends they uſe,
To cheat their Pay, feign Want, and th' Houſe accuſe
Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
How ſtrong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
Mean time thro all the Yards their Orders run,
To lay the Ships up, ceaſe the Keels begun.
The Timber rots, the uſeleſs Ax does ruſt;
Th' unpractis'd Saw lies buried in its Duſt;
The busy Hammer ſleeps, the Ropes untwine,
The Store and Wages all are mine and thine.
Along the Coaſts and Harbours they take care
That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
Long thus they cou'd againſt the Houſe conſpire,
Load them with Envy, and with ſitting tire:

And

And the lov'd King, that's never yet deny'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were ſpent,
They with the firſt Day's Proffer ſeem content;
And to Land-Tax from the Exciſe turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thouſand Pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purſe they ſhare,
But all the Members Lives conſulting ſpare.
Blither than Hare that hath eſcap'd the Hounds,
The Houſe prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
Not ſo decrepit *Æſop*, haſht and ſtew'd
With Magick Herbs, roſe from the Pot renew'd;
And with freſh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet ſtill he curſt) had left him quite.
What Froſts to Fruits, what Arſnick to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat;
What an Account to *Carteret*, that and more,
A Parliament is to the Chancellor.
So the ſad Tree ſhrinks from the Morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night and ſhoots its Branches high.
So at the Sun's Receſs, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.
Now *Mordant* may within his Caſtle Tower
Impriſon Parents, and their Child deflower.
The *Iriſh* Herd is now let looſe, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs:
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day*.
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And ſits in State Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
Firſt *Buckingham* that durſt 'gainſt him rebel,
Blaſted with Lightning, ſtruck with Thunder fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Siſyphus*'s Stone.
But ſtill he car'd, whilſt in Revenge he brav'd,
That Peace ſecur'd, and Money might be ſav'd:
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are ſweet;
United moſt, when moſt by Turns they meet.

France had St. *Albans* promis'd (ſo they ſing)
St. *Albans* promis'd him, and he the King.
The Court forthwith is order'd all to cloſe,
To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to loſe:
While chain'd together, two Embaſſadors
Like Slaves ſhall beg for Peace at *Holland*'s Doors.
This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
To forge new Thunder, and inſpect their Fires.
The Court as once of War, now fond of Peace,
All to new Sports their wanton Fears releaſe.
From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
Comes News of Paſtime martial and old.
A Puniſhment invented firſt to awe
Maſculine Wives tranſgreſſing Nature's Law;
Where when the brawny Female diſobeys,
And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
No concern'd Jury damage for him finds,
Nor partial Juſtice her Behaviour binds;
But the juſt Street does the next Houſe invade,
Mounting the Neighbour Couple on lean Jade;
The Diſtaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.
Prudent Antiquity! that knew by Shame,
Better than Law, domeſtick Broils to tame;
And taught the Youth by Spectual innocent,
So thou and I dear Painter repreſent
In quick Effigy, others Faults; and feign,
By making them ridic'lous, to reſtrain:
With homely Sight they choſe thus to relax
The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
So *Holland* with us had the Maſtery try'd,
And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ri
But a freſh News the great Deſignment nips
Off, at the Iſle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wiſely ſcoff,
And thought all ſafe, if they were ſo far off;
Modern Geographers! 'Twas there they thought
Where *Venice* twenty Years the *Turks* had fought.
(Wh

(While the firſt year our Navy is but ſhown,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the Name miſtook it for that Iſle,
Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travel'd in Exile,
With the Bull's Horn to meaſure his own Head,
And on *Paſiphae*'s Tomb to drop a Bead.
But *Morrice* learn'd demonſtrates by the Poſt,
This Iſle of *Candy* was on *Eſſex* Coaſt.
Freſh Meſſengers ſtill the ſad News aſſure,
More timorous now we are than firſt ſecure;
Falſe Terrors our believing Fears deviſe,
And the *French* Army one from *Calais* ſpies.
Bennet and *May*, and thoſe of ſhorter reach,
Change all for Guineas, and a Crown for each;
But wiſer Men, and Men foreſeen in Chance,
In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
Whitehall's unſafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to *Windſor*, and mure up the Gates.
Each doth the other blame, and all diſtruſt,
(But *Mordant* new oblig'd would ſure be juſt.)
Not ſuch a fatal ſtupefaction reign'd
At *London*'s Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives (then does recal)
Orders, amaz'd, at laſt gives none at all.
St. *Albans* writ too, that he may bewail
To Monſieur *Lewis*, and tell Coward Tale,
How that the *Hollanders* do make a noiſe,
Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
Now *Doleman*'s diſobedient, and they ſtill
Uncivil, his Unkindneſs would us kill;
Tell him our Ships unrig'd, our Forts unman'd,
Our Mony's ſpent, elſe 'twere at his Command;
Summon him therefore of his Word, and prove
To move him out of Pity, if not Love:
Pray him to make *De Wit* and *Ruyter* ceaſe,
And whip the *Dutch*, unleſs they'l hold their Peace.
But *Lewis* was of Memory but dull,
And to St. *Albans* too undutiful:

Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
The gravel'd Count did with this Anſwer faint,
(His Character was that which thou didſt paint)
And ſo enforc'd like Enemy or Spy,
Truſſes his Baggage, and the Camp does fly:
Yet *Lewis* writes, and leſt our Heart ſhould break,
Condoles us morally out of *Seneque*.
Two Letters next unto *Breda* are ſent,
In Cypher one to *Harry* Excellent:
The firſt entruſts (our Verſe that Name abhors)
Plenipotentiary Embaſſadors;
To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
Ceſſation, as the Look Adultery;
And that by Law of Arms, in Martial Strife,
Who yields his Sword, has Title to his Life.
Presbyter *Hollis* the firſt Point ſhould clear,
The ſecond *Coventry* the Cavalier:
But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
Then to return home ſtrait *infectâ re*.
But *Harry*'s order'd, if they won't recal
Their Fleet, to threaten—we will give them all.
The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation ſhent,
For Sin againſt the eleventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant Stile there pleaſantly curvets,
Still his ſharp Wit on States and Princes whets:
So *Spain* could not eſcape his Laughter's Spleen,
None but himſelf muſt chuſe the King and Queen.
But when he came the odious Clauſe to pen,
That ſummons up the Parliament agen,
His Writing-maſter many times he ban'd,
And wiſht himſelf the Gout to ſeize his hand;
Never old Lecher more repugnant felt,
Conſenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
But ſtill in hope he ſolac'd, e'er they come
To work the Peace, and ſo to ſend them home;
Or in their haſty Call to find a flaw,
Their Acts to vitiate, and them overawe:

But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
To raiſe a two-edg'd Army for's Defence.
First then he march'd our whole *Militia*'s force,
(As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horſe,)
Then from the uſual common place he blames
Theſe, and in ſtanding Armies Praiſe declaims:
And the wiſe Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hyde ſtamps, and ſtrait upon the Ground the Swarms
Of current *Myrmidons* appear in Arms;
And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vulture's Wing,
Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan;
(The eighteen hundred thouſand Pounds are gone.)
This done, he pens a Proclamation ſtout
In reſcue of the Bankers Banquerout.
His Minion-Imps, that in his ſecret part
Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart;
Horſe-leeches ſucking at the Hæm'roy'd Vein,
He ſucks the King, they him, he them again.
The Kingdom's Farm he lets to them bids leaſt;
(Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Intereſt.
Here Men induc'd by Safety, Gain, and Eaſe,
Their Mony lodg, confiſcate when he pleaſe:
Theſe can at need, at inſtant with a Scrip
(This lik'd him beſt) his Caſh beyond Sea whip:
When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare;
How can he Engines ſo convenient ſpare?
Let no Man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of Diſpleaſure of great *Clarendon*.
The State-Affairs thus marſhal'd, for the reſt,
Monk in his Shirt againſt the *Dutch* is preſt.
Often (dear Painter) have I ſat and mus'd
Why he ſhould ſtill b'on all Adventures us'd:
Do they for nothing ill, like Aſhen-wood,
Or think him like Herb-*John* for nothing good?
Whether his Valour they ſo much admire,
Or that for Cowardice they all retire.

As Heaven in Storms they call, in Guſts of State
On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
All Cauſes ſure concur, but muſt they think
Under *Herculean* Labours he may ſink.
Soon then the *Independent* Troops would cloſe,
And *Hyde*'s laſt Project of his Place diſpoſe.
Ruyter the while, that had our Ocean curb'd,
Sail'd now amongſt our Rivers undiſturb'd;
Survey'd their Chryſtal Streams and Banks ſo green,
And Beauties e'er this never naked ſeen:
Thro the vain Sedg the baſhful Nymphs he ey'd,
Boſoms, and all which from themſelves they hide.
The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
He finds, the Air and all things ſweeter here.
The ſudden Change, and ſuch a tempting Sight,
Swells his old Veins with freſh Blood, freſh Delight.
Like am'rous Victors he begins to ſhave,
And his new Face looks in the *Engliſh* Wave.
His ſporting Navy all about him ſwim,
And witneſs their Complacence in their Trim.
Their ſtreaming Silks play thro the Weather fair,
And with inveigling Colours court the Air:
While the red Flags breathe on their Topmaſts hig
Terror and War, but want an Enemy.
Among the Shrouds the Seamen ſit and ſing,
And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling:
Old *Neptune* ſprings the Tides, and Waters lent,
(The Gods themſelves do help the Provident)
And where the deep Keel on the Shallow cleaves,
With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.
Æolus their Sails inſpires with Eaſtern Wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.
With Pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Iſle.
So have I ſeen in *April*'s Bud ariſe
A Fleet of Clouds ſailing along the Skies;
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does guild,

And gentle Gales them ſteer, and Heaven drives,
When all on ſudden their calm Boſom rives,
With Thund'r and Lightning from each armed Cloud;
Shepherds themſelves in vain in Buſhes ſhroud:
So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
And at *Sheerneſs* unloads its ſtormy Sides.
Sprag there, tho practis'd in the Sea-Command,
With panting Heart, lay like a Fiſh on Land,
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable,
Which if a Houſe, yet were not tenantable.
No Man can ſit there ſafe, the Cannon pours
Thro Walls untight, and thro the Bullets ſhowers.
The Neighbourhood ill, and an unwholeſom Seat,
So at the firſt Salute, reſolves Retreat:
And ſwore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the City put it in repair.
So he in Front, his Gariſon in Rear,
March'd ſtraight to *Chatham* to increaſe the Fear.
There our ſick Ships unrig'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting Fowl, a weak and eaſy Prey:
For whoſe ſtrong Bulk Earth ſcarce could Timber find,
The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind:
Thoſe Oaken Giants of the antient Race,
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
The conſcious Stag, tho once the Foreſt's Dread,
Flies to the Wood, and hides his armleſs Head.
Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
They ſail ſecurely thro the River's Track.
An *Engliſh* Pilot too (Oh Shame! Oh Sin!)
Cheated of's Pay, was he that ſhew'd them in.
Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
And all our Hopes now on frail Chain depend:
(Engine ſo ſlight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter ſeem'd to captivate a Flea.)
A Skipper rude ſhocks it without reſpect,
Filling his Sails more Force to recollect.
Th' *Engliſh* from Shore the Iron deaf invoke
For its laſt Aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!

But with her ſailing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorow reel,
And to the reſt the opening paſſage ſhew:
Monk from the Bank that diſmal Sight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants, who came down that day
To be Spectators ſafe of the new Play,
Leave him alone when firſt they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleeteſt) and to *London* run.
Our Seamen, whom no danger's ſhape could fright
Unpaid, refuſe to mount our Ships for Spite:
Or to their Fellows ſwim on board the *Dutch*,
Who ſhew the tempting Metal in their Clutch.
Oft had he ſent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Pouder, but in vain, to beg;
And *Upnor* Caſtle's ill deſerted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he Succour might expect,
Confuſion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.
But when the *Royal Charles* (what Rage! what Grief
He ſaw ſeiz'd, and could give her no Relief;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, reſtor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy Board;
And thence the *Britiſh* Admiral became
Crown'd for that Merit with his Maſter's Name:
That Pleaſure-Boat of War, in whoſe dear ſide
Secure, ſo oft he had this Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victor's Slave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful Thought,
With preſent Shame compar'd, his Mind diſtraught
Such from *Euphrates* Bank, a Tigreſs fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell:
But ſees enrag'd the River flow between,
Fruſtrate Revenge, and Love by loſs more keen;
At her own Breaſt her uſeleſs Claws does arm,
She tears her ſelf, 'cauſe him ſhe cannot harm.
The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence
Long ſince were fled on many a feign'd pretence.

Da

Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of Might;
Sweet Painter, draw his Picture while I write.
Paint him of Perſon tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but ſhown:
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a Hair ſo black,
Or Face ſo red; thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain Terror in his Martial Look,
And all thoſe Lines by which Men are miſtook.
But when by ſhame conſtrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And ſaw himſelf confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lion's Den.
But when the frightful Fireſhips he ſaw,
Pregnant with Sulphur, nea[illegible]o him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, E[illegible] make haſt,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be caſt;
Three Children tall unſing'd, away they row,
Like *Shadrack*, *Meſhech* and *Abednego*.
Each doleful Day ſtill with freſh Loſs returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns;
And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increaſe with theirs her Flames.
Of all our Navy none ſhould now ſurvive,
But that the Ships themſelves were taught to dive;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy ſides;
Up to the Bridg contagious Terror ſtruck,
The *Tow'r* it ſelf with the near Danger ſhook;
And were not *Ruyter*'s Maw with Ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London*'s Aſhes had been then deſtroy'd.
Officious Fear, however to prevent
Our Loſs, does ſo much more our Loſs augment.
The *Dutch* had rob'd thoſe Jewels of the Crown;
Our Merchant-men, leſt they ſhould burn, we drown:
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houſes were demoliſh'd near the Tow'r.
Thoſe Ships that yearly from their Teeming-Hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,

Fir from the North, and Silver from the Weſt,
From the South Perfumes, Spices from the Eaſt;
From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
Take a ſhort Voyage underneath the *Thames*:
Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
And ſh unk, leſs navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chatham*'s left to burn,
The *Holland* Squadron leiſurely return;
And ſpite of *Rupert*'s and of *Albemarle*'s,
To *Ruyter*'s Triumph led the Captive *Charles*.
The pleaſing Sight he often does prolong,
Her Maſt erect, tough Cordage, Timber ſtrong,
Her moving Shape, all theſe he doth ſurvey,
And all admires, but moſt his eaſy Prey.
The Seamen ſearch within, without;
Viewing her Strength, they yet their Conqueſt doubt
Then with rude Shouts ſecure, the Air they vex,
With gameſom Joy inſulting on her Decks.
Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, ſhorn,
Was led about in Sport, the publick Scorn.

Black Day accurſt! on thee let no Man hale
Out of the Port, or dare to hoiſt a Sail,
Or row a Boat in thy unlucky Hour!
Thee, the Year's Monſter, let thy Dam devour,
And conſtant Time to keep his courſe yet right,
Fill up thy ſpace with a redoubled Night.
When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters baſe,
And *Medway* chaſte raviſh'd before his Face,
And their dear Offspring murder'd in their Sight,
Thou and thy Fellows held'ſt the odious Light.
Sad Chance, ſince firſt that happy Pair was wed,
When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial Bed;
And Father *Neptune* promis'd to reſign
His Empire old to their immortal Line;
Now with vain Grief their vainer Hopes they rue
Themſelves diſhonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
And to each other helpleſs Couple mourn,
As the fad Tortoiſe for the Sea does groan:

But moſt they for their darling *Charles* complain,
And were it burnt, yet leſs would be their Pain.
To ſee that fatal Pledg of Sea-Command,
Now in the Raviſher *de Ruyter*'s Hand,
The *Thames* roar'd, ſwooning *Medway* turn'd her Tide,
And were they mortal, both for Grief had dy'd.
The Court in flattering yet it ſelf does pleaſe,
(And Female *Steward* there rules the four Seas.)
But Fate does ſtill accumulate our Woes,
And *Richmond* her commands, as *Ruyter* thoſe.
After this Loſs, to reliſh Diſcontent,
Some one muſt be accus'd by Puniſhment:
All our Miſcarriages on *Pett* muſt fall,
His Name alone ſeems fit to anſwer all.
Whoſe Counſel firſt did this mad War beget?
Who all Commands ſold thro the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett.*
Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms diſabled met?
And rifling Prizes, them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with falſe News prevented the Gazette,
The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
Who all our Seamen cheated of their Debt,
And all our Prizes who did ſwallow? *Pett.*
Who did adviſe no Navy out to ſet?
And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to ſupply with Pouder did forget
Languard, *Sheerneſs*, *Graveſend* and *Upnor*? *Pett.*
Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chatham* Net?
Who ſhould it be but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-Architect in making Ships,
Was the firſt Cauſe of all theſe Naval Slips.
Had he not built, none of theſe Faults had been;
If no Creation, there had been no Sin:
But his great Crime, one Boat away he ſent,
That loſt our Fleet, and did our Flight prevent.
Then that Reward might in its turn take place,
And march with Puniſhment in equal Pace:

Southampton

Southampton dead, much of the Treaſure's Care,
And Place in Council fell to *Duncomb*'s Share.
All Men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
Pouder ne'er blew Man up ſo ſoon, ſo high;
But ſure his late good Husbandry in Petre,
Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter;
And who the Forts would not vouchſafe a Corn,
To laviſh the King's Mony more would ſcorn.
Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is beſt,
And ableſt Speaker, who of Law hath leaſt,
Who leſs Eſtate for Treaſurer moſt fit,
And for a Chanc'llor he that has leaſt Wit.
But the true Cauſe was, that in's Brother *May*,
Th' Exchequer might the Privy-Purſe obey.
And now draws near the Parliament's return,
Hyde and the Court again begin to mourn;
Frequent in Council, earneſt in Debate,
All Arts they try how to prolong its Date.
Grave Primate *Sheldon* (much in preaching there)
Blames the laſt Seſſion, and this more does fear:
With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere ſweet,
But with a Parliament abhors to meet;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the *Thames* Mouth ſtill *de Ruyter* laid,
The Peace not ſure, new Army muſt be paid;
Hyde ſaith he hourly waits for a Diſpatch,
Harry came Poſt juſt as he ſhew'd his Watch;
All to agree the Articles were clear,
The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament ſo near.
Yet *Harry* muſt job back and all mature,
Binding e'er th' Houſes meet the Treaty ſure;
And 'twixt Neceſſity and Spite, till then
Let them come up, ſo to go down again.
Up ambles Country Juſtice on his Pad,
And Veſt beſpeaks to be more ſeemly clad:
Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'erthrown,
And Deputy-Lieutenants in their own;

The portly Burgeſs thro the Weather hot
Does for his Corporation ſweat and trot ;
And all with Sun and Choler come aduſt,
And threaten *Hyde* to raiſe a greater Duſt.
But freſh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
Salute them, ſmiling at their vain deſign ;
And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
With Face new bleacht, ſmoothed and ſtiff with Starch ;
Tells them he at *Whitehal* had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not ſo, quoth *Tomkins*, and ſtrait drew his Tongue,
Truſty as Steel that always ready hung ;
And ſo proceeding in his Motion warm,
Th'Army ſoon rais'd, he doth as ſoon diſarm.
True *Trojan !* whilſt this Town can Girls afford,
And long as Cyder laſts in *Hereford*,
The Girls ſhall always kiſs thee, tho grown old,
And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.
Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
At Court, and ſo reprieves their guilty Lives.
Hyde orders *Turner* that he ſhould come late,
Leſt ſome new *Tomkins* ſpring a freſh Debate :
The King that early rais'd was from his Reſt,
Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner*'s dreſt.
At laſt together *Eaton* came and he,
No Dial more could with the Sun agree :
The Speaker ſummon'd to the Lords repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to ſay their Pray'rs,
But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
Where mute, they ſtand to hear their Sentence read :
Trembling with Joy and Fear, *Hyde* them prorogues,
And had almoſt miſtook, and call'd them Rogues.
Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot ;
Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen ſhall do't.
That may his Body, this his Mind explain ;
Paint him in Golden Gown with Maces Train ;
Bright Hair, fair Face, obſcure, and dull of Head,
Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edg of Lead :

At

At Prayers his Eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private Bill's in ſight:
In Chair he ſmoking ſits like Maſter Cook,
And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look.
Well was he skill'd to ſeaſon any Queſtion,
And make a Sauce fit for *Whitehall*'s Digeſtion,
Whence every day, the Palate more to tickle,
Court-Muſhrooms ready are ſent in to pickle.
When Grievances urg'd, he ſwells like ſquatted To
Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load:
His patient Piſs he could hold longer than
An Urinal, and ſit like any Hen;
At Table jolly as a Country Hoſt,
And ſoaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toaſt;
At Night than *Chanticleer* more brisk and hot,
And Serjeant's Wife ſerves him for *Portelott*.

Paint laſt the King, and a dead ſhade of Night,
Only diſperſt by a weak Taper's Light:
And thoſe bright Gleams that dart along and glar
From his clear Eyes (yet theſe too dart with Care
There, as in the calm Horror all alone,
He wakes and muſes of th' uneaſy Throne:
Raiſe up a ſudden Shape with Virgin's Face,
Tho ill agree her Poſture, Hour or Place;
Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
With her own Treſſes interwove and twin'd:
Her Mouth lockt up, a Blind before her Eyes,
Yet from beneath her Veil her Bluſhes riſe,
And ſilent Tears her ſecret Anguiſh ſpeak,
Her Heart throbs, and with very Shame would bre
The Object ſtrange in him no Terror mov'd,
He wonder'd firſt, then pitied, then he lov'd;
And with kind Hand does the coy Viſion preſs,
Whoſe Beauty greater ſeem'd by her Diſtreſs:
But ſoon ſhrunk back, chil'd with a Touch ſo cold
And th' airy Picture vaniſht from his hold.
In his deep Thoughts the Wonder did increaſe,
And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.

Exp

Expreſs him ſtartling next, with liſt'ning Ear,
As one that ſome unuſual Noiſe doth hear ;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door ſurround,
But let ſome other Painter draw the Sound :
Thrice he did riſe, thrice the vain Tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in Bed.
His Mind ſecure does the vain Stroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis*'s March did beat.
Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with blue Streaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghoſt his Eyes doth fixt admire
Of Grandſire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry ſits down, and in his open Side
The griſly Wound reveals of which he dy'd :
And Ghoſtly *Charles*, turning his Collar low,
The purple Thred about his Neck doth ſhew :
Then whiſpering to his Son in Words unheard,
Thro the lockt Door both of them diſappear'd.
The wondrous Night the penſive King revolves,
And riſing ſtrait, on *Hyde*'s Diſgrace reſolves.
At his firſt ſtep he *Caſtlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere deſign'd ;
And they not knowing, the ſame thing propoſe,
Which his hid Mind did in his Depths incloſe :
Thro their feign'd Speech their ſecret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Caſtlemain* untrue ;
Falſe to his Maſter *Briſtol*, *Arlington*,
And *Coventry* falſer than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray,
Nor therefore truſts himſelf to ſuch as they.
His Father's Ghoſt too whiſper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purſe will cut his Throat :
But he 'n wiſe Anger does their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner :
While *Hyde* provok'd his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traitors, and himſelf the *Pett*.
Painter, adiee : How well our Arts agree !
Poetick Picture, painted Poetry !

But

But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* ſhall ſit.
His Maſter-hand the Antients ſhall outdo,
Himſelf the Painter, and the Poet too.

To the KING.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
And Spots unknown in the bright Star deſcry'd
Shew'd they obſcure him, while too near they ple
And ſeem his Courtiers are but his Diſeaſe.
Thro Optick Trunk the Planet ſeem'd to hear,
And hurls them off e'er ſince in his career.
And you *(Great Sir)* that with him Empire ſha
Seen of our World, as he the *Charles* is there;
Blame not the Muſe that brought thoſe Spots to ſig
Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light
(Kings in the Country oft have gone aſtray,
Nor of a Peaſant ſcorn'd to learn the way)
Would ſhe the unattended Throne reduce,
Baniſhing Love, Truſt, Ornament and Uſe;
Better it were to live in Cloyſter's Lock,
Or in fair Fields to rule the eaſy Flock.
She blames them only who the Court reſtrain,
And where all *England* ſerves, themſelves would re
Bold and accurſt are they that all this while
Have ſtrove to Iſle this Monarch from this Iſle;
And to improve themſelves by falſe Pretence,
About the common Prince have rais'd a Fence:
The Kingdom from the Crown diſtinct would ſee,
And peel the Bark to burn at laſt the Tree.
But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the King.
Not ſo does Ruſt inſinuating wear,
Nor Pouder ſo the vaulted Baſtion tear:
Nor Earthquakes ſo an hollow Iſle o'erwhelm,
As ſcratching Courtiers undermine a Realm.

And thro the Palaces Foundations bore,
Burrowing themſelves to hoard their guilty Store.
The ſmalleſt Vermin make the greateſt waſt,
And a poor Warren once a City ras'd.
But they whom born to Vertue and to Wealth,
Nor *Guilt* to *Flatt'ry* binds, nor *Want* to *Stealth*;
Whoſe gen'rous Conſcience, and whoſe Courage high,
Does with clear Councils their large Souls ſupply;
That ſerve the King with their Eſtates and Care,
And as in Love on Parliaments can ſtare;
Where few the Number, Choice is there leſs hard;
Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M.

The Loyal SCOT,

By Cleaveland's *Ghoſt*, *upon the Death of Captain* Douglas, *burnt on his Ship at* Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elyſium* Glades,
hey all conſulting gather'd in a Ring,
Vhich of their Poets ſhould his Welcome ſing:
nd as a favourable Penance choſe
leaveland, on whom they would that Task impoſe.
e underſtood, but willingly addreſt
is ready Muſe to court that noble Gueſt.
uch had he cur'd the Tumour of his Vein,
e judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain;
r thoſe ſoft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
nd of wiſe *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught.
bruptly he began, diſguiſing Art,
s of his Satyr this had been a part.

Not

Not ſo, brave *Douglas*, on whoſe lovely Chin
The early Down but newly did begin:
And modeſt Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.
His yellow Locks curl back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other Courtſhip knew but to his Cheek.
Oft as he in chill *Esk* or *Seyn* by Night,
Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs ſo ſoft, ſo white;
Among the Reeds, to be eſpy'd by him,
The Nymphs would ruſtle, he would forwards ſwim;
They ſigh'd, and ſaid, Fond Boy, why ſo untame,
That fly'ſt Love's Fires, reſerv'd for other Flame?
Firſt on his Ship he fac'd that horrid Day,
And wonder'd much at thoſe that run away:
No other Fear himſelf could comprehend,
Than leſt Heaven fall e'er thither he aſcend;
But entertains the while his time too ſhort,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in Sport;
Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
Within his Circle, knows himſelf ſecure.
The fatal Bark him boards with grappling Fire,
And ſafely thro its Port the *Dutch* retire.
That precious Life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave.
Much him the Honour of his antient Race
Inſpir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface;
And ſecret Joy in his calm Soul does riſe,
That *Monk* looks on to ſee how *Douglas* dies.
Like a glad Lover the fierce Flames he meets,
And tries his firſt Embraces in their Sheets:
His Shape exact, which the bright Flames infold,
Like the Sun's Statue ſtands of burniſht Gold.
Round the tranſparent Fire about him glows,
As the clear Amber on the Bees does cloſe;
And as on Angels Heads their Glories ſhine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face Divine.
But when in his immortal Mind he felt
His alt'ring Form, and ſoder'd Limbs to melt;

Down on the Deck he laid himſelf, and dy'd,
With his dear Sword repoſing by his ſide:
And on the flaming Plank ſo reſts his Head,
As one that warm'd himſelf, and went to bed.
His Ship burns down, and with his Relicks ſinks,
And the ſad Stream beneath his Aſhes drinks.
Fortunate Boy! If either Pencil's Fame,
Or if my Verſe can propagate thy Name;
When *Æta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *Engliſh* Youth ſhall ſing the valiant *Scot*.
Skip-Saddles *Pegaſus*, thou needſt not brag,
Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
Shall not a Death ſo generous, when told,
Unite our diſtance, fill our Breaches old?
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
Nor more diſcourſe of *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Race,
Nor chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Chevy-Chaſe*.
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame,
Our Nations melting, thy *Coloſſus* frame:
Prick down the Point, whoever has the art,
Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
Anatomiſts may ſooner fix the Cells
Where Life reſides, and Underſtanding dwells:
But this we know, tho that exceeds our Skill,
That whoſoever ſeparates them does ill.
Will you the *Tweed* that ſullen Bounder call
Of Soil, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at leaſt the *Tine*?
So may we the State-Corpulence redreſs,
And little *England*, when we pleaſe, make leſs.
What *Ethic* River is this wondrous *Tweed*,
Whoſe one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does riſe
Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
That between us the common Air ſhould bar,
And ſplit the Influence of every Star?

But who conſiders right, will find, indeed,
'Tis *Holy Iſland* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
Nothing but Clergy could us two ſeclude,
No *Scotch* was ever like a Biſhop's Feud:
All Litanies in this have wanted Faith;
There's no *Deliver us from a Biſhop's Wrath.*
Never ſhall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
Never for *Burnet*'s ſake, the *Lauderdales*;
For *Becket*'s ſake *Kent* always ſhall have Tails.
Who Sermons e'er can pacify and Prayers?
Or to the Joint-ſtools reconcile the Chairs?
Tho Kingdoms join, yet Church will Kirk oppoſe
The Mitre ſtill divides, the Crown does cloſe:
As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Bound.
What th' Ocean binds, is by the Biſhops rent,
Then Seas make Iſlands in our Continent.
Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
If the Cathedral ſtill ſhall have its Iſles.
Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor A
Separate the World ſo as the Biſhops Scalps.
Stretch for the Line their Circingle alone,
'Twill make a more unhabitable Zone.
The friendly Loadſtone has not more combin'd,
Than Biſhops crampt the Commerce of Mankind
Had it not been for ſuch a Biaſs ſtrong,
Two Nations had ne'er miſs'd the mark ſo long.
The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
The Good, the Bad, and theſe mixt every wher
Under each Pole place either of theſe two;
The Bad will baſely, Good will bravely do.
And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes.
The trial would, however, be too nice,
Which ſtronger were, a *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Vice:
Or whether the ſame Vertue would reflect
From *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Heart the ſame effect.

Nation is all but Name, a *Shibboleth*,
Where a miſtaken Accent cauſes Death.
In Paradiſe Names only Nature ſhow'd,
At *Babel* Names from Pride and Diſcord flow'd;
And ever ſince Men with a Female Spite,
Firſt call each other names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cauſe of juſt uproar,
Do Man and Wife ſignify Rogue and Whore.
Say but a *Scot*, and ſtrait we fall to ſides,
That Syllable like a *Picts* Wall divides.
Rational Mens words Pledges are of Peace;
Perverted, ſerve Diſſenſion to increaſe.
For ſhame extirpate from each loyal Breaſt
That ſenſleſs Rancour againſt Intereſt.
One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Iſle,
Engliſh and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Croſs and Pile.
Charles, our Great Soul, this only underſtands;
He our Affections both, and Wills commands.
And where Twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
Knows the laſt Secret, how to make us one.
Juſt ſo the prudent Husbandman, that ſees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees,
The Morning-Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-Caſe, every Bee a Drone:
Pouders them o'er, till none diſcerns his Foes,
And all themſelves in Meal and Friendſhip loſe:
The Inſect Kingdom ſtrait begins to thrive,
And all work Honey for the common Hive.
Pardon, young Hero, this ſo long Tranſport,
Thy Death more noble did the ſame extort.
My former Satyr for this Verſe forget,
My Fault againſt my Recantation ſet.
I ſingle did againſt a Nation write,
Againſt a Nation thou didſt ſingly fight.
My differing Crimes do more thy Vertue raiſe,
And ſuch my Raſhneſs beſt thy Valour praiſe.
Here *Douglas* ſmiling ſaid, He did intend,
After ſuch frankneſs ſhewn, to be his Friend.

Forewarn'd him therefore, leſt in time he were Metempſychos'd to ſome *Scotch* Presbyter.

By *A. M.*

Britannia *and* Raleigh. *By* A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

Br. AH *Raleigh*, when thou didſt thy Breath reſig
To trembling *James*, would I had quitted min
Cubs didſt thou call them? Hadſt thou ſeen this Bro
Of *Earls* and *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scotiſh* Race thou wouldſt complain,
Theſe would be Bleſſings in this ſpurious Reign.
Awake, ariſe from thy long bleſt Repoſe,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Ral. What mighty Pow'r has forc'd me from my r
Oh mighty Queen, why ſo untimely dreſt!

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Diſgu
Whilſt the Leud Court in drunken ſlumber lies,
I ſtole away, and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
Till *Cavaliers* ſhall Favourites be deem'd,
And loyal Sufferers by the Court eſteem'd;
Till *Leigh* and *Galloway* ſhall Bribes reject;
Thus *O*——*ns* Golden Cheat I ſhall detect:
Till Atheiſt *Lauderdale* ſhall leave this Land,
And *Commons Votes* ſhall *Cut-Noſe* Guards disband
Till *Kate* a happy Mother ſhall become,
Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates R

Ral. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd *Court*, and *Martyr's* Progeny?

Brit. A Colony of *French* poſſeſs the Court;
Pimps, *Prieſts*, *Buffoons*, in Privy-Chamber ſport
Such ſlimy Monſters ne'er approach'd a Throne,
Since *Pharaoh's* days, nor ſo defil'd a Crown.

In ſacred Ear Tyrannick Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak;
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathan, and abſolute Commands.
Thus, Fairy-like, the King they ſteal away,
And in his room a Changeling *Lewis* lay.
How oft have I him to himſelf reſtor'd,
In's Left the Scale, in's Right Hand plac'd the Sword?
Taught him their uſe, what Dangers would enſue
To them who ſtrive to ſeparate theſe two?
The bloody *Scotiſh* Chronicle read o'er,
Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.
The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
In lofty Notes *Tudor*'s bleſt Race to ſing;
How *Spain*'s proud Powers her Virgin Arms control'd,
And golden Days in peaceful Order roll'd:
How like ripe Fruit ſhe dropt from off her Throne,
Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown.
As the *Jeſſean* Hero did appeaſe
Saul's ſtormy Rage, and ſtopt his black Diſeaſe;
So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song, ſuppreſt
The ſwelling Paſſion of his canker'd Breaſt,
And in his Heart kind Influences ſhed
Of Country's Love, by Truth and Juſtice bred.
Then to perform the Cure ſo well begun,
To him I ſhew'd this glorious ſetting Sun:
How by her Peoples Looks purſu'd from far,
So mounted on a bright Celeſtial Car,
Out-ſhining *Virgo* or the *Julian* Star.
Whilſt in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he ſpy'd,
Enter'd a Dame bedeck'd with ſpotted Pride,
Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
Her Left Hand bears the antient *Gallick* Shield,
By her uſurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
Inſcrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;

Around her *Jove*'s leud rav'nous Curs complain,
Pale Death, Luſt, Tortures, fill her pompous Train:
She from the eaſy King Truth's Mirrour took,
And on the ground in ſpiteful Fall it broke;
Then frowning, thus, with proud Diſdain, ſhe ſpoke:
Are thred-bare Vertues Ornaments for Kings?
Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings!
Do Monarchs riſe by Vertue, or by Sword?
Who e'er grew Great by keeping of his Word?
Vertue's a faint Green-ſickneſs to brave Souls,
Daſtards their Hearts, their active Heat controls.
The Rival Gods, Monarchs of t'other World,
This mortal Poiſon among Princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great
Shall drive them from their proud Celeſtial Seat,
If not o'er-aw'd: This new-found holy Cheat.
Thoſe pious Frauds, too ſlight t'inſnare the Brave,
Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inſlave.
Bribe hungry Prieſts to deify your Might,
To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
And ſound Damnation to all dare deny't.
Thus Heaven's deſigns 'gainſt Heaven you ſhall turn,
And make them feel thoſe Powers they once did ſcor
When all the gobling Intereſt of Mankind,
By Hirelings ſold to you, ſhall be reſign'd;
And by Impoſtures God and Man betray'd,
The Church and State you ſafely may invade:
So boundleſs *Lewis* in full Glory ſhines,
Whilſt your ſtarv'd Power in legal Fetters pines.
Shake off thoſe Baby-bands from your ſtrong Arms
Henceforth be deaf to that old Witch's Charms:
Taſte the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
Three ſpotleſs Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
A Sacrifice to you their God and King:
As theſe grow ſtale, we'l haraſs Human Kind,
Rack Nature, till new Pleaſures you ſhall find,
Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.

Wh

When ſhe had ſpoke, a confus'd Murmur roſe,
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Iriſh*. all my mortal Foes;
Some *Engliſh* too, O ſhame! diſguis'd I ſpy'd,
Led all by the wiſe Son-in-Law of *Hyde*:
With Fury drunk, like *Bacchanals* they roar,
Down with that common Magna-Charta Whore!
With joint Conſent on helpleſs me they flew,
And from my *Charles* to a baſe Goal me drew:
My reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
To Prigs, Bauds, Whores, was made the publick Game.
Frequent Addreſſes to my *Charles* I ſend,
And my ſad State did to his Care commend:
But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
Had loſt a Senſe of Honour, Juſtice, Fame.
Like a tame Spinſter in's *Seragl'* he ſits,
Beſieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Baſtards Chits;
Lull'd in Security, rolling in Luſt,
Reſigns his Crown to Angel *Carwell*'s Truſt.
Her Creature *O——n* the Revenue ſteals,
Falſe *F—h*, Knave *Ang—ſey*, miſguide the Seals:
Mac-James the *Iriſh Bigots* does adore,
His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore:
The *Scotch-Scalado* of our *Court* two Iſles,
Falſe *Lauderdale* with *Ordure* all defiles.
Thus the States Night mar'd by this helliſh Rout,
And no one left theſe Furies to caſt out.
Ah! *Vindex* come, and purge the poiſon'd State;
Deſcend, deſcend, e'er the Cure's deſperate.

Ral. Once more, *Great Queen*, thy Darling ſtrive to ſave,
Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:
Preſent to's Thoughts his long-ſcorn'd *Parliament*,
The Baſis of his Throne and Government.
In his deaf Ears ſound his dead Father's Name;
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim:
Who knows what good Effects from thence may ſpring?
'Tis God-like Good to ſave a falling King.

Brit. Raleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
The *Stuart* from the Tyrant to divide;

As eaſily Learn'd *Vertuoſo's* may
With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
To th' bleating Flock, by him ſo lately torn.
If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
'Tis by no potent Antidote withſtood.
Tyrants, like leprous Kings, for publick Weal
Should be immur'd, leſt the Contagion ſteal
Over the whole. Th' Elect of th' *Jeſſan* Line,
To this firm Law their Scepter did reſign;
And ſhall this baſe Tyrannick Brood invade
Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made?
To the Serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her ſage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
With her the Prudence of the Antients read,
To teach my People in their ſteps to tread.
By their great Pattern ſuch a State I'll frame,
Shall eternize a glorious laſting Name.
Till then, my *Raleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth:
Watch and preſide over their tender Age,
Leſt Court-Corruption ſhould their Soul engage.
Teach them how Arts and Arms in thy young days
Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays.
Tell them the generous Scorn their Riſe does owe
To *Flattery*, *Pimping*, and a *Gawdy Show*.
Teach them to ſcorn the *Carwells*, *Portſmouths*, *Nel*
The *Cleavelands*, *O——ns*, *Berties*, *Lauderdales*;
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arteria*'s Name,
Who yield to theſe in Leudneſs, Luſt and Fame.
Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sydneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Cav'ndiſh*, *Blake*; Men void of ſlaviſh Fears
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whoſe fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wai
When with fierce ardour their bright Souls do burn
Back to my deareſt Country I'll return.
Tarquin's juſt Judg, and *Cæſar*'s equal Peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.

Publi

Publicola with healing Hands ſhall pour
Balm in their Wounds, and ſhall their Life reſtore:
Greek Arts, and *Roman* Arms, in her conjoin'd,
Shall *England* raiſe, relieve oppreſt Mankind.
As *Jove*'s great Son th' infeſted Globe did free
From noxious Monſters, hell-born Tyranny;
So ſhall my *England*, in a Holy War,
In Triumph lead chain'd Tyrants from afar:
Her true *Cruſado* ſhall at laſt pull down
The *Turkiſh* Creſcent, and the *Perſian* Sun.
Freed by thy Labours fortunate, Bleſt Iſle,
The Earth ſhall reſt, the Heaven ſhall on thee ſmile;
And this kind Secret for Reward ſhall give,
No poiſon'd Tyrants on thy Earth ſhall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

SPREAD a large Canvas, Painter, to contain
The great Aſſembly, and the num'rous Train;
Where all about him ſhall in triumph ſit,
Abhorring *Wiſdom*, and deſpiſing *Wit*;
Hating all *Juſtice*, and reſolv'd to fight,
To rob their native Country of their Right.
Firſt draw his Highneſs proſtrate to the South,
Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his Mouth.
Moſt Holy Father! being join'd in League
With Father *Patrick*, *D—by*, and with *Teague*;
Thrown at your Sacred Feet, *I humbly bow*,
I and the wiſe Aſſociates of my Vow:
A Vow, nor Fire nor Sword ſhall ever end,
Till all this Nation to your Footſtool bend.
Thus arm'd with Zeal, and Bleſſing from your hands,
I'll raiſe my Papiſts, and my *Iriſh* Bands;
And by a noble well-contrived Plot,
Manag'd by wiſe *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*,

Prove

Prove to the World, I'l make Old *England* know,
That Common Senſe is my eternal Foe;
I ne'er can fight in a more glorious Cauſe,
Than to deſtroy their Liberty and Laws:
Their Houſe of Commons and their Houſe of Lords,
Their Parchment Precedents, and dull Records,
Shall theſe e'er dare to contradict my Will,
And think *a Prince o'th' Blood can e'er do ill?*
It is our *Birth-right* to have power to kill.
Shall they e'er dare to think they ſhall decide
The way to *Heaven?* And who ſhall be my *Guide?*
Shall they pretend to ſay, that *Bread* is *Bread*,
If we affirm it is a *God* indeed?
Or there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead?
That *Extreme Unction* is but common Oil,
And not infallible the *Roman Soil?*
I'l have thoſe Villains in our Notions reſt:
And I do ſay it, therefore it's the beſt.
Next, Painter, draw his *Mordant* by his ſide,
Conveying his *Religion* and his *Bride:*
He who long ſince abjur'd the Royal Line,
Does now in Popery with his Maſter join.
Then draw the Princeſs with her Golden Locks,
Haſtning to be envenom'd with the Pox:
And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,
Which ſent *N. H.* before her under ground;
The Wound of which the tainted *C——ret* fades,
Laid up in ſtore for a new Set of Maids.
Poor Princeſs, born under a ſullen Star,
To find ſuch Welcome when you came ſo far!
Better ſome jealous Neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a ſound, tho petty Throne;
Where 'twixt a wholeſom Husband and a Page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy Age:
Than on dull Hopes of being here a Queen,
E'er Twenty die, and rot before Fifteen.
Now, Painter, ſhew us in the blackeſt Dye,
The Counſellors of all this Villany.

Clifford, who firſt appear'd in humble Guiſe,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wiſe;
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Cethegus* of our Age.
He and his Duke had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Juſtice* or by *Law* confin'd:
Their doiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
Than Fleets and Armies, Battels, Blood and Wounds;
And to deſtroy our Liberty they hope,
By *Iriſh* Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.
Next, *Talbot* muſt by his great Maſter ſtand,
Laden with *Folly*, *Fleſh*, and *ill-got Land*:
He's of a ſize indeed to fill a *Porch*,
But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*.
His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book;
Altho no Scholar, he can act the Cook,
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' *Iriſh* Shambles he firſt learnt the Trade.
Then, Painter, ſhew thy Skill, and in fit place
Let's ſee the Nuncio *Arundel*'s ſweet Face;
Let the Beholders by thy Art eſpy
His *Senſe* and *Soul*, as ſquinting as his Eye.
Let *Bellaſis* autumnal Face be ſeen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
Who truſting in him, was by him betray'd,
And ſo ſhall we when his Advice 's obey'd.
The *Hero* once got Honour by his Sword,
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And pimps to have his Family defil'd.
Next, Painter, draw the Rabble of the Plot;
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot*:
Theſe are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nation's Fate.
Ten Thouſand ſuch as theſe ſhall ne'er control
The ſmalleſt Atom of an *Engliſh* Soul.
Old *England* on its ſtrong Foundation ſtands,
Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*.

Its ſteddy Baſis never could be ſhook,
When wiſer Men her Ruin undertook:
And can her Guardian Angel let her ſtoop
At laſt to Madmen, Fools, and to the Pope?
No, Painter, no; cloſe up this Piece, and ſee
This Croud of Traitors hang'd in *Effigie*.

To the KING.

GReat *Charles*, who full of Mercy mightſt command
In Peace and Pleaſure, this thy native Land;
At laſt take pity of thy tottering Throne,
Shook by the Faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy Life and Crown together end,
Deſtroy'd by a falſe Brother and falſe Friend.
Obſerve the Danger that appears ſo near,
That all your Subjects do each minute fear:
One drop of Poiſon, or a Popiſh Knife,
Ends all the Joys of *England* with thy Life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature ſhould be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
Brib'd with a Crown on Earth, and one above,
Harbours no Friendſhip, Tenderneſs, or Love.
See in all Ages what Examples are
Of Monarchs murder'd by th' impatient Heir.
Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the Stroke's ſtruck which they can ne'er retrieve.

Noſtradamus's *Prophecy*. *By* A. Marvell, *Eſq*

FOR Faults and Follies *London*'s Doom ſhall fix
And ſhe muſt ſink in flames in *Sixty ſix*:
Fire-Balls ſhall fly, but few ſhall ſee the Train,
As far as from *Whitehall* to *Pudding-Lane*,
To burn the City, which again ſhall riſe,
Beyond all hopes, aſpiring to the Skies;

Whe

Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
(Tho its Walls ſtand) ſhall bring the City lower:
When Legiſlators ſhall their Truſt betray,
Saving their own, ſhall give the reſt away;
And thoſe falſe Men by th' eaſy People ſent,
Give Taxes to the King by Parliament:
When bare-fac'd Villains ſhall not bluſh to cheat,
And *Chequer*-Doors ſhall ſhut up *Lombard-ſtreet*:
When Players come to act the Part of *Queens*,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
When *Sodomy* ſhall be prime Min'ſters Sport,
And *Whoring* ſhall be the leaſt Crime at Court:
When Boys ſhall take their Siſters for their Mate,
And practiſe *Inceſt* between ſeven and eight:
When no Man knows in whom to put his truſt,
And e'en to rob the *Chequer* ſhall be juſt:
When Declarations, Lyes, and every Oath
Shall be in uſe at *Court*, but *Faith and Troth*:
When two good Kings ſhall be at *Brentford* Town,
And when in *London* there ſhall not be one:
When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
Whom Wiſe Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
A Min'ſter able only in his Tongue,
To make harſh empty *Speeches* two hours long:
When an old *Scotch* Covenanter ſhall be
The Champion for th' *Engliſh* Hierarchy:
When Biſhops ſhall lay all Religion by,
And ſtrive by Law t' eſtabliſh Tyranny:
When a lean Treaſurer ſhall in one Year,
Make himſelf fat, his King and People bare:
When th' *Engliſh* Prince ſhall *Engliſh* Men deſpiſe,
And think *French* only Loyal, *Iriſh* Wiſe:
When *Wooden Shoon* ſhall be the *Engliſh* Wear,
And *Magna Charta* ſhall no more appear:
Then th' *Engliſh* ſhall a greater Tyrant know,
Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story ſhow;
Their Wives to's Luſt expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
With Groans to fill his Treaſury they toil;

But like the *Bellides* muſt ſigh in vain,
For that ſtill fill'd, flows out as faſt again:
Then they with envious Eyes ſhall *Belgium* ſee,
And wiſh in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
The Frogs too late, grown weary of their Pain,
Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's *Ghoſt*.

IT happen'd in the Twilight of the Day,
As *England*'s Monarch in his Cloſet lay,
And *Chiffinch* ſtep'd to fetch the Female Prey;
The bloody Shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
And in ſad Vocal Sounds theſe things declare.
'Behold, Great Sir, I from the ſhades am ſent,
'To ſhew theſe Wounds that did your Fall prevent
'My panting Ghoſt, as Envoy, comes to call,
'And warn you, leſt, like me, y' untimely fall.
'Who againſt Law your Subjects Lives purſue,
'By the ſame Rule may dare to murder you.
'I, for *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*,
'Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
'Think what befel great *Egypt*'s harden'd King,
'Who ſcorn'd the Prophets oft admoniſhing.
'Shake off your Brandy-ſlumbers; for my Words
'More truth than all your cloſe Cabal affords.
'A Court you have with Luxury o'ergrown,
'And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
'Where Pimps and Panders in their Coaches ride,
'And in Lampoons and Songs your Luſt deride.
'Old Bauds and ſlighted Whores, there tell with ſham
'The dull Romance of your laſcivious Flame.
'Players and Scaramouches are your Joy;
'Prieſts and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
'Still ſo profuſe, you are inſolvent grown,
'A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.

'You

‘ Your nauſeous Palate the worſt Food doth crave;
‘ No wholeſom Viands can an entrance have:
‘ Each Night you lodg in that *French Syren's* Arms,
‘ She ſtrait betrays you with her wanton Charms;
‘ Works on your Heart, ſoften'd with Love and Wine,
‘ And then betrays you to ſome *Philiſtine*.
‘ Imperial Luſt does o'er your Scepter ſway,
‘ And tho a Sovereign, makes you to obey.
‘ She that from *Lisbon* came with ſuch Renown,
‘ And to inrich you with the *Africk* Town;
‘ In Nature mild, and gentle as a Dove,
‘ Yet for Religion can a Serpent prove:
‘ Prieſt-rid with Zeal, ſhe plots, and did deſign
‘ To cut your Thred of Life, as well as mine.
‘ Yet Thoughts ſo ſtupid have your Soul poſſeſt,
‘ As if inchanted by ſome Magick Prieſt:
‘ There's no Example urge you to relent,
‘ You pardon guilty, puniſh innocent.
‘ Next he who 'gainſt the Senate's Vote did wed,
‘ Took defil'd *H.* and *Eſte* to his Bed.
‘ Fiend in his Face, Apoſtate in his Name,
‘ Contriv'd two Wars to your eternal ſhame.
‘ He antient Laws and Liberties defies,
‘ On ſtanding Guards and new-rais'd Force relies.
‘ The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
‘ And fain he would be mounted one ſtep higher.
‘ All this by you muſt needs be plainly ſeen,
‘ And yet he awes you with his daring Spleen.
‘ Th' unhappy Kingdom ſuffer'd much of old,
‘ When *Spencer* and looſe *Gaveſton* control'd;
‘ Yet they by juſt Decrees were timely ſent
‘ To ſuffer a perpetual Baniſhment.
‘ But your bold Stateſmen nothing can reſtrain,
‘ Their moſt enormous Courſes you maintain.
‘ They like thoſe head-ſtrong Horſes of the Sun,
‘ Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton*,
‘ Your tott'ring Chariot bear thro uncouth ways,
‘ Till the next World's inflamed with your Rays.

‘ Witneſs

'Witneſs that Man, who had for divers years
'Paid the brib'd Commons *Penſions* and *Arrears*;
'Tho your Exchequer was at his Command,
'Durſt not before his juſt Accuſers ſtand:
'His Crimes and Treaſon's of ſo black a hue,
'None dare to prove his Advocate but You.
'Whoe'er within your Palace-Walls remain,
'Abhor your Actions, ſerve you but for Gain.
'The *Aſſyrians* (as Hiſtories relate)
'Had once a King grown ſo Effeminate,
'All State-Affairs ſeem'd irkſom in his ſight,
'In Spinning-Wheels he plac'd his whole Delight;
'With his leud *Strumpet*-Crew he did retire,
'Condemn'd and loath'd, he ſet himſelf on fire:
'And only in this Act the World did own,
'The greateſt Manhood of his Life was ſhown.
'*Rome* ne'er to ſuch a glorious State had grown,
'Had not luxurious *Tarquin* there been known;
'A ſingle Rape was deem'd ſuch a Diſgrace,
'They extirpate his odious Name and Race:
'Tho he from *Tuſcan* Kings did Succour crave,
'Yet they with Arms purſu'd him to the Grave.
'Ingenuous People always have withſtood,
'What ſtains their Honour or the Publick Good.
'Truſt not in Prelates falſe Divinity,
'Who wrong their Prince, and ſhame their Deity
'Making their God ſo partial in their Cauſe,
'Exempting Kings alone from human Laws.
'Theſe lying Oracles they did infuſe
'Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuſe:
'Their ſtrong Deluſions did him ſo inthral,
'No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
'Repent in time, and baniſh from your ſight
'The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, Church-Paraſite
'Let Innocence deck your remaining Days,
'That After-Ages may unfold your Praiſe:
'So may Hiſtorians in new methods write,
'And draw a Curtain 'twixt your Black and Whit
'T

The Ghoſt ſpake thus, groan'd thrice, and ſaid no more;
Straight in came *Chiffinch*, hand in hand, with Whore.
The King, tho much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Hiſtorical Poem. By A. Marvel *Eſq;*

OF a tall Stature, and of ſable Hue;
Much like the Son of *Kiſh*, that lofty *Jew*:
Twelve Years compleat he ſuffer'd in Exile,
And kept his Father's Aſſes all the while.
At length by wonderful Impulſe of Fate,
The People call him home to help the State;
And what is more, they ſend him Money too,
And clothe him all, from Head to Foot, anew.
Nor did he ſuch ſmall Favours then diſdain,
But in his Thirtieth Year began his Reign:
In a ſlaſht Doublet then he came aſhore,
And dubb'd poor *Palmer*'s Wife his Royal Wh——;
Biſhops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
Things highly fitting for a Monarch's Trade;
With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
His jolly Vaſſals feaſt him Day and Night.
But the beſt Times have ever ſome allay,
His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
Bold *James* ſurvives, no Dangers make him flinch,
He marries Seignior *Fal——h*'s pregnant Wench:
The pious Mother Queen, hearing her Son
Was thus enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun;
And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
To fetch, for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
She chaunts *Te Deum*, and ſo comes away,
To wiſh her hopeful Iſſue timely Joy.
Her moſt uxorious Mate ſhe rul'd of old,
Why not with eaſy Youngſters make as bold?
From the *French* Court ſhe haughty Topicks brings,
Deludes their pliant Nature with vain things;

Her Miſchief-breeding Breaſt did ſo prevail,
The new-got *Flemiſh* Town was ſet to ſale;
For theſe and *Germains* Sins ſhe founds a Church,
So ſlips away, and leaves us in the lurch.
Now the Court-ſins did every Place defile,
And Plagues and War fell heavy on the Iſle.
Pride nouriſht Folly, Folly a Delight
With the *Batavian* Commonwealth to fight:
But the *Dutch* Fleet fled ſuddenly with Fear,
Death and the Duke ſo dreadful did appear.
The dreadful Victor took his ſoft Repoſe,
Scorning purſuit of ſuch Mechanick Foes.
But now *Y—k*'s Genitals grew over-hot,
With *D—ham*'s and *Carneige*'s infected Plot;
Which, with Religion ſo inflam'd his Ire,
He left the City when 'twas ſet on Fire:
So *Philip*'s Son, inflamed with a Miſs,
Burnt down the Palace of *Perſepolis*.
Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woos,
And with the *Dutch* a ſecond War renews.
But here his *French*-bred Proweſs prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole-Bay* again.
This Iſle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
Whilſt the brave *Tudors* wore th' Imperial Crown;
But ſince the Royal Race of *St—s* came,
It has recoyl'd to Popery, and Shame:
Miſguided Monarchs, rarely wiſe and juſt;
Tainted with Pride, and with impetuous Luſt.
Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
Or count the various Blemiſhes of State,
My Muſe would on the Reader's Patience grate.
The poor *Priapus King*, led by the Noſe,
Looks as a thing ſet up to ſcare the Crows;
Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinſtrian Sport,
Outdoes *Tiberius*, and his Goatiſh Court.
In Love's Delights none did 'em e'er excel,
Not *Tereus* with his Siſter *Philomel*.

As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutcheſs treat.
What ſad Event attended on the ſame,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.
The *Senate*, which ſhould head-ſtrong Princes ſtay,
Let looſe the Reins, and give the Realm away;
With laviſh Hands they conſtant Tributes give,
And annual Stipends for their Guilt receive.
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but religious Cheats might juſtly ſwear,
He true Vicegerent to old *Moloch* were.
Prieſts were the firſt Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reaſon blind:
Not *Lucifer* himſelf more proud than they,
And yet perſuade the World they muſt obey;
'Gainſt Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practiſe all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour they from Laymen reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the ſilly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* buffoons his Maſter, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way;
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their heavenly ſlight,
They gain on tender Conſciences at Night.
Whoever has an over-zealous Wife,
Becomes the Prieſt's *Amphitrio*, during Life.
Who would ſuch Men Heaven's Meſſengers believe,
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive?
Baal's wretched Curates legerdemain'd it ſo,
And never durſt their Tricks above-board ſhow.
When our firſt Parents Paradiſe did grace,
The *Serpent* was the Prelate of the Place.
Fond *Eve* did for this ſubtil Tempter's ſake,
From the Forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray.
To have the weaker Veſſel made his Prey.
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chiefeſt Bleſſings *Adam*'s Chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws deteſt,
And trace the ways fantaſtick of a Prieſt;
Till native Reaſon's baſely forc'd to yield,
And Hoſts of upſtart Errors gain the Field.
My Muſe preſum'd a little to digreſs,
And touch their holy Function with my Verſe.
Now to the Stage again ſhe tends direct,
And does on Giant *Lauderdale* reflect.
This haughty Monſter, with his ugly Claws,
Firſt temper'd Poiſon to deſtroy our Laws;
Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond
The moſt authentick Statutes of the Land:
Sets up in *Scotland*, a-la-mode *de France*,
Taxes, Exciſe, and Armies does advance.
This *Saracen* his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke:
This is the Savage Pimp without Diſpute,
Firſt brought his Mother for a Proſtitute.
Of all the Miſcreants e'er went to Hell,
This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
Now muſt my Muſe deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover for her dying Mate.
The Royal Evil ſo malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppoſe.
In our Weal-publick ſcarce one thing ſucceeds,
For one Man's Weakneſs a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck ſtarts up, and thrives like evil Weeds.
Let *Cromwell*'s Ghoſt ſmile with Contempt, to ſee
Old *England* ſtrugling under Slavery.
His meager Highneſs now has got aſtride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil*, ride.
White-liver'd D—— calls for his ſwift Jack-all
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to maſter all.
Clifford and *Hyde* before had loſt the Day;
One hang'd himſelf, and t'other ran away.
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But *O*——*n* and the Duke muſt needs prevail.

The Duke now vaunts with *Popiſh* Mirmydons;
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
Are man'd by him, or by his *Holineſs*,
Bold *Iriſh* Ruffians to his Court addreſs.
This is the Colony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his murdering Braves.
Here for an Enſign, or Lieutenant's Place,
They'l kill a Judg or Juſtice of the Peace.
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing;
He'll burn a City, or deſtroy a King.
From *Tiber* came th'Advice-boat monthly home,
And brought new Leſſons to the Duke from *Rome*.
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Councils dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inſpire:
Heaven had him Chieftain of *Great Britain* made,
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid;
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, ſneaking Heretick, ſhould die.
A Prieſt ſhould do it, from whoſe ſacred Stroke
All *England* ſtrait ſhould fall beneath his Yoke.
God did renounce him, and his Cauſe diſown,
And in his ſtead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of Promiſe thus was rent,
And *Jeſſe*'s Son plac'd in the Government.
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cauſe,
And Monarchs are above all human Laws.
Thus ſaid the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who ſtrait deſign'd his Brother to ſupplant:
Winds of Ambition here his Soul poſſeſt,
And thirſt of Empire calentur'd his Breaſt.
Hence Ruin and Deſtruction had enſu'd,
And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
And not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And ſtopt his Malice in his full career.
Be wiſe, ye Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
Nor give you Kings in's Wrath to vex you ſore:
If King's Brother can ſuch Miſchiefs bring,
Then how much greater Miſchiefs ſuch a King?

Hodge's *Viſion from the Monument*, December, 1675. *By* A. Marvel, *Eſq.*

A Country Clown call'd Hodge, *went up to view The Pyramid; pray mark what did enſue.*

WHEN *Hodge* had numbred up how many Score
The Airy Pyramid contain'd, he ſwore
No Mortal Wight e'er climb'd ſo high before.
To the beſt Vantage plac'd, he views around
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd;
That wealthy Store-houſe of the bounteous Flood,
Whoſe peaceful Tides o'erflow our Land with Good:
Confuſed Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,
And his wrapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extaſies:
Some God it ſeems has enter'd his plain Breaſt,
And with's Abode the ruſtick *Manſion* bleſt;
Almighty Change he feels in every part,
Light ſhines in's Eyes, and Wiſdom rules his Heart.
So when her pious Son, fair *Venus* ſhew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with ſlaughter'd *Dardans* ſtrew'd;
She purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy's* ſad Doom he read, by Heaven's Light.
Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.
Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,
The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries,
He views, diſcerns, uncyphers, penetrates,
From *Charles*'s Dukes, to *Europe*'s armed States.
Firſt he beholds proud *Rome* and *France* combin'd,
By double Vaſſalage t' enſlave Mankind;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body ſway,
Their Bulls and Edicts none muſt diſobey.
For theſe with War ſad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome ſays for God, and *France* declares for Fame.
See Sons of *Satan*, know Religion's Force
Is Gentleneſs, Fame bought with Blood a Curſe.

He whom all ſtil'd Delight of Humane kind,
uſtice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd:
His kindly Rays cheriſh the teeming Earth,
nd ſtruggling Vertue bleſt with proſperous Birth.
ike Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,
eligion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
ext the leud Palace of the Plotting King,
o's Eyes new Scenes of frantick Folly bring;
ehold (ſays he) the Fountain of our Woe,
om whence our Vices and our Ruin flow.
ere Parents their own Off-ſpring proſtitute,
y ſuch vile Arts t'obtain ſome viler Suit;
ere blooming Youth adore *Priapus* Shrine,
nd Prieſts pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
he *Goatiſh* God behold in his *Alcove*,
The ſecret Scene of damn'd inceſtuous Love.)
elting in Luſt, and drunk like *Lot*, he lies
twixt two bright Daughter-Divinities.
h! that like *Saturn* he had eat his Brood,
d had been thus ſtain'd with their impious Blood,
had in that leſs Ill, more Manhood ſhew'd.
aſe, ceaſe, (O *C*——) thus to pollute our Iſle,
turn, return to thy long-wiſh'd Exile;
ere with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,
d with their Crimes precipitate their Fates.
where the Duke in damn'd Divan does ſit,
's vaſt Deſigns wracking his pigmy Wit;
hilſt a choice Senate of th' *Ignatian* Crew,
e Ways to Murder, Treaſon, Conqueſt ſhew.
Tenters they oppreſs with Law ſevere,
at whilſt to wound thoſe Innocents we fear,
eir curſed Sect we may be forc'd to ſpare.
ice the Reform'd muſt fight a bloody Prize,
at *Rome* and *France* may on their Ruin riſe.
l *Bonner* ſingle *Hereticks* did burn,
eſe Reform'd Cities into Aſhes turn,
d every Year new Fires make us mourn.

Ireland ſtands ready for his cruel Reign;
Well fatned once, ſhe gapes for Blood again,
For Blood of *Engliſh* Martyrs baſely ſlain.
Our valiant Youth abroad muſt learn the Trade
Of unjuſt War, their Country to invade,
Whilſt others here do guard us, to prepare
Our gauled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.
Lo how the *Wight* already is betray'd,
And *Baſhaw Holmes* does the poor Iſle invade;
T' enſure the Plot, *France* muſt her Legions lend,
Rome to reſtore, and to enthrone *Rome*'s Friend.
'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray,
(That Fleet whoſe Thunder made the World obey;)
Ships once our Safety, and our glorious Might,
Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenneſs to fight;
Whilſt *France* rides Sovereign o'er the *Britiſh* Main,
Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'en.
Thus this raſh *Phaeton* with Fury hurl'd,
And rapid Rage, conſumes our *Britiſh* World.
Blaſt him, O Heavens! in his mad Career,
And let this Iſle no more his Frenzy fear.
C——*J*——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
Falſe to thy ſelf, and to thy Friend much more;
To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope,
Whilſt with pretended Joy he kiſs'd the Rope:
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt, and gaſping out a Lye,
Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'ſt him dye,
With equal Gratitude and Charity.
In ſpight of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame;
This *S*——*ts* Trick legitimates thy Name.
With one Conſent we all her Death deſire,
Who durſt her Husband's and her King's conſpire.
And now juſt Heaven's prepar'd to ſet us free,
Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee.
Thus fondly thou doſt *Hyde*'s old Treaſon own,
Thus makes thy new ſuſpected Treaſon known.
Bleſs me! What's that at *Weſtminſter* I ſee?
That piece of Legiſlative Pageantry!

To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris* Parliament?
None elſe would promote *James* with ſo much Zeal,
Who by Proviſo hopes the Crown to ſteal:
See how in humble Guiſe the Slaves advance,
To tell a Tale of Army, and of *France*.
Whilſt proud Prerogative in ſcornful Guiſe,
Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does deſpiſe;
There in a brib'd Committee they contrive,
To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative:
Give, did I ſay? They ſell, and ſell ſo dear,
That half each Tax *D*——*y* diſtributes there.
D——*y*, 'tis fit the price ſo great ſhall be,
They ſell Religion, ſell their Liberty.
Theſe Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn,
And would by force a ſecond time be born.
They haunt the Place to which you once were ſent,
This Ghoſt of a departed Parliament. *Octob. the*
Gibbets and Halters Countrymen prepare, *15th. 78.*
Let none, let none their Renegadoes ſpare.
When that Day comes, we'll part the Sheep and Goats,
The ſpruce brib'd Monſieurs from the true grey Coats.
New Parliaments, like Manna, all Taſts pleaſe,
But kept too long, our Food turns our Diſeaſe.
From that loath'd Sight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
And *London* thus alarms with loyal Cries.
Tho common Danger does approach ſo nigh,
This ſtupid Town ſleeps in Security:
Out of your Golden Dreams awake, awake,
Your All, your All, tho you ſee't not's at Stake;
More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
Than thoſe which burnt your ſtately Structures down,
Such fatal Fires as once in *Smithfield* ſhone.
If then ye ſtay till *Edwards* Orders give, *Mayor.*
No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve.
See how with golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
Has brib'd our Geeſe to yield the Capital;

Ireland ſtands ready for his cruel Reign;
Well fatned once, ſhe gapes for Blood again,
For Blood of *Engliſh* Martyrs baſely ſlain.
Our valiant Youth abroad muſt learn the Trade
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If then ye ſtay till *Edwards* Orders give, *Mayor.*
No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve.
See how with golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
Has brib'd our Geeſe to yield the Capital;

And will ye tamely ſee your ſelves betray'd?
Will none ſtand up in our dear Country's Aid?
Self-preſervation, Nature's firſt great Law,
All the Creation, except Man, does awe:
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Prieſts defac'd
His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets ras'd.
Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* ſeal'd.
If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
It is the grand Prerogative of all:
If to do Ill unpuniſh'd, be their Right,
Such Power's not granted that great King of Night.
Man's Life moves on the Poles of Hope and Fear,
Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
But if your dear Lord Sov'reign you would ſpare,
Admoniſh him in his Blood-thirſty Heir.
So when the Royal Lion does offend,
The beaten Cur's example makes him mend.
This ſaid, poor *Hodge* then in a broken Tone,
Cry'd out, Oh *Charles!* thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown;
Ambitious *James*, and bloody Prieſts conſpire,
Plots, Papiſts, Murders, Maſſacres, and Fire;
Poor Proteſtants! With that his Eyes did roll,
His Body fell, out fled his frighted Soul.

A Dialogue between two Horſes. By Andrew Marvel *Eſq*; 1674.

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and ſacred Records
Of Beaſts, that have utter'd articulate Words;
When Magpies and Parrots cry, *Walk Knaves, walk*,
It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have ſpoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:

Livy

Livy tells a ſtrange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
That a ſacrific'd Ox, when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which, as grave Authors tell you,
Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that ſpake, made of Braſs;
And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Aſs.
At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then Sirs,
Have to Queſtions return'd Articulate Anſwers.
All Popiſh Believers think ſomething Divine,
When Images ſpeak, poſſeſſeth the Shrine,
But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er underſtood.
When Shrines give Anſwer, as Knaves, on the Rood,
Thoſe Idols ne'er ſpoke, but are Miracles done
By the *Devil*, a *Prieſt*, a *Fryer*, or a *Nun*.
If the *Roman* Church, good Chriſtians, oblige ye
To believe Man and Beaſt have ſpoke in Effigie,
Why ſhould we not credit the publick Diſcourſes,
In a Dialogue between two inanimate Horſes?
The Horſes, I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing* ——
Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
For the two mighty Monarchs that now do beſtride 'em,
The ſtately braſs Stallion, and the white Marble Steed,
One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed:
When both Kings being weary of ſitting all Day,
Were ſtolen off *Incognito* each his own way.
And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
Not only diſcours'd, but fell to Diſputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth the marble Horſe, it would make a Stone ſpeak,
To ſee a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-ſtreet* break;
Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both Knaves agreed to be each other's Brother.
C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
My Braſs is provoked as much as thy Stone,

To

To ſee Church and State bow down to a Whore,
And the King's chief Miniſter holding the Door;
The Mony of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whore's
W. To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride
And the K—s wicked Life ſay, God there is none.
C. That he ſhould be ſtil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a jot, what the Word of God ſaith.
W. That the D— ſhould turn Papiſt, and that Church defy,
For which his own Father a Martyr did die.
C. Tho he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's ſo civil,
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
W. That Bondage and Beggary ſhould be in a Nation,
By a curſt Houſe of Commons, and a bleſt Reſtoration.
C. To ſee a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe Man at a long Council-board.
W. That the Bank ſhould be ſeized, yet the Cheq. ſo poor,
Lord have Mercy, and a *Croſs* might be ſet on the Door.
C. That a Million and half ſhould be the Revenue,
Yet the King of his Debts pay no Man a Penny.
W. That a K— ſhould conſume three Kingdoms Eſtates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.
C. That of four Seas Dominion, and of their guarding,
No Token ſhould appear, but a poor Copper Farthing.
W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
Not our Trade to ſecure, but for Fools to come at 'em.
C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli*'s Scorn,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.
W. That making us Slaves by Horſe and Foot-Guard,
For reſtoring the King ſhall be all our Reward.
C. The baſeſt Ingratitude ever was heard,
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
W. On *Harry* the VII's Head, he that plac'd the Crown,
Was after rewarded by loſing his own.
C. That Parliament-men ſhould rail at the Court,
And get good Preferments immediately for't.
To ſee them that ſuffer both for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne:

That

That with their Lives and Eſtates did loyally ſerve,
And yet for all this, can nothing deſerve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deny'd 'em,
The *Round-heads* inſult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em.
And none get Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to Ruin, 'tis that opes the way
Of the bold talking Members.——

W. ——If the Baſtards you add,
What a number of raſcally Lords have been made.

C. That Traitors to the Country in a brib'd Houſe of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

W. Yet ſome of thoſe Givers, ſuch beggarly Villains,
As not to be truſted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No wonder that Beggars ſhould ſtill be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living.

W. Four Knights and a Knave, who were Burgeſſes made,
For ſelling their Conſciences were liberally paid.

C. How baſe are the Souls of ſuch low-prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for Drink and for Dinners.

W. 'Tis they that brought on us this ſcandalous Yoke,
Of exciſing our Cups, and taxing our Smoke.

C. But thanks to the Whores who made the K— dogged,
For giving no more the R—— are prorogued.

W. That a King ſhould endeavour to make a War ceaſe,
Which augments and ſecures his own Profit and Peace.

C. And Plenipotentiaries ſent into *France*, (Brains.
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without

W. That the King ſhould ſend for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him ſo poor.

C. The Miſſes take place, and advanc'd to be Dutcheſs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and ſix Horſes: (Lords,
Their Baſtards made Dukes, Earls, Viſcounts, and
And all the high Titles that Honour affords.

W. While theſe Brats and their Mothers, do live in ſuch Plenty,
The Nation's empoveriſh'd, and the Chequer quite empty:

And

And tho War was pretended when the Mony was len
More on Whores, than in Ships, or in War, hat
been ſpent.

C. Enough, dear Brother, altho we ſpeak Reaſon;
Yet Truth many times being puniſh'd for Treaſon,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongues,
Bold ſpeaking hath done both Men and Beaſts wron
When the Aſs ſo boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knoweſt what Danger was like to come of it;
Tho the Beaſt gave his Maſter ne'er an ill Word,
Inſtead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wiſh'd for a Sword.

W. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have ſaid:
Our Riders are abſent, who is't that can hear?
Let's be true to our ſelves, who then need we fear?
Where is thy K— gone? (*Char.*) To ſee Biſhop *La*

W. To cuckold a Scrivener, mine's in Maſquerade;
On ſuch Occaſions he oft ſtrays away,
And returns to remount me about Break of Day.
In very dark Nights ſometimes you may find him,
With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.

C. Pauſe Brother a while, and calmly conſider
What thou haſt to ſay againſt my *Royal Rider.*

W. Thy Prieſt-ridden King turn'd deſperate fighter
For the *Surplice*, *Lawn-ſleeves*, the *Croſs* and the *Mit*
Till at laſt on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themſelves for the Churc
Archbiſhops and Biſhops, Archdeacons and Deans.

C. Thy King will ne'er fight unleſs't be for *Queans.*

W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool.

C. The K—— on thy Back is a lamentable Tool.

W. The Goat and the Lion I equally hate,
And Freemen alike value Life and Eſtate:
Tho the Father and Son be different Rods,
Between the two Scourgers we find little odds;
Both infamous ſtand in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for picking our Pockets, that for cutting
Throats.

C. More tolerable are the Lion Kings Slaughters,
Than the Goat making Whores of our Wives and our Daughters.
The Debauched and Cruel ſince they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.
W. One of the two Tyrants muſt ſtill be our Caſe,
Under all that ſhall reign of the falſe *S*—— Race.
De Wit and *Cromwel* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *Noll*;
Though his Government did a Tyrant reſemble,
He made *England* great, and his Enemies tremble.
C. Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd alive in Luſt and in Sloth.
W. What is thy Opinion of *James* Duke of *York?*
C. The ſame that the Frogs had of *Jupiter*'s Stork.
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick*'s Diſciples will make *England* ſmart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Britain*'s Doom,
We muſt all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *St*——*s* enough;
None ever reign'd like old *Beſs* in the Ruff.
Her *Walſingham* could dark Counſels unriddle,
And our Sir *J*——*ph* write new Books, and fiddle.
W. Truth Brother, well ſaid, but that's ſomewhat bitter,
His perfum'd Predeceſſor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary Honeſt and Wiſe;
For that very Reaſon, he's never to riſe.
But can'ſt thou deviſe when things will be mended?
C. When the Reign of the Line of the *St*——*s* is ended.

Concluſion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome*'s firſt Age,
Prodigious Events did ſurely preſage,
That ſhould come to paſs, all Mankind may ſwear,
That which two inanimate Horſes declare.
But I ſhould have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *Whitehall*, and there humbly farted;

Which

Which Tyranny's Downfal portended much more
Than all that the Beaſts had ſpoken before.
If the *Delphick Sybil*'s oracular Speeches
(As learned Men ſay) came out of their Breeches,
Why might not our Horſes, ſince Words are but Wi
Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewiſe behind?
Tho Tyrants make Laws, which they ſtrictly proclai
To conceal their own Faults and cover their own Sha
Yet the Beaſts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wa
Will publiſh their Faults and propheſy their Fall;
When they take from the People the Freedom of Wo
They teach them the ſooner to fall to their Swords.
Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan, (S
(They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to
For Wine and ſtrong Drink make Tumults encreaſe,
Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
No Quarrel, or Oaths among thoſe that drink them,
'Tis *Bacchus* and the Brewer, ſwear damn 'em and ſink'
Then *C*———*s* thy late Edict againſt Coffee recal,
There's ten times more Treaſon in Brandy and Al

On the Lord-Mayor and Court of Alderm preſenting the late King and Duke of Yo each with a Copy of their Freedoms, An Dom. 1674.

By A. Marvel *Eſq;*

I.

THE *Londoners* Gent. to the King do preſent
In a Box the City Maggot;
'Tis a thing full of Weight, that requires the Mig
Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

II.

Whilſt their Churches unbuilt, and their Houſes un- (dwelt,
And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft of the little Wealth they (had left,
To make an Offering of their Freedom.

III.

O ye addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their wits
Would intruſt their Youth to your heeding?
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus en- (roll'd,
You know both his Friends and his Breeding?

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where ſuch a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
Tho he has paſt thro ſo many Adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every day broke his Indentures.

VI.

He ſpends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he ſhould in the Shop be poring;
And he waſts all his Nights in his conſtant Delights,
Of Revelling, Drinking, and Whoring.

VII.

Throughout *Lombard-ſtreet* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the *Score* and *Borrow*;
When they ask'd for their own, he was broke and (gone,
And his Creditors left to ſorrow.

VIII.

Tho oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would ceaſe
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels;
And when he was beat, he ſtill made his Retreat
To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nells*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

By, his Company leud were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,

And the Houſe being well bar'd, with Guard upo
They'd rob'd us of all our Propriety. (Guard

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Aſhley* betray'd,
As had cancel'd all former Diſaſters; (Trumpe
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highne
And Footboys had all been your Maſters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Baſtards he gets,
Which muſt all be defray'd by *London*;
That notwithſtanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Play*
The Chamber muſt needs be undone.

XII.

His Words nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or Hiſtory;
And tho he has ſerv'd thro two Prenticeſhips now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Myſtery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not miſtruſt, he may once grow more juſt
When he'as worn off his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling?
Ye hug it, and draw like Ants at a Straw,
Tho too ſmall for the Griſtle of Sterling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Proceſſioning go,
With the Pix and the Hoſt within it?

XVI.

The very firſt Head of the Oath you him read,
Shew you all how fit he's to govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor
To his Country or to his Sovereign. (be

XVII.

And who pray could ſwear, that he would forbear
To cull out the Good of an Alien,
Who ſtill doth advance the Government of *France*
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian?*

XVIII.

And now, Worſhipful Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
And *Vyners* turn again, turn again;
I ſee whoe'er's freed, you for Slaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again, burn again.*

On Blood's *Stealing the Crown.*
By A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

WHEN daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *Engliſh* Diadem diſtrain'd;
e choſe the Caſſock, Surſingle and Gown,
he fitteſt Mask for one that robs the Crown:
t his Lay-Pity underneath prevail'd,
d whilſt he ſav'd the Keeper's Life, he fail'd.
ith the Prieſt's Veſtment had he but put on
e Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Farther Inſtructions to a Painter, 1670.
By A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

AINTER, once more thy Pencil re-aſſume,
And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome:*
e holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* ſat,
ping to ſee their Sons degenerate;
Romans taking up the Teemer's Trade,
Britans jigging it in Maſquerade:

Whilſt the brave Youths tir'd with the Toil of Sta
Their weary'd Minds and Limbs to recreate,
Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
One to his ——, the other to his Player.
Then change the Scene, and let the next preſen
A Landskip of our motley Parliament;
And place hard by the Bar, on the Left hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming Wand:
Our Pig-ey'd on his Faſhion,
Set by the worſt Attorney of our Nation:
This great Triumvirate that can divide
The Spoils of *England*; and along that ſide
Place *Falſtaff*'s Regiment of thred-bare Coats,
All looking this way, how to give their Votes.
And of his dear Reward let none deſpair,
For Mony comes when *Sey* —*r* leaves the Chair.
Change once again, and let the next afford
The Figure of a Motley Council-Board
At *Arlington*'s, and round about it ſet
Our mighty Maſters in a warm debate.
Full Bowls, and luſty Wine repeat,
To make them t'other Council-Board forget:
That while the King of *France* with pow'rful A
Gives all his fearful Neighbours ſtrange Alarms,
We in our glorious Bacchanals diſpoſe
The humbled Fate of a *Plebeian* Noſe.
Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed;
And after him a brave Brigade of Horſe,
Arm'd at all points, ready to reinforce
His; this Aſſault upon a ſingle Man.
'Tis this muſt make *Obryan* great in Story,
And add more Beams to *Sandy*'s former Glory.
Draw our *Olympia* next, in Council ſet
With *Cupid*, *S*———*r*, and the Tool of Stat
Two of the firſt Recanters of the Houſe,
That aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mo

Who make it by their mean Retreat appear,
Five Members need not be demanded here.
These must assist her in her Countermines,
To overthrow the *Derby*-House Designs:
Whilst *Positive* walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark.
Thus all employ themselves, and without pity,
Leave *Temple* singly to be beat i'th' City.

OCEANA *and* BRITANNIA.

By A. Marvell, *Esq*;

Non ego sum Vates, sed prisci conscius ævi.

Oceana. WHither, O whither wander I forlorn?
Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a Scorn!
My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
Thy Offspring *Archon*, Heir to thy just Worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries!
Lucina help, assuage my Miseries.
Saturnian Spite pursues me thro the Earth,
No corner's left to hide my long-wish'd Birth.
Great Queen o'th' Isles, yield me a safe Retreat
From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
To me, O *Delos*, on my Child-bed smile,
My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle;
I feel fierce Pangs assault my teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother come!
Brit. What doleful Shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
Shall I ne'er rest for this leud Ravisher?
Rapes, Burnings, Murders, are his Royal Sport,
These *Modish Monsters* haunt his perjur'd Court.
No tumbling Player so oft e'er chang'd his Shape,
As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French* Ape.

True Proteſtants in *Roman* Habits dreſt,
With *Scrogs* he baits, that rav'nous Butcher's Beaſt;
Treſilian Jones, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and ſmile;
Neronian Flames at *London* do him pleaſe,
At *Oxford* plots to act *Agathocles*.
His Plot's reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
And's fatal hour ſhall know no Foe nor Friend.
Laſt *Martyr*'s Day I ſaw a Cherub ſtand
Acroſs my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
The other on th' enthralled *Gallick* Shore,
Aloud proclaim their Time ſhall be no more.
This mighty Power Heaven's equal Ballance ſway'd
And in one Scale Crowns, Croſiers, Scepters laid;
I'th' other a ſweet ſmiling Babe did lie,
Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majeſty.
With ſteddy Hand he pois'd the Golden Pair,
The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air;
The ponderous Babe deſcending in its Scale,
Leapt on my ſhore———
Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd thro the Earth,
The Heav'ns bow'd down to ſee the bleſſed Birth
What's that I hear? A new-born Babe's ſoft Cries,
And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
'Tis ſo, behold my Daughter's paſt all harms,
Cradling an Infant in her fruitful Arms;
The very ſame th' Angelick Viſion ſhew'd
In Mein, in Majeſty how like a God!
What a firm Health does on her Viſage dwell?
Her ſparkling Eyes immortal Youth foretel.
Rome, *Sparta*, *Venice*, could not all bring forth
So ſtrong, ſo temperate, ſuch laſting Worth.
Marpeſia, from the North with ſpeed advance,
Thy Siſter's Birth brings thy Deliverance;
Ferguſian Founders this juſt Babe exceeds,
I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds:
Ye *Panopeians*, kneel unto your equal Queen,
Safe from the foreign Sword, and barbarous Skee

Tranſports of Joy divert my yearning Heart
From my dear Child, my Soul, my better Part:
Heav'n ſhow'r her choiceſt Bleſſings on thy Womb,
Our preſent Help, our Stay in time to come.
Thou beſt of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, ſay
What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
Ocea. Scap'd the ſlow Jaws o'th' grinding Penſioners,
I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome*'s dire Murderers;
Twice reſcu'd by my loyal Senate's Power,
Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
Malignant Force twice check'd their pious Aid,
And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
Great, full of Pain, in a dark Winter's-night,
Threaten'd, purſu'd, I ſcap'd by ſudden flight:
Pale Fear gave ſpeed to my weak trembling Feet,
And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet;
That dear-lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth cheer,
Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear:
Whilſt black Conſpiracy, that Child of Night,
In Royal Purple clad, outdares the Light.
By day her ſelf the Faith's Defender ſtiles,
By night digs Pits, and ſpreads her Papal Toils:
By day ſhe to the pompous Chappel goes,
By night with *York* adores *Rome*'s Idol-ſhows.
Witneſs, ye Stars, and ſilent Powers of Night,
Her Treacheries have forc'd my innocent flight.
With the broad Day my Danger too drew near,
Of help of Council void, how ſhall I ſteer?
Th' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd,
Where ſhould I hide, where ſhould I reſt defam'd?
Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
And ſobbing Voice to the all-helping Skies.
As by Heav'n ſent, a Reverend Sire appears,
Charming my Grief, ſtopping my flood of Tears:
His buſy circling Orbs (two reſtleſs Spies)
Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes:
Like fleeting Time, on's Front one Lock did grow,
From his glib Tongue Torrents of words did flow:

Propoſe, Reſolve, *Agrarian* Forty One,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harrington*.
He ſaid, he knew me in my Swadling Bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful hands:
He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and ſwore,
Enſhrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
His Name I ask'd; he ſaid, *Politico*,
Deſcended from the Divine *Nicolo*.
My State he knew, my Danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my ſafety vow'd Hand, Heart, and Head.
Grateful Returns I up to Heaven ſend,
That in diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a Friend.
I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he ſhew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the Learn'd Arts abode;
(Once great in fame, now a Pyratick Port,
Where *Romiſh Prieſts* and *Elviſh Monks* reſort.)
He added, Near a new-built College ſtood,
Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick Good:
Thither allur'd by learned honeſt Men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again:
Securely there I might my ſelf repoſe,
From my fierce Griefs, and my more cruel Foes.
Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fe
The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
His pleaſing words ſhortned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at *Plato*'s houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me (after reſt)
He'd ſhew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Gueſt:
I ſcarce reply'd, with Wearineſs oppreſs'd.
To my deſir'd Apartment I repair'd,
Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
My waking Cares and ſtabbing Frights recede,
And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowſy Head.
At laſt the Summons of a buſy Bell,
And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Miſts diſp
From bed I ſtole, and creeping by the Wall,
Thro a ſmall Chink I ſpy'd a ſpacious Hall;

Tapers as thick as Stars did ſhed their Light
Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
The curious Art of ſome great Maſter's Hand
Adorn'd the Room—— *Hyde*, *Clifford*, *D——y*, ſtand
In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch Wars*;
In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aſpire,
Done to the life, I'd almoſt cry'd out *Fire!*
But living Figures did my Eyes divert
From thoſe, and many more of wondrous Art.
There enter'd in three mercenary Bands:
(The different Captains had diſtinct Commands)
The Beggars deſperate Troop did firſt appear,
Littleton led, proud *S——re* had the Rear;
The diſguis'd *Papiſts* under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better Pay.)
Next greedy *Lee* led party-colour'd Slaves,
Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong ſagacious Knaves,
Brought up by *M——*: then a nobler Train,
(In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
The *Pope*'s Sollicitors brought into th' Hall,
Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual.
Alſo ſpy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colbert and *Portſmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*.
Immediately in cloſe Cabal they join,
And all applaud the glorious Deſign.
Againſt me and my lov'd Senate's free-born Breath,
Fire Threats I heard, the Hall did eccho Death.
The Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
A tinkling Bell, a mumbling Prieſt I heard.
At Elevation every Knee ador'd
The Baker's Craft, Infallible's vain Lord.
When *Catiline* with Vipers did conſpire
To murder *Rome*, and bury it in Fire,
The Sacramental Bowl of human Gore
Each Villain took, and as he drank he ſwore.
The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
Theſe *Catilines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.

Whilſt

Propoſe, Reſolve, *Agrarian* Forty One,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harrington*.
He ſaid, he knew me in my Swadling Bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful hands:
He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and ſwore,
Enſhrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
His Name I ask'd; he ſaid, *Politico*,
Deſcended from the Divine *Nicolo*.
My State he knew, my Danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my ſafety vow'd Hand, Heart, and Head.
Grateful Returns I up to Heaven ſend,
That in diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a Friend.
I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he ſhew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the Learn'd Arts abode;
(Once great in fame, now a Pyratick Port,
Where *Romiſh Prieſts* and *Elviſh Monks* reſort.)
He added, Near a new-built College ſtood,
Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick Good:
Thither allur'd by learned honeſt Men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again:
Securely there I might my ſelf repoſe,
From my fierce Griefs, and my more cruel Foes.
Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fe
The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
His pleaſing words ſhortned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at *Plato*'s houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me (after reſt)
He'd ſhew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Gueſt:
I ſcarce reply'd, with Wearineſs oppreſs'd.
To my deſir'd Apartment I repair'd,
Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
My waking Cares and ſtabbing Frights recede,
And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowſy Head.
At laſt the Summons of a buſy Bell,
And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Miſts diſp
From bed I ſtole, and creeping by the Wall,
Thro a ſmall Chink I ſpy'd a ſpacious Hall;

Tapers as thick as Stars did ſhed their Light
Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
The curious Art of ſome great Maſter's Hand
Adorn'd the Room—— *Hyde*, *Clifford*, *D——y*, ſtand
In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch Wars*;
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Whilſt

Whilſt to their Breaden Whimſies they did kneel,
I crept away, and to the door did ſteal:
As I got out, by Providence I flew
To this cloſe Wood, too late they did purſue.
That dreadful Night my Childbed Throws brought o
My Cries mov'd yours and Heaven's Compaſſion.
Britan. O happy Day! a Jubilee proclaim,
Daughter adore th' unutterable Name!
With grateful heart breathe out thy ſelf in Prayer;
In the mean time thy Babe ſhall be my Care.
There is a Man, my Iſland's Hope and Grace,
The chief Delight and Joy of human Race,
Expos'd himſelf to War in tender Age,
To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage;
With all the Graces bleſt his riper Years,
And full-blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's Fears.
By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven he's call'd
To break my Yoke, and reſcue the Enthral'd.
This, this is he, who with a ſtretch'd-out Hand,
And matchleſs Might, ſhall free my groaning Lan
On Earth's proud Baſilisks he'll juſtly fall,
Like *Moſes* Rod, and prey upon them all.
He'll guide my People thro the raging Seas,
To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
His ſpotleſs Fame, and his immenſe Deſert,
Shall plead Love's Cauſe, and ſtorm this Virgin's He
She like *Ægeria* ſhall his Breaſt inſpire
With Juſtice, Wiſdom, and Celeſtial Fire:
Like *Numa* he her Dictates ſhall obey,
And by her Oracles the World ſhall ſway.

On his Excellent Friend Mr. Andrew Marvell
1677.

WHILE lazy Prelates lean'd their Mitred He
On downy Pillows, lull'd with Wealth and Pr

Pretending Prophecy, yet nought foreſee)
Marvell, this Iſland's watchful Centinel,
Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his Poſt,
When Courtiers too in Wine and Riot ſlept.
'Twas he th' approach of *Rome* did firſt explore,
And the grim Monſter, Arbitrary Power:
The ugliеſt Giant ever trod the Earth,
Who like *Goliah* march'd before the Hoſt.
Truth, Wit, and Eloquence, his conſtant Friends,
With ſwift diſpatch he to the Main-Guard ſends;
Th' Alarum ſtrait their Courage did excite,
Which check'd the haughty Foes bold Enterprize,
And left them halting between Hope and Fear.
He like the Sacred *Hebrew* Leader ſtood,
The Peoples ſureſt Guide, and Prophet too.
Athens may boaſt of virtuous *Socrates*,
The Chief among the *Greeks* for moral Good;
Rome of her Orator, whoſe fam'd Harangues
Foil'd the debauched *Antony*'s Deſigns:
We him, and with deep Sorrows wail his Loſs;
Not whether Fate or Art untwin'd his Thred,
Remains in doubt. Fame's laſting Regiſter
Shall leave his Name enrol'd as great as theirs,
Who in *Philippi* for their Country fell.

An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax. *By the Duke of* Buckingham.

I.

UNDER this Stone does lie
One born for Victory,
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be.
Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd,
He had the Fierceneſs of the manlieſt Mind,
And eke the Meekneſs too of Womankind.

He

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honeſty,
And with another thing quite out of date,
Call'd Modeſty.

II.

He ne'er ſeem'd impudent, but in the Field; a Place
Where Impudence it ſelf dares ſeldom ſhew her Face.
Had any Stranger ſpy'd him in the Room,
With ſome of thoſe whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only ſeen,
Their Geſture and their Mien,
They wou'd have ſworn he had the Vanquiſh'd been:
For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
His Modeſty ſtill made him bluſh to hear
How often he had them defeated.

III.

Thro his whole Life, the Part he bore
Was Wonderful and Great;
And yet it ſo appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private laſt Retreat:
For it's a ſtranger thing to find
One Man of ſuch a glorious Mind,
As can diſmiſs the Pow'r he'as got,
Than Millions of the *Polls* and Braves;
Thoſe deſpicable Fools and Knaves,
Who ſuch a pother make,
Thro Dulneſs and Miſtake,
In ſeeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with Expence of Blood had bought
Store great enough he thought,
Of Fame and of Renown,
He then his Arms laid down,

With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemy's ſide,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
He neither Wealth nor Places ſought;
For others, not himſelf, he fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it ſo,
That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble.
He might have been a King,
But that he underſtood,
How much it is a meaner thing,
To be unjuſtly Great, than honourably Good.

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before:
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to fight no more.
So bleſs'd of all, he dy'd; but far more bleſs'd were we,
If we were ſure to live, till we could ſee
A Man as Great in War, in Peace as Juſt as He.

An Eſſay on the Earl of Shaftsbury's *Death.*

WHenever Tyrants fall, the Air
And other Elements prepare
To combat in a Civil War;
Large Oaks up by the roots are torn,
The Savage Train
Upon the Foreſt or the Plain,
To a Proceſſion thro the Sky are born:
Sulphureous Fire diſplays
Its baneful Rays.

Then

Then from the hollow Womb
Of ſome rent Cloud does come
The blazing Meteor or deſtructive Stone.
Diſtant below, the grumbling Wind,
Pent up in Earth, a vent would find;
But failing, roars
Like broken Waves upon the rocky Shores.
The Earth with Motion rolls;
Thoſe Buildings which did brave the Sky,
Now in an humble poſture lie;
While here and there
A ſubtile Prieſt and Soothſayer
The fatal Dirges howl.
Thus when the firſt twelve *Cæſars* fell,
A Jubilee was kept in Hell:
But when that Heaven deſigns the Brave
Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
The Sun turns pale, and courts a Cloud,
From Mortals ſight his Grief to ſhroud;
Shakes from his face a Shower of Rain,
And faintly views the World again.
The Tombs of antient Heroes weep,
Hard Marble Tears lets fall;
The *Genii*, who poſſeſs the Deep,
And ſeem the Iſland's Fate to keep,
Lament the Funeral.
Silence denotes the greateſt Woe,
So Calms precede a Storm;
Deep Waters ſmootheſt are we know,
And bear the eveneſt Form.
So 'tis when Patriots ceaſe to be,
And haſt to Immortality;
Their noble Souls bleſt Angels bear
To the Etherial Palace there;
Mounting upon the ambient Air,
While wounded Atoms preſs the Ear
Of Mortals who far diſtant are.

Hen

Hence ſudden Grief does ſeize the Mind,
For Good and Brave agree;
Each Being moves unto his Kind
By native Sympathy.
So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd,
The *Fabius* of the Iſle,
A ſullen Look the Great o'er-ſpread,
The Common People look'd as dead,
And Nature droop'd the while.
Living; Religion, Liberty,
A mighty Fence he ſtood;
Peers Rights and Subjects Property
None ſtronglier did maintain than he,
For which *Rome* ſought his Blood.
Deep Politician, *Engliſh* Peer,
That quaſh'd the Power of *Rome*;
The Change of State they brought ſo near,
In bringing *Romiſh Worſhip here*,
Was by thy Skill o'erthrown.
'Leſs Heav'n a Miracle deſign'd,
Sure it could never be,
One ſo Gygantick in his Mind,
That ſoar'd a pitch 'bove Human Kind,
So ſmall a Corps ſhould be.
Time was, the Court admir'd thy Shrine,
And did thee homage pay:
But wiſely thou didſt countermine,
And having found the black Deſign,
Scorn'd the ignoble way.
Having thus ſtrongly ſtem'd the Tide,
And ſet thy Country free;
Thou, *Cato*-like, in Exile prid'ſt,
'Mongſt Enemies belov'd reſid'ſt,
Whilſt good Men envy thee.
And as the Sacred *Hebrew* Seer
Canaan to view deſir'd;
So Heav'n did ſhew this Noble Peer
The End of *Popiſh Malice here*:
Which done, his Soul expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682.

'TIS strange that you, to whom I've long bin known,
Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town.
As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
With double Eagerness, is hard to bay.
So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
To ease my Spleen, I strait go home and write;
I love to bring Vice ill-conceal'd to light.
And I have found that they that Satyr write,
Alone can season th' useful with the sweet.
Should I write Songs, and, to cool shades confin'd,
Expire with Love, who hate all Womankind;
Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my Works;
I grant I might, with bolder Muse inspir'd,
Some Hero sing, worthy to be admir'd.
Our King hath Qualities might entertain
With noblest Subjects *Waller*'s lofty Pen:
But then you'l own no Man is thought his Friend,
That doth not love the *Pope*, and *York* commend:
He who his evil Counsellors dislikes,
Say what he will, still like a Traitor speaks.
Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
Truth and good Sense my Lines alike must share
I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H—— a Knave, *S*——— an honest Man:
With equal scorn I always did abhor
Th' effeminate Fops, and bustling Men of War
The careful Face of Ministers of State,
I always judg'd to be a downright Cheat:
The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellor grave,
I always thought two different Marks of Knave:
They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit
These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit
Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
What they'd be thought to be, not what they ar

If any then by moſt unhappy Choice,
Seek for Content in *London*'s Crowd and Noiſe,
Muſt form his Words and Manners to the Place:
If he'll ſee Ladies, muſt like *Villers* dreſs,
In a ſoft Tone without one word of Senſe;
Muſt talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*;
Muſt praiſe alike the ugly and the fair,
Buckly's good Nature, *Felton*'s Shape and Hair;
Exalt my Lady *Portſmouth*'s Birth and Wit,
And vow ſhe's only for a Monarch fit,
Altho the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.
This Method, with ſome ends of Plays
Baſely apply'd, and dreſt in a *French* Phraſe,
To Ladies Favour can e'en *Hewit* raiſe.
He that from Buſineſs would Preferment get,
Plung'd in the Toils and Infamies of State,
All ſenſe of Honour from his Breaſt muſt drive,
And in a courſe of Villanies reſolve to live;
Muſt cringe and flatter the King's Owls and Curs;
Nay worſe, muſt be obſequious to his Whores;
Muſt always ſeem t' approve what they commend;
What they diſlike, by him muſt be contemn'd.
And when at laſt by a thouſand different Crimes,
The Monſter to his wiſh'd-for Greatneſs climbs,
He muſt in his continu'd Greatneſs wait,
With Guilt and Fears, th' impriſon'd *Danby*'s Fate.
His Road has *H——x* and *S——r* gone,
And thus muſt anſwer for the Ills they've done.
Who then would live in ſo deprav'd a Town,
Where Pleaſure is but Folly, Power alone
Infamy obtain'd?——————
Wiſe *Heraclitus* all his life-time griev'd;
Democritus in endleſs Laughter liv'd:
To the firſt no Fears of Plots were known,
Parliaments remov'd to *Popiſh* Town;
Orders not favour'd, Vertues not ſuppreſt,
Vice not derided, Commons not oppreſt;

Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*;
Nor yet to move the other's merry Vein,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i' th' Street could nam
Moſt learned Proof in publick daily give,
That they themſelves do their own Shame contrive
While their leud Wives, ſcouring from place to pla
T' expoſe their ſecret Members, hide their Face.
But lo! how would this Sage have burſt his Spl
Had he ſeen Whore and Fool with merry King,
And Miniſters of State at Supper ſit,
Miſtaking bawdy Ribaldry for Wit:
Whilſt *C*——*s*, with tottering Crown and empty Pu
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curſe)
Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
Delights himſelf with any he can get;
Pimps, Fools, Paraſites, make up the Rout,
For want of Wedding-Garments none's left out.
But I ſhall weary both my ſelf and you,
To tell you all the Follies that I know:
How a great Lord, in numbers ſoft, thought fit,
Tho void of Senſe, to ſet up for a Wit:
And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
An Epitaph to cruel *Cloris* pen'd.
His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
For who ſhou'd 't be, but the Lord *Ar*——*l*?
But ſhould I here waſte Paper, to declare
The ſenſeleſs Tricks of every ſilly Peer,
I'd as good tell how many ſeveral ways
The truſty Duke his Country ſtill betrays;
How full the World is ſtuft with Knave and Fool
How to be very honeſt is counted dull;
How to ſpeak plain, and Greatneſs to deſpiſe,
Is thought a Madneſs, but Flattery is wiſe;
Diſſimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
A very Trifle; provided ſtill our end
Be but the Snare we call our Intereſt,
Then nothing is ſo bad, but that is beſt.

therefore end this vain Satyrick Rage,
nd leave the Biſhops to reform the Age.

A Character of the Engliſh. *In Alluſion to* Tacit. de Vit. Agric.

HE Freeborn *Engliſh*, Generous and Wiſe,
Hate Chains, but do not Government deſpiſe:
ghts of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they,
hen lawfully exacted, freely pay.
ce they abhor, and Wrong they ſcorn to bear,
re guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
ice with them is never held ſevere.
e Power by Tyranny was never got,
s may perhaps inſnare them, Force cannot;
Counſels here have ſtill the ſame effect,
ſureſt way to reign is to protect.
s are leaſt ſafe in their unbounded Will,
'd with the wretched Power of doing Ill;
aken moſt when they're moſt abſolute,
s guard the Man, and only bind the Brute:
orce that Guard, and with the worſt to join,
never be a prudent King's Deſign;
t King would chuſe to be a *Catiline?*
k his own Laws, ſtake an unqueſtion'd Throne,
ſpire with Vaſſals to uſurp his own?
ather ſome baſe Favourites vile Pretence,
yrannize at the wrong'd King's Expence.
rance grow proud, beneath the Tyrant's Luſt,
le the rackt People crawl and lick the Duſt:
mighty Genius of this Iſle diſdains
itious Slavery and Golden Chains.
nd to ſervile Yoke did never bow;
t Conq'rors ne'er preſum'd, who dares do now?
nor *Norman* ever could pretend
ve inſlav'd, but made this Iſle their Friend.

Cullen *with his Flock of Miſſes*, 1679.

AS *Cullen* drove his Sheep along
By *Whitehall*, there was ſuch a throng
Of Earls Coaches at the Gate,
The ſilly Swain was forc'd to wait.
Chance threw him on Sir *Edward S——ton*,
The ſilly Knight that rhimes to Mutton:
Cullen (ſaid he) this is the Day,
For which poor *England* once did pray;
That day that ſets our Monarch free,
From butter'd Buns and Slavery.
This Hour from *French* Intrigues ('tis ſaid)
He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
Portſmouth he vouchſafes to know,
Was the caſt Whore of Count *de Loe*.
She muſt return and ſell her Place;
Buyers (you ſee) flock in apace.
Silence i'th' Court being once proclaim'd,
In ſteps fair *Richmond* once ſo fam'd;
She offers much, but was refus'd,
And of Miſcarriages accus'd.
Nor would his Majeſty accept her
At thirty, who at fifteen left her.
She bluſh'd, and modeſtly withdrew:
Next *Midleton* appear'd in view,
Who ſtrait was told of *M———gue*,
Of Cates from *Hyde*, of Clothes from *France*,
Of Armpits, Toes of Nauſeance:
At which the Court ſet up a Laughter,
She never pleads but for her Daughter;
A buxom Laſs fit for the place,
Were not her Father in Diſgrace:
Beſides ſome ſtrange inceſtuous Stor ies
Of *Harvey* and her long *C———ies*.

ith theſe Exceptions ſhe's diſmiſt,
d *Moreland* Fair enters the Liſt,
sband in Hand moſt decently,
d begs at any rate to buy.
e offer'd Jewels of great Price,
d dear Sir *Samuel*'s next Device;
hether it be a Pump or Table,
ſs-Houſe, or any other Bauble.
t ſhe was told ſhe had been try'd,
d for good Reaſon laid aſide.
Next in ſteps pretty Lady *Gray*,
ers her Lord ſhould nothing ſay
inſt the next Treaſurer accus'd,
her Pretence was not refus'd.
——*ly* in Rage bid her be gone,
play her Game out with her Son;
f ſhe lik'd an aged Carcaſe,
L——— get a noble Marqueſs.
brew——*y* offer'd for the Place,
ſhe had gotten from his Grace; *D— of Buck.*
knew his wants, and could comply
h all his wants of Leachery.
was diſmiſt with Scorn, and told
ere a tall *P*——— was to be ſold.
hen in came Dowdy *M*——*rine*,
foreign antiquated Quean;
ſoon was told, the King no more
ld deal with an intriguing Whore:
ſhe already had about her
good an Equipage *de Foutré*.
Grace at theſe Rebukes lookt blank,
ſneakt away to Villain *Frank*.
r *Lawſon* too her Claim put in,
s urg'd ſhe was too much a-kin:
nodeſtly reply'd, No more
n than *S*———*ſex* was before:
es, ſhe had often heard her Mother
her the Daughter of another:

She did not drivel, and had Senſe,
To which all his had no pretence;
Yet for the preſent ſhe's put off,
And told ſhe was not Whore enough.
L———*s* ſmil'd at that Exception,
And doubted not of good Reception;
Put in her Claim, vowing ſhe'd ſteal
All that her Husband got of *Neal:*
To buy the Place all ſhe could get,
By his long Suit with Mr. *Pitt.*
But from *Goliah*'s Size of *Gath*,
Down to the Pitch of little *Wroth*,
The Court was told ſhe lay with all
The roaring Royſters of *Whitehal:*
For which old *R*——*y*, leſt ſhe'd grudg,
Gave her the making of a Judg.
She bow'd, and ſtraight went her way,
To haunt the Court, Park, and Play.
In ſtept ſtately *Carry F*—*zier*,
Straight the whole Court began to praiſe her;
As fine as Chains and Point could make her,
She vow'd the King or Goal muſt take her.
R——*y* reply'd, he was retrenching,
And vow'd no more of coſtly Wenching:
That ſhe was proud, and went too gaudy,
Nor could ſhe ſwear, drink, or talk bawdy;
Virtues requiſite for that Place,
More than Youth, Wit, or a good Face.
C——*land* offer'd down a Million,
But ſhe was ſoon told of *Caſtillion.*
At that Name ſhe fell a weeping,
And ſwore ſhe was undone with keeping:
That *C*———*l*, *G*——*n*, had ſo drain'd her,
She could not live on the remainder.
The Court ſaid, There was no Record,
Of any to that Place reſtor'd;
Nor might the King at theſe Years venture,
Who in his Prime could not content her.

Young Lady *J*——*s* ſtept up, and urg'd,
She'd give the Deed her Father forg'd.
But ſhe was told, her Family
Was tainted with Presbytery.
She ſaid her Mother, with clean Heart
And Hand, had lately done her part,
In bringing *M*——*rine* to bed,
Nor was't her Fault the Babe was dead.
For her *R*——*y* own'd his Paſſion,
But ſaid he ſtaid for Declaration;
Ingag'd, no Matter of great Weight
To paſs, till after ſome Debate
In his great Council: ſo they adjourn'd,
And *Cullen* with his Flocks return'd,
Swearing there was at every Fair
Blither Girls than any there.

Sir Tho. Armſtrong's *Ghoſt.*

THE Groans, dear *Armſtrong*, which the World employ,
Would pleaſe thy Ghoſt, to ſee transform'd to Joy.
Hadſt thou abroad found Safety in thy Flight,
Thy 'mmortal Honour had not ſhin'd ſo bright;
Thou ſtill hadſt been a worthy Patriot thought:
But now thy Glory's to Perfection brought.
In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
What more could *Brutus* or juſt *Cato* do?
What can the Villains ſpread to blaſt thy Fame,
Unleſs thy former Loyalty they blame?
To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to reſtore,
's a Reproach that hardly can be bore,
The utmoſt Plague a Nation could befal,
Like the forbidden Fruit, it curſt us all.
Yet thou in Seaſon a brave Convert grew,
Abhor'dſt their Counſels and their Int'reſt too:
And Death at laſt before their Smiles prefer'd;
So holy *Cranmer* burnt the Hand that err'd.

Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the Air,
'Twill pleaſe thy Soul to think they flouriſh there:
Thou ſcorn'ſt to hope for Freedom in the Grave,
And ſlumb'ring lie, whilſt *England* was a Slave.
Thy Carcaſe ſtands a Monument to all,
Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall;
And like their Father, tread that Stage, which ſome
In a blaſphemous Strain call Martyrdom;
For they in Guilt tranſcendently excel
All that e'er Poets or Hiſtorians tell.
To act freſh Murders, and by Flames devour,
Is but the Recreation of their Power:
For they alone are for Deſtruction choſe,
Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppoſe:
Tarquin and *Nero* were but Types of theſe,
In whom all Crimes are in their laſt Degrees,
Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
Of execrable Villanies and Blood.
Yet how the Age their Lives and Peace betray,
And thoſe they ought to ſacrifice th' obey.
They lick up Poiſon, and to Tortures run,
And madly hug all *Egypt*'s Plagues in one.
Degenerous Slaves, ſuch Monſters to adore!
Was ever *Sodom* ſo careſs'd before?
Quick Vengeance put a Period to their Breath,
By their Deſtruction eaſe the groaning Earth!
For Mortals attempt the righteous Work in vain;
Heaven it ſelf does th' immediate Glory claim,
For they're reſerv'd by Thunder to be ſlain.

The Royal Game: or, A Princely new Play found in a Dream, &c. 1672.

PROLOGUE.

WHoever looks about and minds things well,
And on Affairs abroad doth take a View,

May think the Story which I here do tell
Was never dreamt, it falleth out ſo true.
I do confeſs it's ſomething hard to find
A crooked Path directly in the dark;
And while a Man's aſleep, you know he's blind,
And cannot eaſily hit on a Mark.
Well, be it ſo; yet this you know is right,
What's ſeen i' th' Day is dreamt again at Night.
A Dream I hope will no wiſe Man offend,
Nor will it Treaſon be (I trow) to lend
A Copy of my Dream unto my Friend.
Cabal, beware your Shins,
For thus my Tale begins.

The Dream of the Cabal: *A Prophetick Satyr*, Anno 1672.

AS t' other Night in Bed I thinking lay,
How I my Rent ſhou'd to my Landlord pay,
Since Corn, nor Wool, nor Beaſt would Money make;
Tumbling perplex'd, theſe Thoughts kept me awake.
What will become of this mad World, quoth I?
What's its Diſeaſe? what is its Remedy?
Where will it iſſue? whereto does it tend?
Some eaſe to Miſery 'tis to know its end.
Till Servants dreaming, as they us'd to do,
Snor'd me aſleep, I fell a dreaming too.
Methought there met the Grand Cabal of Seven,
Odd numbers ſome Men ſay do beſt pleaſe Heaven)
When ſat they were, and Doors were all faſt ſhut,
A ſecret was behind the Hangings put:
Both hear and ſee I could; but he that there
Had plac'd me, bad me have as great a care
Of ſtirring, as my Life: and e'er that out
From thence I came, reſolv'd ſhou'd be my Doubt;
What would become of this mad World, unleſs
Preſent Deſigns were croſs'd with ill Succeſs.

An

An awful Silence there was held ſome ſpace,
Till trembling thus began one call'd his Grace.
Great Sir, your Government for firſt twelve Yea
Has ſpoil'd the Monarchy, and made our Fears [Bu
So potent on us, that we muſt change quite
The old Foundations, make new, wrong or right.
For too great mixture of Democracy
Within this Government allay'd muſt be;
And no Allay like nulling Parliaments,
O' th' Peoples Pride and Arrogance th' Events;
Factious and ſaucy, diſputing Royal Pleaſure,
Who your Commands by their own Humours meaſu
For King in Barnacles (to the Rack-ſtaves ty'd)
You muſt remain, if theſe you will abide.
So ſpake the long blue Ribbon: then a ſecond,
Tho not ſo tall, yet quite as wiſe is reckon'd, [Or
Did thus begin. Great Sir, you are now on
A tender Point much to be thought upon,
And thought on only; for by antient Law,
'Twas Death to mention what my Lord foreſaw:
His trembling ſhew'd it, wherefore I'm ſo bold
T' adviſe its ſtanding, leſt it ſhou'd be told
We did attempt to change it; for ſo much
Our Anceſtors ſecur'd it, that to touch,
Like ſacred Mount, 'tis Death, and ſuch a Trick,
I no ways like my Tongue ſhou'd break my Neck.
Thus ſaid, he ſat. Then Lord of Northern To
In Gall and Guile a ſecond unto none, [La
Inraged roſe, and Col'rick, thus began:
Dread Majeſty, Male Beam of Fame, a Son
Of th' hundred and tenth Monarch of the Nore;
Dee'l ſplit the Weam of th' Loon that ſpoke afore
Shame faw the Crag of that ill-manner'd Lord,
That ment his King durſt ſpeak ſo faw a Word:
And aw my Saul, right weel the firſt Man meant,
Dee'l hoop his Lugs that loves a Parliament.
Twa Houſes aw my Saul are too too mickle,
They'l gar the Leard ſhall ne'er have more a Prick

Ne Mony get to gee the bonny Laſs,
But full as good be born without a T——
Ten thouſand Plagues light on his Crag, that gang
To make you be but third part of a King.
Dee'l take my Saul, I'll ne'er the matter mince,
I'd rather Subject be than ſike a Prince.
To hang, and burn, and ſley, and draw, and kill,
And meaſure aw things by my awn gude Will,
Is gay Dominion: a Checkmate I hate,
Of Men, or Laws, it looks ſo like a State.
This eager well-meant Zeal ſome Laughter ſtir'd,
Till Noſe half Pluſh, half Fleſh, the Inkhorn Lord
Crav'd Audience thus: Grave Majeſty Divine [*Arling.*
(Pardon that *Cambridg* Title, I make mine)
We now are enter'd on the great'ſt Debate
That can concern your Throne and Royal State.
His Grace hath ſo ſpoke all, that we who next
Speak after, can but comment on his Text:
Only 'tis wonder, at this ſacred Board
Shou'd ſit 'mongſt us a *Magna Charta* Lord,
A Peer of old rebellious Barons breed,
Worſt, and great'ſt Enemies to Royal Seed.
But to proceed; well was it urg'd by's Grace,
Such Liberty was giv'n for twelve Years ſpace
That are by-paſt, there's no neceſſity
Of new Foundations, if ſafe you'l be.
What Travel, Charge, and Art, before was ſet
This Parliament, we had, you can't forget;
Now force, cajole, and court, and bribe, for fear
They wrong ſhould run, e'er ſince they have been here.
What Diligence, what Study, Day and Night,
Was on us, and what Care to keep them right?
Wherefore if good you can't make Parliament,
On whom ſuch Coſts, ſuch Art and Pains were ſpent,
And Monys, all we had for them to do;
Since we miſs that, 'tis beſt diſmiſs them too.
'Tis true, this Houſe the beſt is you can call,
But in my Judgment, beſt is none at all.

Well

Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cry'd, Parliaments
Are Clogs to Princes, and their brave Intents.
One did object, 'twas againſt Majeſty
T' obey the Peoples Pleaſure; another he
Their Inconvenience argues, and that neither
Cloſe their Deſigns were, nor yet ſpeedy either.
Whilſt thus confuſed chatter'd the Cabal,
And many mov'd, none heard, but ſpeak did all;
A little bobtail'd Lord, Urchin of State, [*Chan. Shaft.*
A *Praiſe-God-bare-bone* Peer, whom all Men hate;
Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half Knave;
Beg'd Silence, and this purblind Counſel gave.
Bleſt and beſt Monarch that e'er Scepter bore,
Renown'd for Vertue, but for Honour more:
That Lord ſpake laſt, has well and wiſely ſhown,
That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, nor none
Can well be truſted longer; for the State
And Glory of the Crown hate all Checkmate.
That Monarchy may from its Childhood grow
To Man's Eſtate, *France* has taught us how;
Monarchy's Divine, Divinity it ſhows;
That he goes backward that not forward goes.
Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms ſee
Your Will's your Law, that's abſolute Monarchy;
A mixt Hodg-podg will now no longer do,
Cæſar or nothing you are brought unto:
Strike then, Great Sir, 'fore theſe Debates take wind
Remember that Occaſion's bald behind.
Our Game is ſure in this, if wiſely play'd,
And ſacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd:
But if the Rumour ſhou'd once get on wing,
That we conſult to make you abs'lute King,
The Plebeians head, the Gentry forſooth,
They ſtraight would ſnort, and have an aking Tooth.
Leſt they, I ſay, ſhould your great Secrets ſcent,
And you oppoſe in nulling *Parliament*,
I think it ſafer, and a greater Skill,
To obviate, than to o'ercome an Ill:

Fo

For thoſe that lead the Herd are full as rude,
When th'Humour takes, as th' following Multitude;
Therefore be quick in your Reſolves, and when
Reſolv'd you have, execute quicker then.
Remember your great Father loſt the Game
By ſlow Proceedings, mayn't you do the ſame?
An unexpected, unreguarded Blow
Wounds more than ten made by an open Foe.
Delays do Dangers breed; the Sword is yours
By Law declar'd, what need of other Powers?
We may unpolitick be judg'd, or worſe,
If we can't make the Sword command the Purſe;
No Art, or Courtſhip can the Rule ſo ſhape
Without a Force, it muſt be done by Rape.
And when 'tis done, to ſay you cannot help,
Will ſatisfy enough the gentle Whelp.
Phanaticks they'll to Providence impute
Their Thraldom, and immediately grow mute:
For they, poor pious Fools, think the Decree
Of Heaven falls on them, tho from Hell it be;
And when their Reaſon is abas'd to it,
They forthwith think 'tis Religion to ſubmit;
And vainly glorying in a paſſive Shame,
They'll put off Man to wear the Chriſtian Name.
Wherefore to lull them, do their Hopes fulfil
With Liberty, they're halter'd at your Will;
Give them but Conventicle-room, and they
Will let you ſteal their Engliſhman away;
And heedleſs be, till you your Nets have ſpread,
And pull'd down Conventicles on their Head.
Militia then and Parliaments caſhier,
A formidable ſtanding Army rear;
They'll mount you up, and up you ſoon will be,
They'll fear, who ne'er did love your Monarchy:
And if they fear, no matter for their Hate,
To rule by Law becomes a ſneaking State.
Lay by all Fear, care not what People ſay,
Regard to them will your Deſigns betray:

When

When bite they can't, what hurt can barking do?
And, Sir, in time we'l ſpoil their barking too,
Make Coffee-Clubs talk of more humble things
Than State-Affairs, and Intereſt of Kings.
Thus ſpake the rigling Peer: when one more grave,
That had much leſs of Fool, but more of Knave,
Began: Great Sir, it gives no ſmall content, [Cliff.
To hear ſuch Zeal (for you) 'gainſt Parliament.
Wherefore, tho I an Enemy no leſs
To Parliaments than you your ſelves profeſs;
Yet I muſt alſo enter my Proteſt
'Gainſt theſe rude rumbling Counſels indigeſt;
And, Great Sir, tell you, 'tis a harder thing
Than they ſuggeſt, to make you abs'lute King.
Old Buildings to pull down, believe it true,
More danger in it hath, than building new.
And what ſhall prop your Superſtructure, till
Another you have built that ſutes your Will?
An Army ſhall, ſay they. (Content) but ſtay,
From whence ſhall this new Army have its Pay?
For eaſy gentle Government a while
Muſt firſt appear i' th' Kingdom, to beguile
The Peoples Minds, and make them cry up you,
For razing old, and making better new.
For Taxes with new Government all will blame,
And put the Kingdom ſoon into a Flame:
For Tyranny has no ſuch lovely Look
To catch Men with, unleſs you hide the Hook;
And no Bait hides it more than preſent Eaſe;
Eaſe but their Taxes, then do what you pleaſe.
Wherefore, all wild Debates laid by, from whence
Shall Mony riſe to bear this vaſt expence?
For our firſt Thoughts thus well reſolved, we
In other things much ſooner ſhall agree.
Join then with Mother-Church, whoſe Boſom ſtands
Ope to receive us, ſtretching forth her Hands:
Cloſe but this Breach, and ſhe will let you ſee
Her Purſe as open as her Arms ſhall be.

For,

For, Sacred Sir, (by gueſs I do not ſpeak)
Of poor ſhe'll make you rich, and ſtrong of weak.
At home, abroad, no Money, nor no Men,
She'll let you lack, turn but to her agen.
The *Scot* cou'd here no longer hold, but cry'd, [*Laud.*
Dee'l take the Pape, and all that's on his ſide;
The Whore of *Rome*, that mickle Man of Sin,
Plague take the Mother, Bearns, and aw the Kin.
What racks my Saul! muſt we the holy Rood
Place in God's Kirk again? troth 'tis not gude.
I defy the Loon, the Dee'l and all his Works,
The Pape ſhall lig no mare in God's gude Kirk.
The *Scot* with Laughter check'd, they all agreed,
The Lord ſpoke laſt ſhou'd in his Speech proceed, [*Clif.*
Which thus he did: Great Sir, You know 'tis Seaſon
Salts all the Motions that we make with Reaſon;
And now a Seaſon is afforded us,
The beſt e'er came, and moſt propitious.
Beſides the Sum the Cath'licks will advance,
You know the Offers we are made from *France*;
And to have Money and no Parliament,
Muſt fully anſwer your deſign'd Intent.
And thus without tumultuous Noiſe, or Huff
Of Parliaments, you may have Money enough;
Which if neglected now, there's none knows when
Like Opportunities may be had agen:
For all to extirpate, now combin'd be,
Both Civil and Religious Liberty.
Thus Money you'll have to exalt the Crown,
Without ſtooping Majeſty to Country Clown.
The Triple League, I know, will be objected,
As if that ought by us to be reſpected:
But who to Heretick or Rebel pay'th
The Truth ingaged to by ſolemn Faith,
Debaucheth Vertue; by thoſe very things
The Church profaneth, and debaſeth Kings:
As you your ſelf have admirably ſhown
By burning ſolemn Cov'nant, tho your own;

Faith,

Faith, Juſtice, Truth, Plebeian Vertues be,
Look well in them, and not in Majeſty.
For publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
The greateſt Cheat in Nature's vain Belief.
The ſecond Lord tho check'd, yet did not fear,
Impatient grew, and could no longer bear,
But roſe in Heat, and that a little rude,
The Lord's Voice interrupts, and for Audience ſu
Great Majeſty, authentick Authors ſay,
When Hand was lifted up *Cræſus* to ſlay,
The Father's Danger on th' dumb Son did make
Such deep Impreſſions that he forthwith ſpake.
Pardon, Great Sir, if I, in imitation,
Seeing the Danger to your Land and Nation,
Do my reſolv'd-on Silence alſo break,
Altho I ſee the Matter I ſhall ſpeak,
Under ſuch Diſadvantages will fall,
That it, as well as I, exploded ſhall.
But vainly do they boaſt they loyal are,
That can't for Princes Good, Reflections bear;
Nor will I call Compurgators to prove,
What Honour to the Crown I've born, with Love
My Acts have ſpoken, and ſufficient are,
Above what e'er Detractors did or dare.
Wherefore, Great Sir, 'tis Ignorance, or Hate,
Dictates theſe Counſels, you to precipitate.
For ſay't again I will, not eat my Word,
No Council's Power, no nor yet the Sword,
Can old Foundations alter, or make new;
Let Time interpret who hath ſpoken true.
Thoſe Country Gentry with their Beef and Bacon
Will ſhew how much your Courtiers are miſtake
For Parliaments are not of that cheap rate,
That they will down without a broken Pate;
And then I doubt you'll find thoſe worthy Lords
More Brave, and Champions with their Tongues
Wherefore, Dread Sir, incline not Royal Ear (Swo
To their Advice, but ſafer Counſels hear;

Stay till theſe Lords have got a Crown to loſe,
And then conſult with them which way they'l chuſe.
Will you all hazard for their Humours ſake,
Who nothing have to loſe, nothing to ſtake;
And at one Game your Royal Crown expoſe,
To gratify the fooliſh Luſts of thoſe
Who hardly have Subſiſtence how to live,
But what your Crown and Grace to them does give?
And one of thoſe (Bag-pudding) Gentlemen,
(Except their Places) wou'd buy nine or ten.
Then, why they ſhou'd thus ſlight the Gentlemen,
I ſee no Reaſon, nor think how they can:
For had not Gentleman done more than Lord,
I'll boldly ſay't, you ne'er had been reſtor'd.
But why of Armies now, Great Sir, muſt we
So fond (juſt now) all on the ſudden be?
What faithful Guardians have they been to Pow'rs
That have employ'd 'em, that you'd make 'em yours?
Enough our Age, we need not ſeek the Glory
Of Armies Faith in old, or doubtful Story.
Our Father 'gainſt the *Scots* an Army rear'd,
But ſoon that Army more than *Scot* he fear'd:
He was in haſt to raiſe 'em, as we are,
But to disband 'em was far more his Care.
How *Scotiſh* Army after did betray
His Truſt and Perſon both, I need not ſay.
Rump-Parliament an Army rear'd, and they
The Parliament that rais'd them, did betray:
The Lord Protector they ſet up one hour,
And next pull'd down the Protectorian Pow'r.
Our Father's Block and Judges the ſame Troops
Did guard, ſome Tongues at Death of both made hoops:
And will you ſuffer Armies to beguile,
And give your Crown and them to Croſs and Pile?
But if, as *Monk*, both ſhou'd ſwear, lye and feign,
That he does both your Truſt and Army gain,
And you believe his Oath and Faith is true,
He ſerves himſelf inſtead of ſerving you?

L. Pardon,

Pardon, Great Sir, if Zeal tranſports my Tongue
T' expreſs what e'en your Greatneſs don't become
Expoſe I can't your Crown and ſacred Throat,
To the falſe Faith of a common Red-coat.
The Law your All does fence ſecure from Fears;
That kept, what trouble needs of Bandileers?
Conſider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King,
The Sword another to the Crown may bring;
For Force knows no diſtinction; longeſt Sword
Makes Peaſant Prince, Lacquey above his Lord.
If that be all that we muſt have for Laws,
Your Will inferior may be to *Jack Straw*'s,
If greater Force him follow; there's no Right
Where Law is failing, and for Will Men fight.
Beſt Man is he alone, whoſe Steel's moſt ſtrong;
Where no Law is, there's neither right nor wrong
That Fence broke down, and all in common laid,
Subjects may Prince, and Prince may them invade.
See, greateſt Sir, how theſe your Throne lay down
Inſtead of making great your Royal Crown;
How they diveſt you of your Majeſty:
For Law deſtroy'd, you are no more than we.
And very vain would be the Plea of Crown,
When Statute Laws, and Parliaments are down.
This Peer proceeded on, to ſhew how vain
A Holy League would be with *Rome* again,
And what Diſhonour 'twould be to our Crowns,
If unto *France* give cautionary Towns.
He's interrupted, and bid ſpeak no more
By's enrag'd Majeſty, who deeply ſwore,
His Tongue had ſo run over, that he'd take
Such Vengeance on him, and Example make
To after-Times, that all who heard ſhould fear,
To ſpeak what wou'd diſpleaſe the Royal Ear;
And bid the Lord that ſpoke before, go on,
And ſilence all ſhould keep till he had done;
Who thus his Speech reſum'd. If Lord ſpake
To interrupt me had not made ſuch haſt,

†

oon had done; for I was come, Great Sir,
advise your sending *Dutch* Embassador.
t much it does concern you whom to trust,
ith this Embassy: for none true, or just,
ise, stout, or honourable, nor a Friend,
uld you in any wise resolve to send,
t any unseen, or unlucky Chance
u'd in this War befal to us or *France*.
may that loathed Wretch give to the Hate
th' People's Fury, them to satiate.
d when all's done that can be done by Man,
ch must be left to Chance, do what we can.
d if you'l make all *Christendom* your Friend,
put to *Dutch-land-League* an utter end;
n surely you may have of Men and Treasure,
gh of both to execute your Pleasure.
his Speech being ended, five or six agree,
ce shall be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
gone, I wak'd, and wonder'd what should mean
I had heard, methought 'twas more than Dream.
if Cabal thus serve us *Englishmen*,
ten to one but I shall dream again.

---

he Three Dukes killing the Beadle *on Sunday Morning*, Feb. *the 26th*, 1671.

EAR *Holborn* lies a Park of great Renown,
The Place, I do suppose, is not unknown;
brevity sake the Name I shall not tell,
use most genteel Readers know it well.
middle Park near *Charing-Cross* was made,
say there is a great Decay of Trade:
s there a Gleek of Dukes, by Fury brought,
bloody mind a sickly Damsel sought,
against Law her Castle did invade,
ke from her her Instrument of Trade.

'Tis ſtrange (but ſure they thought not on't befo
Three Baſtard Dukes ſhould come t' undo one Wh
Murder was cry'd (truth is, her Caſe was ſad)
When ſhe was like to loſe e'en all ſhe had:
In came the Watch, diſturb'd with Sleep and Ale,
By Noiſes ſhrill, but they could not prevail,
T' appeaſe their Graces; ſtrait roſe mortal Jars
Betwixt the Night Black-Guard and Silver Stars;
Then fell the Beadle by a Ducal Hand,
For daring to pronounce the ſawcy Stand.
The way in Blood certain Renown to win,
Is firſt with bloody Noſes to begin.
The high-born Youths their haſty Errand tell,
Dam ye you Rogue, we'll ſend your Soul to Hel
They need not ſend a Meſſenger before,
They're too well known there to ſtay long at Do
See what miſhaps dare e'en invade *Whitehall*;
This ſilly Fellow's Death puts off the Ball,
And diſappoints the Queen, poor little Chuck,
I warrant 'twou'd have danc'd it like a Duck.
The Fidlers, Voices, Entries, all the Sport,
And the gay Show put off, where the brisk Cou
Anticipates in rich Subſidy-Coats,
All that is got by mercenary Votes.
Yet ſhall *Whitehall* the Innocent, the Good,
See theſe Men dance all daub'd with Lace and Bl
Near t'other Park there ſtands an aged Tree,
As if 'twere made o' th' nonce for Three;
Where, that no Ceremony may be loſt,
Each Duke for State may have a ſeveral Poſt.
What Storms may riſe out of ſo black a Cauſe,
If ſuch Turd-Flies ſhall break thro Cobweb La

The History of Inſipids: *A Lampoon*, 1676. *By the Lord* Roch——r.

1.

Haſt, pious, prudent, *C*——— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Reſtoration
y like to that of Quails be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the *Iſraelitiſh* Nation;
e wiſh'd-for Bleſſing from Heav'n ſent,
ame their Curſe and Puniſhment.

2.

e Vertues in thee, *C*———, inherent,
ltho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
ve thee as true a God's Vicegerent
s e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece:
Chaſtity and pious Deeds,
Grandſire *Harry*, *C*——— exceeds.

3.

Romiſh Bondage-breaker *Harry*
ſpouſed half a dozen Wives;
—— only one reſolv'd to marry,
nd other Mens he never ———
hath he Sons and Daughters more,
n e'er had *Harry* by threeſcore.

4.

er was ſuch a Faith's Defender;
e like a politick Prince, and pious,
s Liberty to Conſcience tender,
nd doth to no Religion tie us.
, *Chriſtians*, *Jews*, *Papiſts*, he'll pleaſe us,
h *Moſes*, *Mahomet*, or *J*——*s*.

5.

ll Affairs of Church or State,
very zealous is, and able;
out at Prayers, and ſits up late
t the Cabal and Council-Table:

His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wiſe as any Lord.

6.

Let *C*——— his Policy no Man ſtout,
The wiſeſt Kings have all ſome Folly;
Nor let his Piety any doubt:
C——— like a Sovereign wiſe and holy,
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Biſhops thoſe that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preſerving thoſe that cut off's his Head;
Old Cavaliers, the Crown's beſt Guard,
He lets them ſtarve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endu'd
With ſo much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treaſon in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parſon's Gown;
How much is he at Court in Grace
For ſtealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no Man Good,
Let's ſteal the King, and out-do *Blood*.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you muſt not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes;
Here with a Place, there with a Penſion.
When to give Mony he can't cologue 'em,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.

10.

But they long ſince, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and ſold the Nation;
Making their Memberſhips a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequeſtration.
God give thee, *C*———, a Reſolution
To damn the Knaves by Diſſolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Succeſs,
Tho Victories were *Ceſar*'s Glory;
Loſt Battels make not *Pompey* leſs,
But let them ſtiled great in Story.
Malicious Fate doth oft deviſe
To beat the Brave, and fool the Wiſe.

12.

Charles in the firſt *Dutch* War ſtood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep,
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air:
Had not his Highneſs gone to ſleep,
Our Fleet ſlack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
The *Dutch* elſe had been in ſad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Buſineſs was well laid,
Tho we paid dear for that Deſign:
Had we not three days parl'ing ſtaid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.
Tho the falſe *Dane* agreed to ſell 'em,
He cheated us, and ſaved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* ſweetly chous'd the States,
By *Bergen* baffle grown more wiſe,
And made them ſhit as ſmall as Rats,
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's ſurprize:
Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Miſts, Storms, ſhort Victuals, adverſe Winds,
And once the Navy's wiſe Diviſion,
Defeated *Charles* his beſt Deſigns,
Till he became his Foes Deriſion.
But he had ſwing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

16.

Our *Blackheath* Hoſt without Diſpute,
Rais'd (put on Board, why, no Man knows)

Muſt *Charles* have render'd abſolute,
Over his Subjects, or his Foes.
Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
By taking *Maeſtricht* with our Tools?

17.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
To run ſo many ſad Diſaſters;
To join thy Fleet with falſe *D'Etre*,
To make the *French* of *Holland* Maſters?
Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
That made thee break the Triple League?

18.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreſeen
The glorious Triumphs of his Maſter,
The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,
Which now is made of Alabaſter:
But wiſe Men think, had it been Wood,
'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

19.

Thoſe that the Fabrick well conſider,
Do of it diverſly diſcourſe;
Some paſs their Cenſure of the Rider,
Others their Judgment of the Horſe:
Moſt ſay the Steed's a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a leud King.

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
Freeman of *London Charles* is made;
Then to *Whitehall* a rich Gold Box comes,
Which was beſtow'd on the *French* Jade.
But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, Sirs,
When Monarchs rank themſelves with Grocers.

21.

Cringe, ſcrape no more, ye City Fops,
Leave off your Feaſting and fine Speeches;
Beat up your Drums, ſhut up your Shops,
The Courtiers then will kiſs your Breeches:

Arm'd, tell the Popiſh Duke that rules,
You're free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

22.

New Up-ſtarts, Pimps, Baſtards, Whores,
That Locuſt-like devour the Land,
By ſhutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Mony was trapan'd,
Have render'd *C*———'s Reſtoration
But a ſmall Bleſſing to the Nation.

23.

Then *C*——— beware of thy Brother *York*,
Who to thy Government gives Law;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You muſt again both to *Breda:*
Where 'ſpite of all that would reſtore you,
Grown wiſe by Wrongs, we ſhall abhor you.

24.

If of all Chriſtian Blood the Guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* ſpilt,
Can never be by God forgiven:
Worſe Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Peſt'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That falſe rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curſe,
Who at his Subjects Cry does dance,
And ſtudies how to make them worſe.
To ſay ſuch Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were moſt prodigious Blaſphemy.

26.

Such know no Laws but their own Luſt,
Their Subjects Subſtance, and their Blood;
They count it Tribute due and juſt,
Still ſpent and ſpilt for Subjects Good.
Such Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

Such

27.

Such Kings, curſt be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
Monſters which Knaves ſacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine?
The moſt are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewel ſacred Majeſty,
Let's pull all brutiſh Tyrants down;
Where Men are born, and ſtill live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miſerable Frogs,
Prove wretched, king'd by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's *Farewell*, 1680.

TIR'D with the noiſom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage:
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Ac
Long I with charitable Malice ſtrove, (a
Laſhing the Court, thoſe Vermin to remove:
But thriving Vice under the Rod ſtill grew,
As aged Letchers whip'd, their Luſt renew.
Yet tho my Life hath unſucceſsful been,
(For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean?)
My gen'rous end I will purſue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath.
Firſt then, the *Tangier* Bullies muſt appear,
With open Bravery, and diſſembled Fear:
Mulg——e their Head; but Gen'ral have a Care,
Tho skill'd in all thoſe Arts that cheat the Fair,
The undiſcerning, the impartial *Moor*,
Spares not the Lover on the Ladies ſcore.
Think how many periſh by one fatal ſhot,
The Conqueſts all thy Ogling ever got.

Think then (as I preſume you do) how all
The *Engliſh* Beauties will lament your Fall;
Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart,
Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To ſtay and tie the Cravat-ſtring at home?
To ſtrut, look big, ſhake Pantaloon, and ſwear
With *Huit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
Hadſt thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
To hinder this thy Eagerneſs to fight?
That without danger thou a Brave mightſt be,
As ſure to be deny'd as *Shrewſ—y*.
This ſure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
But who ſuch Courage could ſuſpect in you?
For ſay, what reaſon could with you prevail,
To change embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord—t* go, whom Fate
Has made not valiant but deſperate.
For who would not be weary of his Life,
Who'as loſt his Mony, or has got a Wife?
To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Frazier*.
'Twere Cruelty to make too ſharp Remarks
On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
When all the pert young Voluntiers I ſee;
Thoſe Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
Their Names ſhall equal or exceed in Story,
Chit *Sund—d*, Chit *Godo—n*, and Chit *L—y*.
When thou letſt *Plimouth* go, 'twas ſuch a Jeſt,
As when the Brother made the ſame Requeſt;
Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
The Jeſt had been compleat, and worthy thee.
Well, ſince he muſt, he'l to *Tangier* advance;
It is reſolv'd, but firſt let's have a Dance.
Firſt, at her Highneſs Ball he muſt appear,
And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War:

What

What is of Soldier ſeen in all the heap,
Beſides the fluttring Feather in the Cap,
The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
From Gen'ral *Mulg — e*, down to little *Wroth?*
But now they're all embark'd, and curſe their Fate,
(*Kate*,
Curſe *Charles* that gave them leave, and much more
Who, than *Tangier*, to *England* and the King
No greater Plague, beſides her ſelf, could bring;
And wiſh the *Moors*, ſince now their Hand was in,
As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
Where, by the wiſer Sparks that ſtay at home,
In ſafe Ideas by their Fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maeſtricht*) is at *Windſor* ſtorm'd.
But now we talk of *Maeſtricht*; where is he,
Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
The ſolid, hardned Armour of a Fool;
Well might himſelf to all Wars ill expoſe,
Who (come what will, yet) had no Brains to loſe.
Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
Who muſt (forſooth) our future Monarch be:
This Fool by Fools (*Armſtrong* and *Ven — n*) led,
Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head;
By great Example, he this Path doth tread:
Following ſuch ſenſleſs Aſſes up and down,
(For *Saul* ſought Aſſes when he found a Crown.)
But *Roſe* is riſen, as *Samuel* at his Call,
To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
Never (ſays Heaven) ſhall the bluſhing Sun
See *Proger*'s Baſtard fill the Regal Throne.
So Heaven ſays, but *Bran — n* ſays he ſhall;
But whoe'er he protects is ſure to fall.
Who can more certain of Deſtruction be,
Than he that truſts to ſuch a Rogue as he?
What Good can come from him who *York* forſook,
T' eſpouſe the Intereſt of this booby Duke?

But who the beſt of Maſters could deſert,
Is the moſt fit to take a Traitor's part.
Ungrateful! This thy Maſterpiece of Sin
Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didſt begin:
Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whoſe later Crimes ſtill do thy firſt excel:
The very top of Villany we ſeize,
By ſteps in order, and by juſt degrees.
None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
The murder'd Boy to Treaſon led the way;
But when degrees of Villany we name,
How can we chuſe but think on *Buckingham*?
He who thro all of them had boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treaſur'd Sins of Supererrogation,
Swell to a Sum enough to damn a Nation.
But he muſt here, *per* force, be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own:
Where rank'd in dreadful order ſhall appear
All his Exploits from *Shrewſ—y* to *Le Meer*.
But ſtay, methinks I on a ſudden find
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd:
But where in all this Choice ſhall I begin?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear
(And Bawds and Stateſmen grow in Plenty there)
To thee ſubmit and yield, ſhould we be juſt
To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Luſt:
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou ſhouldſt be
Firſt in the glorious Roll of Infamy.
To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
Do all thy lecherous Decrees obey;
Thou Queen of Luſt, the bawdy Subjects they.
While *Suſſex*, *Broghill*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne;
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be anointed the Imperial Whore?

For tell me, in all *Europe* where's the part,
That is not conſcious of thy leud Deſert?
The great *Pedalion* Youth, whoſe Coqueſts run
O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
Than thou thy Luſt, thy matchleſs Luſt have ſhown.
All Climes, all Countrys do with Tribute come
(Thou World of Leudneſs) to thy boundleſs Womb;
Thou Sea of Luſt, that never Ebb does know,
Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
Leud *Meſſaline* was but a Type of Thee,
Thou higheſt, laſt degree of Letchery:
For in all Ages, except her and you,
Who ever ſin'd ſo high, and ſtoop'd ſo low?
She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did uſe
To bring the ſtink of the exhauſted Stews;
Tir'd (but not ſatisfy'd) with Man did come,
Drunk with abundant Luſt, and reeling home.
But thou to our admiring Age doſt ſhow
More Sin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
And having all her Leudneſſes out-ran,
Takes up with Devil, having tir'd Man:
For what is elſe that loathſom ugly Black,
Which you and *Suſſex* in your Arms do take?
Nor does Old Age, which now rides on ſo faſt,
Make thee come ſhort of all thy Leudneſs paſt:
Tho on thy Head, grey Hairs, like *Etna*'s Snow,
Are ſhed, thou'rt Fire and Brimſtone all below:
Thou monſtrous thing, in whom at once do rage
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
My Lady Dutcheſs takes the ſecond place,
Proud with thy Favour and peculiar Grace;
Ev'n ſhe with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter Flames that burn in thee does feel.
Thou doſt into her kindling Breaſt inſpire
The luſtful Seeds of thy contagious Fire;
So well the Spirit and the Fleſh agree,
Luſt and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.

Of

Of what important uſe Religion's made,
By thoſe who wiſely drive the cheating Trade!
As Wines prohibited, ſecurely paſs,
Changing the Name of their own native Place:
So Vice grows ſafe, dreſs'd in Devotion's Name,
Unqueſtion'd by the Cuſtom-houſe of Fame.
Wherever too much Sanctity you ſee,
Be more ſuſpicious of hid Villany.
Whoſe-ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
If Man, ſuſpect him Rogue; if Woman, Whore:
And ſuch a thing art thou, religious Pride,
So very leud, and yet ſo ſanctify'd.
Let now the Dutcheſs take no further Care,
Of numerous Stallions let her not deſpair,
Since her indulgent Stars ſo kind have been,
To ſend her *Bromley*, *H*— and *Mazarine*;
This laſt doth baniſh'd *Monmouth*'s Place ſupply,
And Wit ſupplanted is by Letchery.
For *Monmouth* he had Parts, and Wit, and Senſe,
To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence:
A Proof that ſince ſuch things as ſhe prevail,
Her Highneſs Head is lighter than her Tail.
But ſtay, I *Portſmouth* almoſt had forgot,
The common Theam of every rhiming Sot:
She'l after railing make us laugh a while,
For at her Folly who can chuſe but ſmile?
While them who always ſlight her, great ſhe makes,
And ſo much Pains to be deſpis'd ſhe takes:
Goes ſauntring with her Highneſs up to Town,
To an old Play, and in the dark comes down;
Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
But ſtill is juſtled out by *Mazarine*.
So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
Than even ſhe who her from Exile brought:
O *Portſmouth*, fooliſh *Portſmouth!* not to take
The Offer the great *Sun*—*d* did make,
When cringing at thy Feet; e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
The Golden Calf that's worſhip'd by the Croud.

But thou for Y—k, who now deſpiſes thee,
To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.
If this is all the Policy you know,
This all the Skill in States you boaſt of ſo,
How wiſely did thy Country's Laws ordain,
Never to let the fooliſh Woman reign?
But what muſt we expect, who daily ſee
Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by unthinking thee?

Marvel's *Ghoſt*. *By Mr.* Ayloffe.

FROM the dark Stygian Lake I come,
T' acquaint poor *England* with her Doom;
Which by th' infernal Siſters late,
I copy'd from the Book of Fate:
And tho the Senſe may ſeem diſguis'd,
'Tis in theſe following Lines compris'd.

When *England* ſhall forſake the Broom,
And take the Thiſtle in the room;
A wanton Fidler ſhall be led
By Fate to ſhame his Maſter's Bed;
From whence a ſpurious Race ſhall grow,
Deſign'd for *Britain*'s Overthrow.
Theſe, whilſt they do poſſeſs her Throne,
Shall ſerve all Intereſts but their own;
And ſhall be, both in Peace and War,
Scourges unto themſelves and her.
A brace of exil'd Youths, whoſe Fates
Shall pull down Vengeance on thoſe States
That harbour'd them abroad, muſt come
Well skill'd in foreign Vices home;
And ſhall, their dark Deſigns to hide,
With two conteſting Churches ſide;
Till with croſs perſecuting Zeal,
They have deſtroy'd the Commonweal.

Then Inceſt, Murder, Perjury,
Shall faſhionable Vertues be;
And Villanies infeſt this Iſle,
Shall make the Son of *Claudius* ſmile.
No Oaths nor Sacraments hold good,
But what are ſeal'd with Luſt and Blood:
Luſt, which cold Exile could not tame,
Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim.
For this ſhe ſhall in Aſhes mourn,
From *Europe*'s Envy turn her Scorn,
And curſe the Day that e'er gave Birth
To *Cecil*, or to *Monk* on Earth.
But as I onwards ſtrove to look,
The angry Siſter ſhut the Book,
And ſaid: No more, that fickle State
Shall know no further of her Fate;
Her future Fortunes muſt be hid,
Till her known Ills be remedy'd;
And ſhe to thoſe Reſentments come,
That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome*;
Or ſuch as did in Fury turn
The *Aſſyrian*'s Palace to his Urn.

The True Engliſhman. 1686.

CUrs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whoſe feeble Mind
Is turn'd about with ev'ry blaſt of Wind;
Who to Self-int'reſt baſely does give ear,
And ſuffers Reaſon to be led by Fear.
Only merits a true *Engliſh* Name,
Who always ſays, and does, and is the ſame;
Who dares be honeſt, tho at any rate,
And ſtands prepar'd to meet the worſt of Fate:
Who laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does deſpiſe,
And won't be knaviſh to be counted wiſe:
No publick Storm can his clear Reaſon blind,
Nor bad Example influence his Mind.

Let *M*——— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
For his aſpiring Projects and Amours,
Unman himſelf to ſneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
Run his red Snout in every Lady's Ear.
Let a leud Judg come reeking from a Wench,
To vent a wilder Luſt upon the Bench;
Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
Swell'd up with Envy, over-act his part;
Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd,
And ſtudy to be more than doubly damn'd.
Let a mean ſcoundrel Lord (for equal fear
Of hanging, or of ſtarving) falſely ſwear;
Let him, whoſe Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's Experience,
With ſcraps of broken Evidence, contrive
To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
Nay, tho he ſwears by the ſame Deities,
Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice
Let *Rumſey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Fa
That ſwarthy Off-ſpring of a Helliſh Race,
Whoſe Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
Brought an Epitome of all that's Evil:
Let him be perjur'd, and as raſhly damn
T' eternal Infamy his odious Name.
Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring St
And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's Hate;
Blinding by falſe Accounts of Men and Things,
The moſt indulgent and the beſt of Kings.
Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's Zeal,
(Not out of any Thought of doing well,
But in a pure defiance of the Law)
In bloody Lines his true Idea draw;
That Men may be inform'd, and early ſee,
What ſuch a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be
Of Royal Mercy let him ſtop the Source,
That Death may have a free and boundleſs Co

Till ſhivering Ghoſts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal Story tell.
Let the Court ſwarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bauds and (Whores,
And honeſt Men be all turn'd out of doors;
Let Atheiſm and Profaneneſs there abound,
And not an upright Man (God ſave the King) be found.
Let Men of Principles be in Diſgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place;
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Loſe their juſt Liberties, and be undone:
Let States-men ſt[illegible]den Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation ſhake;
Till ſtrange tempeſtuous Murmurs do ariſe,
And ſhow a Storm that's gath'ring in the Skies.
Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the Iſſue of their Actions wait;
But you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind,
Of *Engliſh* Principles, as well as kind,
You'll on the bottom of true Honour ſtand,
Firm as a Rock, unſhaken as the Land:
For when vaſt Seas of Trouble 'gainſt you beat,
They'l break, and force themſelves to a Retreat;
To Fate, no Flattery can e'er controul
A ſteddy, reſolute, heroick Soul.

To the Young Stateſmen. *By* J. Dryden, 1680.

1.

My *Larendon* had Law and Senſe,
And *Clifford* was fierce and brave,
Arlett's grave Look was a Pretence,
And *D——y*'s matchleſs Impudence
Help'd to ſupport the Knave.

2.

But *Sund——d*, *God——n*, *L——y*,
Theſe will appear ſuch Chits in Story,
They will turn all Politicks to Jeſts,

To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers ſing at Feaſts.

3.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd theſe Mad-men have?
Firſt, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Senſe,
And without Pow'r enſlave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile Shame;
Who from Conſent and Cuſtom, draw
The ſame Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to Reign?

5.

The Duke ſhall wield his conq'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make his Speech;
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt Word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford;
And then come kiſs my Breech.

6.

So have I ſeen a King on Cheſs,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Biſhops in Diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a Pawn.

Portſmouth's *Looking-Glaſs*. *By the* L. Roch

METhinks I ſee you newly riſen,
From your embroider'd Bed, and piſſing;
With ſtudied Mien and much Grimace,
Preſent your ſelf before your Glaſs,
To varniſh and rub o'er thoſe Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
To ſet your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all thoſe Powers you conquer with;

Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Pouders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuſe, and neatly ſpread
Upon your Cheeks the beſt *French* Red.
Indeed for Whites none can compare,
With thoſe you naturally wear:
And tho her Highneſs much delights
To laugh and talk about your Whites;
I never could perceive your Grace
Made uſe of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practiſe all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
Rattle, and ſmile, and wink and twink on't,
I almoſt makes me ſp—— to think on't.
Theſe are your maſter-ſtrokes of Beauty,
That keep poor *Rowley* to hard Duty:
And how can all theſe be withſtood
By frail and amorous Fleſh and Blood?
Theſe are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
As if a Conjurer's Rod had ſwitcht him;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongſt your Ladies, and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he ſits;
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares not when 'tis walking Weather:
Buſ'neſs and Power he has reſign'd,
And all things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a Miniſter of State,
Or any Treaſurer of late,
That's fawning and imperious too?
Who owes his Greatneſs all to you:
And as you ſee juſt Cauſe to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
Since 'tis you give us War and Peace,
Diſe Men, disband them as you pleaſe:
Like any Penſions, retrench Wages,
Or Petticoats, and luſty Pages:

Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suting the Judges to the Cauſe.
Learn'd *Scroggs*, and honeſt *Jefferеys*,
A faithful Friend to you, who e'er is;
He made the Jury come in booty,
And for your Service wou'd hang *Doughty*.
You govern every Council-meeting,
Make the Fools do as you think fitting.
Your Royal Cully has Command,
Only from you at ſecond hand;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and ſleeps while your Slaves ſteer:
And you are the bright Northern Star,
By which they guide this Man of War;
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better, were you better ——.
Many begin to think of late,
His Crown and C—— ds have both one date;
For as they fall, ſo falls the State.
And as his Reins prove looſe and weak,
The Reins of Government muſt break.

Tee Impartial Trimmer, 1682.

SINCE there are ſome that with me ſee the State
Of this declining Iſle, and mourn its Fate;
French Counſellors and Whores, *French* Education,
Have chang'd our Natures, and enſlav'd our Nation:
There was a Time when Barons boldly ſtood,
And ſpent their Lives for their dear Country's Good
Confirm'd our Charter, with a Curſe to light
On thoſe that ſhou'd deſtroy that ſacred Right,
Which Pow'r with Freedom can ſo well unite:
The hated Name of Rebel is not due
To him that is to Law and Juſtice true.

Brutus bold Part may juſtly claim Renown,
Preferring Right to Friendſhip and a Crown;
For 'twas not Treaſon then to keep our own.
But now the Nation with unuſual need
Cries help, where is our bold, our *Engliſh* Breed?
Popery and Slavery are juſt at hand,
And every Patriot is a *S*——*d*.
Shaftsbury's gone, another Change to try;
He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy.
No Head remains our Loyal Cauſe to grace,
For *Monmouth* is too weak for that High Place:
More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
His Dancing envy'd, and his Dreſſing prais'd;
Where ſtill ſuch Folly is ſo well protected,
Thoſe few that han't it are oblig'd t' affect it:
For Stateſmen, King, and Whore, and all have ſworn
T' advance ſuch Wit and Vertue as their own.
Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deſerves t' outbrave us,
If *Hyde* or *Hallifax* can e'er enſlave us;
Or he that kneels betwixt his Dogs and Whore,
Rul'd by a Woman he can uſe no more;
Whiſpers with Knaves, and jeſts all day with Fools,
Is chid to Council like a Boy to School:
Falſe to Mankind, and true to him alone,
Whoſe Treaſon ſtill attempts his Life and Crown.
Rouze up and cry, No Slavery, no *York*,
And free your King from that devouring Stork;
Tho lull'd with Eaſe and Safety he appear,
And truſts the Reins to him he ought to fear.
'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
Upon a Head that wou'd it ſelf dethrone.
This is the Caſe of our unthinking Prince,
Wheedl'd by Knaves, to rule 'gainſt common Senſe:
That we provok'd our Wrongs to juſtify,
Fight in his Reign his Brother's Title try.
Live long then *Charles*, ſecure of thoſe you dread,
There's not five Whigs that ever wiſh'd you dead.

For as old Men rarely of Gout complain,
That Life prolongs, but ſooths its wholeſom Pain:
So we with as ſmall cauſe (God knows) to boaſt,
Bear much with you, rather than with him roaſt.
For if a Subject does ſuch Terror bring,
What mayn't we fear from a revengeful King?
Both leud and zealous, ſtubborn in his Nonſenſe,
He'll ſacrifice Mankind to eaſe his Conſcience.
O happy *Venice*, whoſe good Laws are ſuch,
No private Crime the publick Peace can touch;
But we moſt wretched, while two Fools diſpute,
If *Leg* or *Armſtrong* ſhall be abſolute.

Bajazet to *Gloriana*, 1684.

FAIR Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
By what Degrees he took that Paſſion in,
That made him guilty of *Prometbean* Sin,
Who from the Gods durſt ſteal Celeſtial Fire;
And tho with leſs Succeſs, I did as high aſpire.
Ah! why (ye Gods) was ſhe of mortal Race,
And why 'twixt her and me was there ſo vaſt a ſpace?
Why was ſhe not above my Paſſion made?
Some Star in Heaven, or Goddeſs of the Shade?
And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
To any Beauty of the common Crowd.
None but the Brow that did expect a Crown,
Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.
I liv'd the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
Where-e'er I paſs'd, I ſwept the Street along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound;
And when I vainly ſpread my Wiſhes round,
They wanted nothing but my being crown'd.

Ye

Yet witneſs all ye ſpightful Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not ſpring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been leſs fair,
Leſs excellent, leſs charming than you are,
I had my honeſt Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood untainted had remain'd.
Witneſs ye Graces, and ye ſacred Bowers,
Ye ſhaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have paſt their Hours.
Witneſs how oft (all careleſs of their Fame)
They languiſh'd for the Author of their Flame:
And when I came reproach'd, my old reſerve
Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preſerve?
What ſighing Maid was next to be undone,
For whom I dreſt and put my Graces on?
And never thought (tho I feign'd ev'ry Proof
Of tender Paſſion) that I lov'd enough.
While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
Or the faint Pleaſure like a Dream enjoy'd;
'Twas *Gloriana*'s Eyes my Soul alone
With everlaſting Guſt could feed upon:
From her firſt Bloom my Fate I did purſue,
And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
The Beauty from the Princeſs to divide:
For he at once muſt feel, whom you inſpire,
Soft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Deſire.
My unconſidering Paſſion had not yet
Thought your Illuſtrious Birth for mine too great:
'Twas Love that I purſu'd, that God that leads
Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
But Oh! I had forgot that Flame muſt reſt
In your bright Soul, that makes th' Adorer bleſt;
Our ſacred Fire alone muſt you ſubdue,
'Tis that, not mine, can raiſe me up to you.

Yet

Yet if by chance m' Ambition meet a ſtop
With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope:
This new one ſtraight wou'd all the reſt confound,
How every Coxcomb aim'd at being crown'd;
The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Parts,
Who wanted Senſe enough for little Arts;
Whoſe compoſition was like *Cheder*-Cheeſe,
(In whoſe Production all the Town agrees)
To whom from Prince to Prieſt was added Stuff,
From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*.
Yet he with vain Pretenſions lays a Claim
To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign;
And when for Gods ſuch wretched Things ſet up,
Was it ſo great a Crime for me to hope?
No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
There is no Treaſon in ambitious Love;
That ſacred Antidote i' th' poiſon'd Cup
Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.
I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languiſhments, my ſoft Complaints and Pray'rs:
Artillery which was never ſent in vain,
Nor fails, where e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they return,
Meeting the ſolid Armour of your Scorn;
Scorn! By the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War
Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
Nay e'en in Battel from the Foe Defeat;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whoſe dull recompence
Wou'd ne'er atone for what they rob from thence;
Scandal of Coward, nay half-witted too,
Or ſiding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew;
Or ought but Scorn: and yet you muſt frown on,
Your Slave was deſtin'd thus to be undone;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

On King CHARLES, *by the Earl of* Rocheſter: *For which he was baniſh'd the Court, and turn'd* Mountebank.

IN the Iſle of *Great Britain* long ſince famous known,
For breeding the beſt C—— in *Chriſtendom*;
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The eaſieſt Prince, and beſt bred Man alive:
Him no Ambition moves to ſeek Renown,
Like the *French* Fool, to wander up and down,
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high Deſires above his Strength,
His Scepter and his —— are of a length;
And ſhe that plays with one may ſway the other,
And make him little wiſer than his Brother.
I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones that they ſit on,
From the Hector of *France* to the Cully of *Britain*.
Poor Prince, thy P—— like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs thee, becauſe it makes thee Sport:
Tho Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
'Twill break through all to make its way to ——.
Reſtleſs he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, ſcandalous and poor.
No *Carwel*, the moſt dear of all thy Dears,
The ſure Relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
So love ſo well, and to be lov'd ſo late.
But when in her he ſettles well his T——,
Let his dull graceleſs Buttocks hang an Arſe.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
The Pain it coſts to poor laborious *Nelly*,
While ſhe employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
Ere ſhe can raiſe the Member ſhe enjoys.

Cato's

Cato's *Anſwer to* Libanius, *when he advis'd him to go and conſult the Oracle of* Jupiter Hamon; *Tranſlated out of the 9th Book of* Lucan, *beginning at* Quid quin Labiene jubes, *&c.*

By Mr. John Ayloffe.

WHat ſhould I ask my Friends which beſt wou'd be,
To live enſlav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate,
Or Vertue bow beneath the Blows of Fate:
If Fortune's Threats a ſteddy Soul diſdains;
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the Pains:
If it our Happineſs at all import,
Whether the fooliſh Scene be long or ſhort:
If when we do but aim at Noble Ends,
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends:
If for bad Accidents, which thickeſt preſs
On Merit, we ſhould like a good Cauſe leſs,
Or be the fonder of it for Succeſs.
All this is clear, Words in our Minds it ſtrikes,
Nor *Hamon* nor his Prieſt can deeper fix.
Without the Clergy's venial Cant and Pains,
God's never-fruſtrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act, but what th' All-wiſe ordains:
Who needs no Voice, nor periſhing Word to awe
Our wild Deſires, and give his Creatures Law.
Whate'er we know, or needful was, or fit,
In the wiſe Frame of Human Souls is writ:
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He once for all did at our Birth declare;
But never did he ſeek out deſart Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a Corner of the World withdrew
Head of a Sect, or partial to a few.

Nature

Nature's vaſt Fabrick is his Houſe alone,
This Globe his Footſtool, and high Heaven his Throne;
In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excels,
In knowing Heads and honeſt Hearts he dwells.
Why ſeek we then among theſe barren Sands,
In narrow Shrines and Temples built with Hands,
Him whoſe dread Preſence does all Places fill,
Or look but in our Reaſon for his Will?
All we e'er ſaw is God, in all we find
Apparent Prints of the Eternal Mind.
Let flatt'ring Fools their courſe by Prophets ſteer,
And always of the Future live in fear:
No Oracle or Dream the Crowd is told,
Can make me more or leſs reſolv'd or bold;
But certain Death, which equally on all,
Both on the Coward and the Brave muſt fall.
This ſaid, and turning with Diſdain about,
He left ſcorn'd *Hamon* to the vulgar Rout.

The Lord Lucas's *Ghoſt.*

FROM the bleſt Regions of eternal Day,
Where Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' immortal (Ray;
Where Liberty and Innocence reſide,
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride;
Where pious Patriots, that have ſhed their Blood
For ſacred Truths, and for the publick Good,
Now reſt ſecure: from thence (poor Iſle) I come
To ſee thy Sorrows, and bewail thy Doom;
Thy ſore Oppreſſions, and thy piercing Cry,
Diſturb our Reſt, and drown our Harmony.
When ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* did their God reject,
And in his ſtead an Idol-King erect:
Heaven's flaming Sword he brandiſh'd in his Hand,
And dreadful Thunder ſtruck their ſinful Land;

Till

Till Penitence aton'd his ſinful Ire,
And quench'd the Rage of his conſuming Fire.
But this poor Land ſtill feels the dire Effect
Of his juſt Wrath, who his mild Reign reject.
Unhappy Iſle, how oft haſt thou been curſt
With fooliſh Kings! but this of all's the worſt.
The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful Fiends
This R——l Plague all other far tranſcends.
From him, the Fountain, all our Miſchiefs flow;
From him the Fire, from him the War aroſe.
With *Rome* he plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
With *France* combines t' enſlave the People too.
No Man muſt near his ſacred Perſon come,
Unleſs he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
With harden'd Face he 'ſſaults the Frail and Fair,
Uſes his Power the Vertuous to enſnare.
With Troops of Vice he conquers Liberty,
Depreſſes Vertue, enthrones Tyranny;
Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the Bold,
Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
Lift up thy Head, afflicted Iſle, and hear,
The Time of thy Deliverance draws near;
His full-blown Crimes will certainly pull down
A ſlow, but ſure Deſtruction on his Crown.
His loathed Acts thy Freedom's Birth ſhall cauſe,
Secure Religion, produce wholeſom Laws.
No more the Poor the Rich one ſhall devour;
No more ſhall Right yield to oppreſſive Pow'r:
No more ſhall Rapine make the Country groan,
Nor Civil Wars ſhall reign within the Town:
The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
Shall ceaſe henceforth to bruiſe thy happy Land.
Rome's *Hocus Pocus* Miniſters no more
Shall cauſe Mankind their juggling Prieſts t' adore:
Thy Learned Clergy ſhall confound them all,
And they, like *Ely*'s Sons, unpity'd fall.
Dark Miſts of Errors then muſt fly away,
And Hell's Deluſions ſhrink from the bright Day.

Truth's

Truth's ſacred Light in full abundance ſhall
Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
For all the World, the leſſer Gods did fly;
His bright Appearance ſtruck their Prophets dumb,
And Death, like Silence, did their Gods intomb.
The tuneful Spheres with Hallelujahs rung,
Heaven's mighty Hoſt with Man one Chorus ſung
Ne'er-fading Glory unto God above,
Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
Thus the Creation ſhouted with one Voice;
Thus Heav'n and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
And thus ſhall all repeat this Song again,
When upon Earth he ſhall begin to reign.
But this lov'd Iſle ſhall be the choſen place,
Here ſhall the King of Kings begin his Race:
Judea was his Cradle and the Tomb,
Britain ſhall be his Throne in time to come.

An *EPITAPH.*

Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb,
An *Atheiſt*, by declaiming *Rome*:
A Rebel bold, by ſtriving ſtill
To keep the Laws above the Will;
And hindring thoſe wou'd pull them down,
To leave no Limits to a Crown:
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government.
Oh! whither muſt his Soul be ſent?
Of Heaven it muſt needs deſpair,
If that the Pope be Turn-key there;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tyrannick Reign;
And Purgatory's ſuch a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Senſe.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
Where Pope and Devil have nought to do.

The Brazen-Head, 1688.

WHAT ſtrepitantious Noiſe is it that ſounds
From raiſed Banks, or from the lower Grounds
From hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from far,
Threatning Confuſions of a dreadful War?
What diſmal Cries of People in Deſpair,
Fill the vaſt Region of the troubled Air?
The Tune of Horror, or of what's as ſtrange,
That ſtrikes uneven like a World of change,
With ſuch a bold Surprize attacks my Senſe,
Beyond the Power of Counſel or Defence?
But tho blind Fortune rolls her turning Wheel
With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
This Surge of Fate, puſh'd on with Fire and Steel?
Ye precious Moments of ſerener Days!
When many Victories enlarg'd my Praiſe,
And all things ran in a moſt eaſy Stream,
Back unto me their Ocean and Supreme;
Are you all vaniſh'd by the ſudden Fright,
And left m' encompaſs'd with a diſmal Night?
By my own Subjects in ſuſpicion held,
Murmurings as bad, as if they had rebel'd?
Ye all-controling Powers of things above!
Whoſe eaſier Dictates guide the World by Love,
Avert th' impendent Miſeries, and ſhow
Us Earthly Gods to govern here below.

The Anſwer.

'TIS well you've thought upon the chiefeſt Cauſe;
Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws.
Let the great Monarch this good Motto wear,
Not only in his Arms, but every where:
Integer Vitæ, is my whole Defence;
Sceleriſque purus, a moſt ſtrong Defence;

Non eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Jaculis nec Arcu, which Contentions breed;
Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis
Pharetra, to make Loyal his own Cities.

Upon the Execrable Murder of the Right Honorable Arthur *Earl of* Eſſex.

MOrtality wou'd be too frail to hear,
How *ESSEX* fell, and not diſſolve with Fear;
Did not more generous Rage take off the Blow,
And by his *Blood* the ſteps to Vengeance ſhow.

The Tow'r was for the Tragedy deſign'd,
And to be ſlaughter'd, he is firſt confin'd;
As fetter'd Victims to the Altar go:
But why muſt noble *ESSEX* periſh ſo?
Why with ſuch fury drag'd into his Tomb,
Murder'd by Slaves, and ſacrific'd to *Rome?*

By ſtealth they kill, and with a ſecret Stroke
Silence that Voice which charm'd whene'er it ſpoke:
The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
More like ſome mighty Deluge than a Wound.
Thro the large Space his Blood and Vitals glide,
And his whole Body might have paſt beſide.
The reeking Crimſon ſwell'd into a Flood,
And ſtream'd a ſecond time in *Capel*'s Blood.
He's in his Son again to death purſu'd,
An Inſtance of the high'ſt Ingratitude.
They then malicious Stratagems employ,
With Life his dearer Honour to deſtroy,
And make his Fame extinguiſh with his Breath,
And act beyond the Cruelties of Death.
Here Murder is in all its ſhapes compleat,
The Lines united in their Centre meet;

Form'd by the blackeſt Politicks of Hell:
Was *Cain* ſo dev'liſh when his Brother fell?

He that contrives, or his own Fate deſires,
Wants Courage, and for fear of Death expires;
But mighty *ESSEX* was in all things brave,
Neither to *Hope*, nor to *Deſpair*, a Slave.
He had a Soul too *Innocent* and *Great*
To fear, or to anticipate his Fate:
Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt,
Charge on himſelf the precious Blood they ſpilt.
So were the *Proteſtants* ſome years ago
Deſtroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe;
By their own barbarous Hands the Madmen die,
And maſſacre themſelves, they know not why:
Whilſt the kind *Iriſh* howl to ſee the Gore,
And pious Catholicks their Fate deplore.
If you refuſe to truſt erroneous Fame,
Royal *Mac-Ninny* will confirm the ſame.

We have loſt more in injur'd *Capel*'s Heir,
Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair.
Nature indulg'd him ſo, that there we ſaw
All the choice Strokes her ſteddy Hand could draw:
He the old *Engliſh* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantagenets* alive.
Grandeur and Fortune, and a vaſt Renown,
Fit to ſupport the Luſtre of a Crown:
All theſe in him were potently conjoin'd,
But all was too ignoble for his Mind:
Wiſdom and *Vertue*, Properties Divine,
Thoſe, God-like *ESSEX*, were intirely thine.

In this great Name he's ſtill preſerv'd alive,
And will to all ſucceeding Times ſurvive
With juſt Progreſſion, as the conſtant Sun
Doth move, and thro its bright Ecliptick run.

For whilſt his Duſt does undiſtinguiſh'd lie,
And his bleſt Soul is ſoar'd above the Sky,
Fame ſhall below his parted Breath ſupply.

An Eſſay upon Satyr: By J. Dryden, *Eſq;*

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a Beaſt,
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove
In every Age the lumpiſh *Maſs* to move:
But thoſe were Pedants when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; ſo that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satyr has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell Men freely of their fouleſt Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In *Satyr* too the Wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar Praiſe.
Some did all Folly with juſt Sharpneſs blame;
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd them into ſhame:
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
(As Men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt:)
Yet if we may preſume to blame our Guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides;
In other things they juſtly are prefer'd,
In this alone methinks the Antients err'd:
Againſt the groſſeſt Follies they diſclaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch Blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit:
Beſides, 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to *Armſtrong*, or dull *Aſton* teach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wiſe at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendſhip to *Whitehall*;

But with ſharp Eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt Mind;
That little Speck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble Toil,
Beyond the looſe-writ Libels of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage;
Above all Cenſure too, each little Wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit:
Who judging better, tho concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch Correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a Satyr all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Story-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated Wit laid by:
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And griev'd to find her ſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common Coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear;
Not fluttering Officers, who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who would write?
Much leſs Half-Wits, that's more againſt our Rules
For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as *Dunbar?*
As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr?*
The cunning Courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull Knavery makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhreud Fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like *Æſop*'s Fox, becomes a Prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the Royal Miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhiming Fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſauntering *Charles* between his beaſtly Brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected Humour or a painted Face.
In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him:

How

How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever Prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and *Ayleſ——y*, with all that Race
Of buſy Blockheads ſhall have here no place;
At Council ſet as foils on *D——by*'s ſcore,
To make that great falſe Jewel ſhine the more:
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains, and telling lyes.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous Men,
Their very Names have tir'd my lazy Pen;
'Tis time to quit their Company, and chuſe
Some fittter Subject for a ſharper Muſe.
First, let's behold the merrieſt Man alive,
Againſt his careleſs Genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear Eaſe, ſome deep Deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the Day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt Friends, and be
Juſt as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
But when he aims at Reaſon or at Rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt in ridicule.
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That Shadow of a Jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho he left all Mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So Cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till Mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from her Friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
We muſt fall back to our old Fleſh and Blood.
Nay, by our little *Matchiavel* we find, [E. of *S—y*.
(That nimbleſt Creature of the buſy kind)
His Limbs are crippled, and his Body ſhakes,
Yet his hard Mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor Companion takes.

What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee that drag his feeble Legs about?
Like Hounds ill-coupled, Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro Hedges, Ditches, and thro all that's ill.
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo, tho 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe Comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps, his vig'rous Thoughts can ſoar:
Alas, that ſoaring to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilſt on the ground th' intranced Wretches lie;
So modern Fops have fancy'd they could fly:
Whilſt 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the moſt part building Caſtles there.
As the new Earl with Parts deſerving praiſe, [*E. of E*
And *Wit* enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loſes all ſoft Days and ſenſual Nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his Quiet all he can,
For the fine Notion of a buſy Man:
And what is that at beſt but one whoſe Mind
Is made to tire himſelf, and all Mankind?
For *Ireland* he would go, Faith let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtick Lord would fain
Carry my Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other *Beaſt* that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittily contrives?
Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones,
To turn a Wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond *Man*, to get a Stateſman's Name,
Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
Tho *Satyr* nicely writ, no Humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit Praiſe in other things;

Yet we muſt needs this one Exception make,
And break our Rules for ſilly *Tropos* ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd:
Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
From railing ſmoothly, and from reaſoning wrong.
As Boys on Holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh Traps for Girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs,
Some ſilly Cit in flower'd fooliſh Dreſs:
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel Reaſon on the ground;
To ſee the florid Fool deſpis'd (and know it)
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it;
(For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, ſometimes the wittieſt Speaker.)
But 'tis prodigious, ſo much Eloquence
Should be acquir'd by ſuch a little Senſe;
For Words and Wit did antiently agree,
And *Tully* was no Fool, tho this Man be:
At Bar abuſive, on the Bench unable,
Knave on the Wool-Sack, Fop at Council-Table.
Theſe are the Grievances of ſuch Fools as wou'd
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of *Wits* muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs Errors hurt themſelves alone:
Exceſs of Luxury they think can pleaſe,
And Lazineſs call loving of their Eaſe;
To live diſſolv'd in Pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Tho their whole Life's but intermitting Pain.
So much of Surfeits, Head-achs, Claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning Men, who make this groſs miſtake,
And Pleaſure loſe only for Pleaſure's ſake.
Each Pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of Pain, we ſquander Life away.
Thus *D—ſet* purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer Puſs ne'er thought of that:

And firſt he worry'd her with railing Rhime,
Like *Pembroke*'s Maſtiffs at his kindeſt time;
Then for one Night ſold all his ſlaviſh Life,
A teeming *Widow*, but a barren *Wife*;
Suckl'd by contract of ſuch a fulſom Toad,
He lug'd about the matrimonial Load:
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his Liberty;
Which he would uſe in all his ſneaking way,
Drinking all Night, and dozing all the Day:
Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his briſker Times
Had fam'd for Dulneſs in malicious Rhimes.
Mul——ve had much ado to ſcape the Snare,
Tho learn'd in thoſe ill Arts that cheat the Fair:
For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
With Beauty dazled, *Numps* was in the Stocks.
Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
Th'impatient Town waited the wiſh'd-for Change,
And Cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet Revenge;
Till *Petworth* Plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his Eſtate, his Perſon too was free.
Him no ſoft Thoughts, no Gratitude could move,
To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his Freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much Wealth and Pow'r
Break not his boaſted Quiet every hour.
And little *Sid—y* for *Simile* renown'd,
Pleaſures has always ſought, but never found:
Tho all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The Fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His Meat and Miſtreſſes are kept too long;
But ſure we all miſtake this pious Man,
Who mortifies his Perſon all he can.
What we uncharitably take for Sin,
Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin*;

For never Hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common Senſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No Naſtineſs offends his skilful Noſe:
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar Art
Extract Perfume, and Eſſence from a F——t.
Expecting Supper is his great Delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for's want of Wit,
Tho thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet:
For while he miſchief means to all Mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo like Witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs Malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his Words, affected is his Wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit:
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks.
Mean in each Action, leud in every Limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that Chance alone makes every Creature,
A very *Killigrew* without Good-Nature.
For what a *Beſſus* has he always liv'd!
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd:
For (there's the folly that's ſtill mixt with fear)
Cowards more Blows than any Hero bear.
Of fighting Sparks ſome may her Pleaſures ſay,
But tis a bolder thing to run away:
The World may well forgive him all his Ill,
For every Fault does prove his Penance ſtill:
Falſly he falls into ſome dangerous Nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A Life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe Injury, and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
Forgot by almoſt all as well as me.

Some-

Sometimes he has ſome Humour, never Wit;
And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-Woman's Trade;
Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So leudly dull his idle Works appear,
The wretched Texts deſerve no Comments here;
Where one poor Thought's ſometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of Dulneſs to atone:
'Mongſt forty bad, one tolerable Line,
Without Expreſſion, Fancy, or Deſign.
How vain a thing is *Man*, and how unwiſe,
Ev'n he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own Vanity and Pride can't ſee.
While the World's Nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhown,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may Angels ſeem, we paint them Elves,
And are but Satyrs to ſet up our ſelves.
I who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my Maſters, who firſt Satyr taught;
And did by that deſcribe the Task ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward:
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty Hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

Upon an undeſerving and ungrateful Miſtreſs, whom he could not help loving.

Being a Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of Ovid's *Tenth Elegy.* Lib. 3. Amorum.

I HAVE too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her Falſeneſs my fond Love has born;

My Freedom and my Wits at length I claim;
Be gone baſe Paſſion, die unworthy Flame!
My Life's ſole Torment, and my Honour's Stain,
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end the lingring Pain!
I have reſolv'd I'll be my ſelf once more,
Long baniſh'd Reaſon to her Right reſtore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick Sway, that ſtill encroaching Power.
My growing Shame I ſee at laſt, tho late,
And my paſt Follies both deſpiſe and hate.
Hold out my Heart, nor let her Beauty move,
Be conſtant in thy Anger as thy Love:
My preſent Pains ſhall give thee future Eaſe,
As bitter Potions cure, tho they diſpleaſe.
'Tis for this end, for Freedom more aſſur'd,
I have ſo long ſuch ſhameful Chains endur'd.
Like a ſcorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
And proud Repulſes ſuffer'd every day:
Without complaining, baniſh'd from her ſight,
On the cold ground I ſpent the tedious Night;
While ſome glad Rival in her Arms did lie,
Glutted with Love, and ſurfeited with Joy.
Thence have I ſeen the tir'd Adulterer come,
Dragging a weak exhauſted Carcaſe home.
And yet this Curſe a Bleſſing I eſteem,
Compar'd with that of being ſeen by him;
By him deſcry'd attending in the Street,
May my Foes only ſuch Diſgraces meet!
What toil and time has this falſe Woman coſt?
How much of unreturning Youth has for her ſake been loſt?
How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate,
Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait?
Her Steps, her Looks were ſtill by mine purſu'd,
And watch'd by me, ſhe charm'd the gazing Croud.
My diligent Love and over-fond Deſire,
Has been the means to kindle others fire.
What need I mention every little Wrong,
Or curſe the Softneſs of her ſoothing Tongue?

The

The private Love-ſigns that in publick paſs,
Between her and ſome common ſtaring Aſs.
The Coquet Art her faithleſs Heart allows,
Or tax her with a thouſand broken Vows:
I hear ſhe's ſick, and with wild haſt I run,
Officious Haſte, and Viſit importune.
Entring, my Rival on her Bed I ſee,
The politick Sickneſs only was to me.
With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride:
My batter'd *Bark* has reach'd the Port at laſt,
Nor fears again the *Billows* it has paſt.
Ceaſe your ſoft Oaths, and that ſtill ready Show'r,
Thoſe once dear words have loſt their charming Pow'r;
In vain you flatter, I am now no more
That eaſy Fool you found me heretofore.
Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
Each ſtrives by turns my ſtaggering Heart to gain:
But what can long againſt Love's force contend?
My Love, I fear, will conquer in the end:
I'll do whate'er I can to hate you ſtill,
And if I love, know 'tis againſt my will.
So the Bull hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
Yet what he hates, his ſtubborn Neck muſt bear.
Her Manners oft my Indignation raiſe,
But ſtrait her *Beauty* the ſhort Storm allays:
Her Life I loath, her Perſon I adore;
Much I contemn her, but I love her more.
Both with her, and without her, I'm in pain,
And rage to loſe what I ſhould bluſh to gain.
Uncertain yet at what my Wiſhes aim,
Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
That Angel Form ill ſutes a Form all Sin;
Ah! be leſs fair without, or more within!
When theſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
In vain I call her Vices to my aid:

Tho now diſdaining the Diſguiſe of Art,
In my eſteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a nat'ral Right has to my Heart.
No Crimes ſo black as to deform her Eyes,
Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter when theſe Suns ſhall riſe.
Enough fair Conqueror, the Day's your own,
See at your feet Love's vanquiſh'd Rebel thrown,
By theſe dear Joys, (Joys dear, tho they are paſt)
When in the kindeſt Links of Love we held each other faſt;
By th'injur'd Gods your falſe Oaths did profane,
By all thoſe Beauties that ſupport and feed your proud Diſdain;
By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex elect,
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
And equal with a Pow'r Divine reſpect:
By every Feature of a Turn ſo fine,
And by thoſe Arms that charm and dazle mine.
Spare ſome new Triumphs, cheriſh without Art
This over-faithful, this too tender Heart:
A Heart that was reſpectful while it ſtrove,
But yielding is all blind impetuous Love.
Live as you pleaſe, torment me as you will,
Still are you fair, and I muſt love you ſtill.
Think only, if with juſt and clement Reign,
A willing Subject you would chuſe to gain,
Or drag a conquer'd Vaſſal in a Chain:
But to whatever Conduct you incline,
Do, ſuffer, be, what my worſe Fears divine,
You are, you ought, you muſt, you ſhall be mine.
Reaſon, for ever the vain ſtrife give o'er,
Thy cruel Wiſdom I can bear no more:
Let me indulge this one ſoft Paſſion's Rule,
Curb vexing Senſe, and be a happy Fool;
With full-ſpread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
That down Love's Current drives me faſt away.

The

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Officious Haſte, and Viſit importune.
Entring, my Rival on her Bed I ſee,
The politick Sickneſs only was to me.
With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride:
My batter'd *Bark* has reach'd the Port at laſt,
Nor fears again the *Billows* it has paſt.
Ceaſe your ſoft Oaths, and that ſtill ready Show'r,
Thoſe once dear words have loſt their charming Pow'r;
In vain you flatter, I am now no more
That eaſy Fool you found me heretofore.
Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
Each ſtrives by turns my ſtaggering Heart to gain:
But what can long againſt Love's force contend?
My Love, I fear, will conquer in the end:
I'll do whate'er I can to hate you ſtill,
And if I love, know 'tis againſt my will.
So the Bull hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
Yet what he hates, his ſtubborn Neck muſt bear.
Her Manners oft my Indignation raiſe,
But ſtrait her *Beauty* the ſhort Storm allays:
Her Life I loath, her Perſon I adore;
Much I contemn her, but I love her more.
Both with her, and without her, I'm in pain,
And rage to loſe what I ſhould bluſh to gain.
Uncertain yet at what my Wiſhes aim,
Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
That Angel Form ill ſutes a Form all Sin;
Ah! be leſs fair without, or more within!
When theſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
In vain I call her Vices to my aid:

Tho now diſdaining the Diſguiſe of Art,
In my eſteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a nat'ral Right has to my Heart.
No Crimes ſo black as to deform her Eyes,
Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter when theſe Suns ſhall riſe.
Enough fair Conqueror, the Day's your own,
See at your feet Love's vanquiſh'd Rebel thrown,
By theſe dear Joys, (Joys dear, tho they are paſt)
When in the kindeſt Links of Love we held each other faſt;
By th'injur'd Gods your falſe Oaths did profane,
By all thoſe Beauties that ſupport and feed your proud Diſdain;
By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex elect,
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
And equal with a Pow'r Divine reſpect:
By every Feature of a Turn ſo fine,
And by thoſe Arms that charm and dazle mine.
Spare ſome new Triumphs, cheriſh without Art
This over-faithful, this too tender Heart:
A Heart that was reſpectful while it ſtrove,
But yielding is all blind impetuous Love.
Live as you pleaſe, torment me as you will,
Still are you fair, and I muſt love you ſtill.
Think only, if with juſt and clement Reign,
A willing Subject you would chuſe to gain,
Or drag a conquer'd Vaſſal in a Chain:
But to whatever Conduct you incline,
Do, ſuffer, be, what my worſe Fears divine,
You are, you ought, you muſt, you ſhall be mine.
Reaſon, for ever the vain ſtrife give o'er,
Thy cruel Wiſdom I can bear no more:
Let me indulge this one ſoft Paſſion's Rule,
Curb vexing Senſe, and be a happy Fool;
With full-ſpread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
That down Love's Current drives me faſt away.

The

The Town-Life.

ONCE how I doated on this jilting Town,
Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
Till I her Beauties artificial found,
Her Pleaſures but a ſhort and giddy Round:
Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd,
Grown with the fulſom Repetition cloy'd;
Love's Miſts then vaniſh from before his Eyes,
And all the Ladies Frailties he deſcries.
Quite ſurfeited with Joy, I now retreat
To the freſh Air, a homely Country Seat, (Meat
Good Hours, Books, harmleſs Sports, and wholeſom
And now at laſt I've choſe my proper Sphere,
Where Men are plain and ruſtick, but ſincere.
I never was for Lyes nor Fawning made,
But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade.
I tell what Merits got Lord —— his Place,
And laugh at marry'd *M——ve* to his face.
I cannot veer with ev'ry Change of State,
Nor flatter Villains, tho at Court they're great:
Nor will I proſtitute my Pen for hire,
Praiſe *Cromwell*, damn him, write the *Spaniſh Fryar*:
A *Papiſt* now, if next the *Turk* ſhould reign,
Then piouſly tranſverſe the *Alcoran*.
Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
Be-Criſt, this is a Whiggiſh Calumny,
All Vertues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
Might I diſpute with him, I'd change his Note,
I'd ſilence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
This powerful way of Reaſoning never miſt;
None are ſo poſitive, but then deſiſt,
As I will, e'er it come to that Extreme;
Our Folly, not our Miſery, is our Theme.
Well may we wonder what ſtrange Charm, what Spell,
What mighty Pleaſures in this *London* dwell,

Tha

That Men renounce their Eaſe, Eſtates and Fame,
And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name:
That one of ſeeming Senſe, advanc'd in Years,
Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
Others exchange their Land for tawdry Clothes,
And will in ſpite of Nature paſs for Beaus.
Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
Each Man for ſomething proper did ordain;
Yet moſt againſt their Genius blindly run,
The wrong they chuſe, and what they're made for, ſhun.
Thus *A——n* thinks for State-Affairs he's fit,
Hewit for ogling, *Chomly* for a Wit:
But 'tis in vain, ſo wiſe, theſe Men to teach;
Beſides, the King's learn'd Prieſts ſhould only preach.
We'l ſee how Sparks the tedious Day employ,
And trace them in their warm purſuit of Joy:
If they get dreſs'd (with much ado) by Noon,
In queſt of Beauty to the *Mall* they run,
Where (like young Boys) with Hat in hand they try
To catch ſome flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.
Thus *Gray* purſues the Lady with a Face,
Like forty more, and with the ſame ſucceſs,
Whoſe jilting Conduct in her Beauty's ſpite,
Loſes her Fame, and gets no Pleaſure by't.
The ſecret Joys of an Intrigue ſhe ſlights,
And in an Equipage of Fools delights:
So ſome vain Heroes for a vain Command,
Forfeit their Conſcience, Liberty, and Land.
But ſee *High Maſs* is done, in Crowds they go;
What, all theſe *Iriſh*, and *Moll Howard* too!
'Tis very late, to *Locket*'s let's away,
The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not ſtay.
Expecting Dinner, to diſcourſe they fall,
Without reſpect of Morals cenſuring all:
The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
He's a vain Coxcomb, ſhe's a common Whore:
No Obligation can their Jeſts prevent;
Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,
Torments the Bearer till he gives it vent:

Tho

Tho this offends the Ear as that the Noſe;
No matter, 'tis for Eaſe, and out it goes.
But what they talk (too nauſeous to rehearſe)
I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verſe.
After a dear-bought Meal they haſte away,
To a Deſart of ogling at the Play.
What's here which in the Box's front I ſee!
Deform'd old Age, Diſeaſes, Infamy!
Warwick, *North*, *Paget*, *Hinton*, *Martin*, *Willis*,
And that Epitome of Leudneſs, *Ellys*:
I'l not turn that way, but obſerve the Play,
Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of *Banks* to day:
Beſides, ſome *Iriſh* Wits the Pit invade
With a worſe din than Cat-call Serenade.
I muſt be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair;
If not good Company, we'l find good Air.
Here with affected Bow and Side-Glaſs Look,
The ſelf-conceited Fool is eaſily took.
There comes a Spark with ſix in Tarſels dreſt,
Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beaſt:
Like Scullers on the *Thames* with frequent Bow,
They labour, tug, and in their Coaches row;
To meet ſome Fair one, ſtill they wheel about,
Till ſhe retires, and then they hurry out.
But next we'l viſit where the Beaus in order come,
('Tis yet too early for the Drawing-Room)
Here *Nowels* and *Olivio's* abound,
But one plain *Manly* is not to be found:
Flatt'ring the preſent, th' abſent they abuſe,
And vent their Spleen and Lyes, pretending News!
Why, ſuch a Lady's pale, and would not dance;
This to the Country gone, and that to *France*:
Who's marry'd, ſlip'd away, or miſt at Court,
Others Misfortunes thus afford them ſport.
A new Song is produc'd, the Author gueſt,
The Verſes and the Poet made a Jeſt.

Live Laureat *E——er*, in whom we ſee
The *Engliſh* can excel Antiquity.
Dryden writes Epick, *Wooſley* Odes in vain,
Virgil and *Horace* ſtill the chief maintain:
He with his matchleſs Poems has alone,
Bavius and *Mevius* in their way outdone.
But now for Cards and Play they all propoſe,
While I who never in Good-breeding loſe,
Who cannot civilly ſit ſtill, and ſee
The Ladies pick my Purſe, and laugh at me,
Pretending earneſt buſineſs drive to Court,
Where thoſe who can do nothing elſe reſort.
The *Engliſh* muſt not ſeek Preferment there,
For *Mack's* and *O's* all Places deſtin'd are.
No more we'll ſend our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding once wou'd do:
They for Improvement muſt to *Ireland* ſail,
The *Iriſh* Wit and Language now prevail.
But ſoft my Pen, with care this Subject touch;
Stop where you are, you ſoon may write too much!
Quite weary with the hurry of the Day,
I to my peaceful home direct my way;
While ſome in Hack, and Habit of Fatigue,
May have (but oft pretend) a cloſe Intrigue:
Others more open to the Tavern ſcour,
Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
As ſafe as thoſe with Quality perhaps,
For *N——rgh* ſays great Ladies can give Claps:
Somewhere they're kept, and many where they keep,
Moſt ſee an eaſy Miſtriſs e'er they ſleep.
Thus Sparks may dreſs, dance, play, write, fight, get drunk,
But all the mighty pother ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the Modern Tranſlators.

Odi Imitatores ſervum pecus, &c.

By Mr. P——r.

SINCE the united Cunning of the Stage,
Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age;
Since *Betterton* of late ſo thrifty's grown,
Revives old Plays, or wiſely acts his own;
Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
Makes the compleateſt Poet of our Times.
Thoſe who with nine Months toil had ſpoil'd a Play,
In hopes of eating at a full Third Day,
Juſtly deſpairing longer to ſuſtain
A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Atoning for bad Plays with worſe Tranſlations;
And like old *Sternhold*, with laborious Spite,
Burleſque what nobler Muſes better write.
Thus while they for their Cauſes only ſeem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So breaking Vintners to increaſe their Wine,
With nauſeous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
So barren Gypſies for Recruit are ſaid,
With Strangers Iſſue to maintain the Trade;
But leſt the fair Bantling ſhould be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.
In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
But to ſave the Town-Cenſure, and leſſen his Fears,
Join'd with a Spark, whoſe Title makes me civil,
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil:
Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid*'s Letters flow,
That the Tranſlation is a work for two;
Who in one Copy join'd, their ſhame have ſhown,
Since *T*——*e* could ſpoil ſo many, tho alone.
My Lord I thought ſo generous would prove,
To ſcorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:

But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
And that when part of *Hudibraſs*'s Horſe
Jog'd on, the other would not hang an Arſe:
So when fleet *Jowler* hears the joyful hollow,
He drags his ſluggiſh Mate, and *Tray* muſt follow.
But how could this learn'd Brace imploy their time?
One conſtru'd ſure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
Or it with theſe, as once at *Rome*, ſucceeds,
The *Bibulus* ſubſcribes to *Cæſar*'s Deeds:
This, from his Partner's Acts enſures his Name,
Oh ſacred thirſt of everlaſting Fame!
That could defile thoſe well-cut Nails with Ink,
And make his Honour condeſcend to think:
But what Excuſe, what Preface can atone,
For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has ſingly done?
Bayes, whoſe *Roſe-Ally* Ambuſcade injoin'd
To be to Vices which he practis'd kind;
And brought the Venom of a ſpiteful *Satyr*,
To the ſafe Innocence of a *dull Tranſlator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought moſt fit
To violate the *Mantuan Prophet*'s Wit,
And more debauch what looſe *Lucretius* writ.
When I behold the rovings of his Muſe,
How ſoon *Aſſyrian* Ointment ſhe would loſe
For Diamond Buckles ſparkling at their Shoes:
When *Virgil*'s Height is loſt, when *Ovid* ſoars,
And in Heroicks *Canace* deplores
Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
In lofty Verſes make *Maximin* blaſpheme,
Or ſing in ſofter Airs St. *Katherine*'s Dream.
Nay, I could hear him damn laſt Age's Wit,
And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
His Envy ſhou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,
And baniſh Senſe with *Johnſon* from the Stage:
His Sacrilege ſhould plunder *Shakeſpear*'s Urn,
With a dull Prologue make the Ghoſt return,

To bear a ſecond Death, and greater Pain,
While the Fiend's Words the Oracle profane.
But when not ſatisfy'd with Spoils at home,
The Pirate would to foreign Borders roam;
May he ſtill ſplit on ſome unlucky Coaſt,
And have his Works or Dictionary loſt:
That he may know what *Roman* Authors mean,
No more than does our blind Tranſlatreſs *Behn*,
The Female Wit; who next convicted ſtands,
Not for abuſing *Ovid*'s Verſe, but *Sand*'s:
She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
(Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
That VVit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
VVhen more of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art:
Nor ſtrive in *Ovid*'s Letters to have ſhown
As much of Skill, as Leudneſs in her own.
Then let her from the next inconſtant Lover,
Take a new Copy for a ſecond Rover:
Deſcribe the Cunning of a jilting VVhore,
From the ill Arts her ſelf has us'd before;
Thus let her write, but paraphraſe no more.
R——mer to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
VVhich Providence in contradiction meant,
Tho he Predeſtination could prevent,
And with bold Dulneſs tranſlate Heaven's Intent.
Raſh Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
That antient Criticks were excel'd by you:
Each little VVit to your Tribunal came,
To hear their Doom, and to ſecure their Fame.
But for Reſpect you ſervilely ſought Praiſe,
Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
VVhile wiſe Reflections and a grave Diſcourſe,
Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horſe.*
So diſcontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
From ſleeping Judges to the noiſy Crew;
Chang'd awful Ermin for a ſervile Gown,
And to an humble fawning ſmooth'd his Frown:

The *Simile* will differ here indeed,
You cannot verſify, tho he can plead.
To painful *Creech* my laſt Advice deſcends,
That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces home,
Not be a ſecond *Hannibal* to *Rome.*
But ſince no Counſel his Reſolves can bow,
Nor may thy Fate, O *Rome*, reſiſt his Vow:
Debar'd from Pens, as Lunaticks from Swords,
He ſhould be kept from waging VVar with VVords:
VVords which at firſt like Atoms did advance
To the juſt meaſure of a tuneful Dance,
And jumpt to Form, as did his VVorlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town,
The VVits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And ſwear the early Atheiſt for their own.
Had he ſtopt here——but ruin'd by Succeſs,
VVith a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Preſs,
Till, as his Volumes ſwel'd, his Fame grew leſs.
So Merchants flatter'd with increaſing Gain,
Still tempt the Falſhood of the doubtful Main:
So the firſt running of the lucky Dice,
Does eager Bully to new Bets intice;
Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
And *Ames-Ace* loſes what kind *Sixes* won.
VVitneſs this Truth *Lucretia*'s wretched Fate,
VVhich better have I heard my Nurſe relate;
The Matron ſuffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin*'s Luſt ſo vile as *Creech*'s Pen;
Witneſs thoſe Heaps his Midnight Studies raiſe,
Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in Praiſe:
Both writ ſo much, ſo ill, a doubt might riſe,
Which with moſt Juſtice might deſerve the Prize;
Had not the firſt the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.
Wits of a meaner Rank I wou'd rehearſe,
But will not plague your Patience nor my Verſe:

†

In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
And with their Writings may their Folly die.
Nor why ſhould we poor *Ovid* yet purſue,
And make his very Book an Exile too,
In Words more barbarous than the Place he knew?
If *Virgil* labour'd not to be tranſlated,
Why ſuffers he the only thing he hated?
Had he foreſeen ſome ill officious Tongue,
Wou'd in unequal Strains blaſpheme his Song;
Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame ſhould e'er prevent
The juſt Performance of his wiſe Intent:
Smiling h'had ſeen his martyr'd Work expire,
Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may thoſe Thefts excuſe,
That *Virgil* was the Draught of *Homer*'s Muſe:
That *Horace*'s by *Pindar*'s Lyre was ſtrung,
By the great Image of whoſe Voice he ſung.
They found the Maſs, 'tis true, but in their Mould
They purg'd the droſſy Oar to current Gold:
Mending their Pattern, they eſcap'd the Curſe,
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worſe.
But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhime,
And loſe the Senſe to make the Poem chime:
When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
To raviſh *Milkmaids* in our Engliſh Plains;
And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
Muſt, like our Locuſt *Hugonots*, be poor:
I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
And traffick in our own, tho homely Ware;
Whilſt from themſelves the honeſt Vermin ſpin,
I'd like the Texture, tho the Web be thin:
Nay, take *Crown*'s Plays, becauſe his own, for Wit;
And praiſe what *Durfey*, not tranſlating, writ.

The

The Parliament-Houſe to be Lett, 1678.

1.

HERE's a Houſe to be Lett,
For *C*——*s B*———*d* ſwore,
On *Portſmouth*'s bare Arſe,
He wou'd ſhut up the Door.

2.

Inquire at the Lodgings
Next Door to the *Pope*,
At Duke *Lauderdale*'s Head,
With a Crevat of Rope.

3.

And there you will hear
How next he will lett it;
If you pay the old Price,
You may certainly get it.

4.

He holds it in Tail
From his Father, who faſt
Did keep it long ſhut,
But paid for't at laſt.

Advice to Apollo, 1678.

I'VE heard the Muſes were ſtill ſoft and kind,
To Malice Foes, to gentle Love inclin'd;
And that *Parnaſſus* Hill was freſh and gay,
Crown'd ſtill with Flow'rs, as in the faireſt *May*;
That *Helicon* with Pleaſures charm'd the Soul,
Could Anger tame, and reſtleſs Care controul;
That bright *Apollo* ſtill delights in Mirth,
Chearing (each welcome day) the drowſy Earth.
Then whence comes Satyr? is it Poetry,
O great *Apollo*, God of Harmony!

Far be't from thee, this cruel Art t'inſpire;
Then ſtrike theſe Wretches who thus dare aſpire
To tax thy gentleneſs, making thee ſeem
Malicious as their Thought, harſh as their Theme.
First, ſtrike Sir *Carr*, that Knight o'th' wither'd Face,
Who (for th' reverſion of a Poet's Place)
Waits on *Melpomene*, and ſooths her Grace:
That angry Miſs alone he ſtrives to pleaſe,
For fear the reſt ſhould teach him Wit and Eaſe,
And make him quit his lov'd laborious VValks,
VVhen ſad or ſilent o'er the Room he ſtalks,
And ſtrives to write as wiſely as he talks.
Next with a gentle Dart ſtrike *Dryden* down,
VVho but begins to aim at the Renown
Beſtow'd on *Satyriſts*, and quits the Stage,
To laſh the witty Follies of the Age.
Strike him but gently, that he may return,
VVrite Plays again, and his paſt Follies mourn:
H'had better make *Almanzor* give Offence
In fifty Lines, without one word of Senſe,
Than thus offend, and wittily deſerve
VVhat will enſue, with his lov'd Muſe to ſtarve.
D——ſet writes Satyr too, but writes ſo well,
O great *Apollo!* let him ſtill rebel,
Pardon a Muſe which does ſo far excel.
Pardon a Muſe which does with Art ſupport
Some drouſy VVit in our unthinking Court.
But *M——ve* ſtrike with many angry Dart,
He who profanes thy Name, offends thy Art;
Ne'er ſaw thy Light, yet would uſurp thy Pow'r,
And govern VVit, and be its Emperor:
In fee with *Dryden* to be counted wiſe,
VVho tells the *World* he has both VVit and Eyes.
Rocheſter's eaſy Muſe does ſtill improve
Each hour thy little wealthy *World* of Love,
(That *World* in which each Muſe is thought a Queen)
That he muſt be forgiv'n in Charity then;

Tho his ſharp Satyrs have offended thee,
In Charity to Love, who will decay,
VVhen his delightful Muſe (its only ſtay)
Is by thy Pow'r ſeverely ta'en away.
Forbear (then) Civil VVars, and ſtrike not down
Love, who alone ſupports thy tott'ring Crown.
But ſaucy *Sh—pard* with th' affected Train,
VVho Satyrs write, yet ſcarce can ſpell their Name,
Blaſt, great *Apollo*, with perpetual Shame.

The Duel of the Crabs: By the Lord B ——— ſt.
Occaſion'd by Sir R. Howard's *Duel of the Stags.*

IN *Milford-Lane* near to St. *Clement*'s Steeple,
There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Chriſtian People.
A Nymph ſhe was, whoſe comely Mien and Stature,
VVhoſe height of Eloquence, and every Feature,
Struck thro the heart of City and of *Whitehall*,
And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all;
Under her beauteous Boſom there did lie
A Belly ſmooth as Ivory:
Yet Nature, to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part:
No Park with ſmootheſt Lawn or higheſt VVood,
Cou'd e'er compare with this admir'd Abode.
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair
To take their Pleaſure, and uneaſe their Care.
Here the diſtreſſed Lover, that had born
His haughty Miſtreſs Anger, or her Scorn,
Came for Relief; and in this pleaſant Shade,
Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
And yet what Corner of the *World* is found,
VVhere Pain or Pleaſure does not ſtill ſurround?
One wou'd have thought that in this ſhady Grove,
Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love.
But Heaven directed otherwiſe; for here,
I'th' midſt of Plenty, bloody VVars appear:

The

The Gods will frown where-ever they do ſmile,
The Crocodile infeſts the fertile Soil.
Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plains,
Forbid all Pleaſures to the fearful Swains;
Wild Beaſts in Foreſts do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin 'midſt of their Delight.
Thus in the Shade of this dark ſilent Bower,
Strength ſtrives with Strength, and Power vies with Power.
Two mighty Monſters did this Wood infeſt,
And ſtruck ſuch Awe and Terror in the reſt,
That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boaſt
He e'er with greater Rigour rul'd the roaſt.
Each had his Empire, which he kept in Awe,
Was by his Will obey'd, allow'd no Law:
Nature ſo well divided had their States,
Nought but Ambition could have chang'd their Fates:
For 'twixt their Empire ſtood a briny Lake,
Deep as the Poets do the Centre make;
But dire Ambition does admit no Bounds,
There are no limits to aſpiring Crowns.
The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conqueſts bold,
Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indian*'s Gold:
The *Carthaginian* Hero did not ſtay,
Becauſe he met vaſt Mountains in his way:
He paſs'd the *Alps* like *Molehills*; ſuch a Mind
As thinks on Conqueſt will be unconfin'd.
Both with theſe haughty thoughts one courſe to tend,
To try if this vaſt Lake had any end:
Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
They might by Conqueſt get eternal Fame.
After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
At length they find the place ſo much deſir'd:
Where, in a little time, each does deſcry
The glimpſe of an approaching Enemy.
They in this Sight do equal Pleaſure prove,
As we ſhould do in well-rewarded Love:
Blood-thirſty Souls, whoſe only perfect Joy
Conſiſts in what their Fury can deſtroy.

And

And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
And each the other unto War incite;
In vain, alas, for all their Force and Strength
Was quite conſumed by their Marches length:
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,
Reſolve by ſingle Fight to try the Day.
Each does the other with Contempt defy,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die;
Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
In expectation who ſhou'd give 'em Law:
While the amaz'd Spectators, full of Care,
Hope for a better, or worſe Tyrant fear.
And now theſe Princes meet, now they engage
With all their chiefeſt Strength and higheſt Rage;
Now with their Inſtruments of Wrath they puſh,
As Hills in Earthquakes on each other ruſh.
Where their Militia lies, is ſtill in doubt,
Whether like Elephants upon their Snout;
Or if upon their Heads vaſt Horns they wore,
Or if they fought with Tusks like the wild Boar,
Some *Greſhamites* perhaps, with help of Glaſs,
And poring long upon't, may chance to gueſs.
But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
What were their chiefeſt Inſtruments of Rage.
With ſmall or no Advantage they proceed,
Both are much bruiſed, and their Wounds do bleed:
Both keep their Anger, both do loſe their Force;
Both get the better, neither get the worſe.
Juſtice her ſelf might put into each Scale
One of theſe Princes, and ſee neither fall.
Spur'd on by Fury, now they both provide,
To let one Grapple this great Cauſe decide.
Joining, they ſtrive, and ſuch reſiſtance make,
Both fall together in the briny Lake;
Where from the trouble of a tott'ring Crown,
Each mighty Monarch is laid gently down:
Both Armies at this Sight amazed ſtand,
In doubt, who ſhall obey, who ſhall command.

In

In this Extremity they both agree,
A Commonwealth their Government ſhall be.

Inſtructions to his Miſtreſs how to behave her ſelf Supper with her Husband, 1682.

SINCE to reſtrain our Joys, that ill, but rude
Familiar thing, your Husband, will intrude;
For a juſt Judgment, may th' unwelcome Gueſt
At this Night's lucky Supper eat his laſt.
O how ſhall I with Patience e'er ſtand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy!
His wanton Hands in her ſoft Boſom warms,
And folds about her Neck his claſping Arms.
O torturing Sight! but ſince it muſt be ſo,
Be kind, and learn what 'tis I'd have you do.
Come firſt be ſure; for tho the Place may prove
Unfit for all we wiſh, you'l ſhow me Love:
When call'd to Table, you demurely go,
Gently in paſſing, touch my Hand, or ſo:
Mark all my Actions, well obſerve my Eye,
My ſpeaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I do ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languiſhingly lean:
But if you're pleas'd with what I do, or ſay,
Steal me a Smile, and ſnatch your Eyes away:
When you reflect on our paſt ſecret Joys,
Hold modeſtly your Fan before your Eyes;
And when the nauſeous Husband tedious grows,
Your lifted Hands with ſcornful Anger cloſe,
As if you call'd for Vengeance from above,
Upon that dull Impediment to Love.
A thouſand skilful ways we'l find to ſhow
Our mutual Love, which none but we ſhall know.
I'l watch the parting Glaſs where'er you drink,
And where your Lips have touch'd it, kiſs the Brim

Like ſtill the Diſh that in your reach does ſtand,
Taking the Plate, I ſo may feel your Hand.
But what he recommends to you to eat,
Coyly refuſe, as if you loath'd the Meat;
Nor let his Matrimonial Right appear,
By any ill-tim'd Houſhold-freedom there:
Let not his fulſom Arms embrace your Waſt,
Nor lolling Head upon your Boſom reſt.
One Kiſs would ſtrait make all my Paſſion known,
And my fierce Eyes with Rage would claim their own.
Yet what thus paſſes will be done i' th' Light,
But Oh! the Joys that may be kept from Sight;
Thoſe cunning Arts that I ſo oft have us'd,
Make me now fear to be my ſelf abus'd;
To clear my Doubts, ſo far your Chair remove,
As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.
Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry Health,
And let the tutor'd Page add Wine by ſtealth.
The Sot grown drunk, we eaſier may retire,
And do as the Occaſion will require.
But after all (alas) how ſmall the Gains
Will be, for which we take ſuch mighty Pains!
Torn from my Arms you muſt go home to bed,
And leave your poor forſaken Lover dead:
Cruel Divorce! enough to break my Heart,
Without you promiſe this before we part;
When my bleſt Rival goes to reap his Joy,
Receive him ſo as may the Bliſs deſtroy:
Let not the leaſt kind mark of Love eſcape,
But all be Duty and a lawful Rape;
So deadly cold, and void of all Deſire,
That like a Charm it may put out the Fire.
But if compel'd you ſhould at laſt comply,
When we meet next, be ſure you all deny.

The Seſſion of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Laure

1.

Apollo concern'd to ſee the Tranſgreſſions
Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
Gave order once more to ſummon a Seſſions,
Severely to puniſh th' Abuſes of Wit.

2.

Will d'Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o't
To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his will
But *Apollo*, it ſeems, had heard a Report,
That his choice of new Plays did ſhow h'had no Skill

3.

Beſides, ſome Criticks had ow'd him a ſpite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
That damnable Farce, *The Houſe to be Lett.*

4.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being ſet,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt. Clifford*, and Spiritual *Spratt*
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade

5.

Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
Becauſe he knew it was the firſt Caſe
The Duke e'er did ask the Advice of his Friends,
And ſo wiſh his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

6.

O yes being made, and Silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as ſoon as he ſaw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He ſcarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroul.

7.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'reſt the greater,
Suſpecting before what would come to paſs,
Procur'd him his Couſin *Fitzharding*'s Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arſe.

8.

Guy with his Paſtoral next went to Pot,
At firſt in a doleful Study he ſtood,
Then ſhew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.

Humerous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to ſplutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him firſt get
A Muſe not ſo common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

10.

A number of other ſmall Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made ſport;
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in concluſion whip'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom. Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill luck in Battel, but worſe in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
But *Apollo* did think ſuch Impudence fit
To be thruſt out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

13.

Savage miſſing *Cowley*, came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play;
Every one gave him ſo bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could ſay.

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a Rebuke,
Unleſs he had done ſome notable Folly;
Writ Verſes unjuſtly in praiſe of *Sam. Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;

Tho

Tho his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worſt Panegyrick that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirly* ſtood up, and made an Excuſe,
Becauſe many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had ſwitch'd and ſpur-gall'd his Muſe,
But ſtill the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length ſent in *Teague* with a Packet of News,
Wherein the ſad Knight, to his Grief, did diſcover
How *Dryden* had lately rob'd him of his Muſe.

18.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family ſwear and rant,
Deſiring their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
The Thief might be fined for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit,
The Cenſure of ev'ry Man did diſdain,
Pleading ſome pitiful Rhymes he had writ
In praiſe of the Counteſs of *Caſtlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho never took notice of till that day,
Impatiently ſat till it came to his round,
Then roſe and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* ſtark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd t' appeaſe his Choler,
By owning the Play, and ſwearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and ſpur'd to the Bar did advance,
Where ſinging a damn'd nonſenſical Song,
The Youth and his Muſe were ſent into *France*.

23.

Newcaſtle and's Horſe for entrance next ſtrives,
Well ſtuff'd was his Cloke-bag, and ſo was his Breeches:
And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Poſſet-ma-
P[illegible]'d out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Eſſays and Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here?
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiſs,
And home again, home again take thy Career,
To provide her freſh Straw, and a Chamber that dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke ſat and formally ſmil'd at the reſt;
But *Apollo*, who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Teſt,
But his Muſe was ſo ſtiff ſhe ſcarcely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age, deſir'd a Reward;
It ſeems in her Age ſhe doated on Praiſe:
But *Apollo* reſolv'd that ſuch a bold Bard
Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

[illegible]*pleton* ſtood up, and had nothing to ſay,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to deſpair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Barthol'mew*-Fair.

28.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whiſper'd *Apollo*, in caſe he wou'd praiſe
Selyndra, he ſhou'd have a Bout with the Wench.

29.

[illegible]*ſt* and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Tranſlators of *Pompey*, diſpute in their Claim;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was ſneaking away,
But ſomebody ſpy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo tho he'd not ſeen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud:

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among thoſe young Fellows that ſpoil the Fren
Then beck'ning to him, whiſper'd in his Ear, (Play
And gave him good Counſel inſtead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whoſe Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper*'s-Hill ſtands;
And brought many Stationers who ſwore very hard,
That nothing ſold better except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write ſomething more,
To clear a Suſpicion which poſſeſs'd the Court,
That *Cooper*'s-Hill, ſo much brag'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
But *Apollo* bad him not be ſo fierce;
And advis'd him to lay aſide making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worſe and worſe.

35.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a Huff,
Swearing Damn him he had writ the beſt Plays;
But *Apollo* it ſeems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great diſcontent went away,
Whilſt *D' Avenant* againſt *Apollo* did rage;
Becauſe he declar'd the *Secret*'s a Play,
Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilſon ſtood up and wildly did ſtare,
When on a ſudden ſtept in a bold *Scot*;

And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would ſwear,
The ſaid Maiſter *Wilſon* mought paſs for a Sot.

38.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis ſaid,
Wou'd in no wiſe allow of any *Scotch* Wit:
Then *Wilſon* in Spite made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd anſwer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges ſtood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e'er he tranſlated more Plays,
He'd crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a Cloſe-ſtool.

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German* Princeſs appear'd,
Whom if *D'Avenant* he got as ſome do ſuppoſe,
Apollo ſaid the Pillory ſhould crop off his Ears,
And make them more ſutable unto his Noſe.

41.

Rhodes ſtood and play'd at bo-peep in the door;
But *Apollo* inſtead of a *Spaniſh* Plot,
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

42.

Ibridge and *Shadwel*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himſelf in a very great Rage;
Becauſe their beſt Friends ſo freely had deal'd,
As to tell them their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then ſeeing a Crowd in a Tumult reſort,
Well furniſh'd with Verſes, but loaded with Plays;
Forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by th' Ears for the Bays.

DESIRE. A Pindarick.

WHAT art thou, O thou new-found Pain?
From what Infection doſt thou ſpring?
Tell me, O tell me, thou inchanting thing,
Thy Nature and thy Name.
Inform me by what ſubtil Art,
What pow'rful Influence,
You got ſuch vaſt Dominion in a part
Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
Oh miſchievous Uſurper of my Peace!
Oh ſoft Intruder on my Solitude!
Charming Diſturber of my Eaſe,
That haſt my nobler Fate purſu'd,
And all the Glories of my Life ſubdu'd.

Thou haunt'ſt my inconvenient Hours;
The Buſineſs of the Day, nor Silence of the Night
That ſhou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
Where haſt thou been this live-long Age,
That from my Birth till now,
Thou never didſt one Thought ingage,
Or charm my Soul with the uneaſy Rage,
That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
Where wert thou, O malicious Sprite,
When ſhining Glory did invite?
When Int'reſt call'd, then thou wert ſhy,
Nor one kind Aid to my Aſſiſtance brought,
Nor wouldſt inſpire one tender Thought,
When Princes at my Feet did lie.
When thou couldſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantom, thou wert nice and coy.
Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of laviſh Men;

Not all the powerful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor ſacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft Play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs cou'd fan thee to a Fire;
No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd — *Something* — to *Deſire*.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs;
Have ſearch'd and ſought thee every-where,
In ſilent Groves, in lonely Bowers;
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wiſhing lie,
In ſhelt'ring Woods, where ſighing Maids
To their aſſigning Shepherds hie,
nd hide their Bluſhes in the Gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there, tho Youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
y Heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;
hy lucky Aid was wanting to prevail.
In Courts I ſought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou in Crouds wert ſtifled there;
tereſt did all the loving Bus'neſs do,
rites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too:
if by chance ſome Heart thy Empire own,
! Pow'r ingrate! the Slave muſt be undone.
Tell me thou nimble Fire, that doſt dilate
Thy mighty Force through every part,
What God or Humane Power did thee create,
In my (till now) unfacil Heart?
Art thou ſome welcome Plague ſent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Diſguiſe?
Or the falſe Off-ſpring of miſtaken Love,
ot by ſome ſoft Thought, that feebly ſtrove
ith the bright piercing Beauties of *Lyſander*'s Eyes?
Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou doſt thy Being owe;
'Tis thou the Bluſhes doſt impart,
'Tis thou that trembleſt in my Heart.

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
I faint and die with pleaſing Pain;
My Words intruding, Sighings break,
Whene'er I touch the charming Swain;
Whene'er I gaze, whene'er I ſpeak,
Thy conſcious Fire is mingled with my Love.
As in the ſanctify'd Abodes
Miſguided Worſhippers approve
The mixing Idols with their Gods.
In vain (alas) in vain I ſtrive,
With Errors which my Soul do pleaſe and vex;
For Superſtition will ſurvive,
Pure Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philoſophers in Love,
That can theſe burning fev'riſh Fits controul,
By what ſtrange Arts you cure the Soul,
And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye Fair Ones, you that give Deſire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire:
Oh wou'd you but confeſs the Truth,
It is not real Vertue makes you nice:
But when you do reſiſt the preſſing Youth,
'Tis want of dear Deſire to thaw the Vigin-Ice.
And while your young Adorers lie
All languiſhing and hopeleſs at your Feet;
Raiſing new Trophies to your Chaſtity,
Oh, tell me how you do remain diſcreet,
And not the Paſſion to the Throng make known,
Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one?
How you ſuppreſs the riſing Sighs,
And the ſoft yielding Soul that wiſhes in your Eyes.
While to th' admiring Crowd you nice are found,
Some dear, ſome ſecret Youth, who gave the Wou
Informs you all your Vertue's but a Cheat,
And Honour but a falſe Diſguiſe,
Your Modeſty a neceſſary Slight

To gain the dull Repute of being wiſe?
Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
And veil your Paſſion and your Pride.
But now I've found your Weakneſs by my own,
From me the needful Fraud you cannot hide.
For, tho with Vertue I the World perplex,
Lyſander finds the feeble of my Sex:
So *Helen*, tho from *Theſeus* Arms ſhe fled,
To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

On the Prince's going to England *with an Army to reſtore the Government*, 1688.

Hunc ſaltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere Sæclo
Ne prohibete—*Virg. Georg. Lib.* 1.

ONCE more a FATHER and a SON falls out:
The World involving in their high Diſpute;
Remoteſt *India*'s Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the leſſer Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
A Prize well worth th' uncommon Venture run.
Him a falſe Pride to govern unreſtrain'd,
And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,
Millions oppreſſing to enrich a few.
Him Juſtice urges, and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
For Law and Reaſon's Power he does engage,
Againſt the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
There all the Licence of unbounded Might:
Here conſcious Honour and deep Senſe of Right,
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.

Greatneſs the one, Glory the other fires,
This only can deſerve what that deſires.
This ſtrives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what they moſt abhor and fear.
Ceſar and *Pompey*'s Cauſe by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Trial's brought,
Again at laſt *Pharſalia* muſt be fought.
Ye fatal Siſters! now to Right be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey*'s Fate amends.
In *Orange*'s great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

On his Royal Highneſs's Voyage beyond Sea,
March 3. 1678.

R. H. they ſay is gone to Sea,
Deſigned for the *Hague*;
But *Portſmouth*'s left behind to be
The Nation's Whoriſh Plague.

Some think he went unwillingly;
Say others, he was ſent there:
But moſt conclude for certainty,
He's gone to keep his Lent there.

What need I to apologize?
'Tis ſaid, nothing more true is,
The chiefeſt part of's Errand lies,
To fetch in Couſin *Lewis*.

That both together, as they ſay,
If one may dare to ſpeak on't;
Thro Hereticks Throats may cut their Way,
To bring in *James* the Second.

By Yea and Nay, the Quaker cries,
How can we hope for better?

Truth's not in him that this denies;
Read *Edward Coleman*'s Letter.

Gar gar, the Jockey ſwears faw things;
Man, here is mickle Work;
Dee'l ſplit his Wem, he's ne'er be King,
Whoes Name does rhime to *Pork*.

Cot's ſplutter a Nails, the *Welchman* cries,
Got ſheild her frow her Foes;
He ne'er ſhall be a Prince of *Wales*,
That wears a *Roman* Noſe.

The RABBLE.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And wiſe Men want Support:
A riſing Country threatens there,
And here a ſtarving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treaſury provides:
Bulkley's, *Go*———*n*'s only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde*'s.

Rowley too late will underſtand,
What now he ſhuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careleſs Mind.

England is now 'twixt thee and *York*,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the lumpiſh Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

1.

'TWere Folly for ever,
The Whigs to endeavour
Diſowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em:
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern, tho no body choſe 'em?
They that bore Sway,
Knew not one would obey,
Did *Trincalo* make ſuch a ridiculous Pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
To ſtrike Monarchy dead,
They choſe themſelves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Ruſſel* and *Hambden*,
To ſerve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
T' appoint my Lord *Howard*
Of his own Purſe and Credit to raiſe Men and Mony?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Thoſe brisk Boys unſpy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury*'s Whiſtle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he ſhou'd bring,
Like a true *Brentford* King,
Was here with a whoop, and gone with a hollow.

3.

Algernon Sidney,
Of Common-wealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occaſion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore diſpers'd it all over his Cloſet.
It was not the writing
Was prov'd, or indicting;

Tho he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling ?

4.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State, Sir,
Shou'd cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new Freak
Make *Braddon* and *Speak*
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
A Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is Evidence ſtrong of his deſperate Guilt, Sir;
So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of Horror and Dread,
Run his Sword through his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the Caſe hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*,
That lov'd his juſt Rights more than thoſe of his High-
Oh diſloyal Ears, (neſs?
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the Papiſts a Kindneſs.
An old doting Citt,
With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
Againſt the *French* Mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
Were leſs dull than his Eyes,
For both them were ſhut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
Can't ſhew ſuch a Father,
So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
As our good King is,
To labour to bring his
By Tricks to ſubſcribe to a Sham-Declaration.
'Twas very good Reaſon
To pardon his Treaſon, To

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
To merit whoſe Grace,
He muſt in the firſt place
Confeſs he's diſhoneſt under his Hand, Sir,

7.

Since Fate the Court bleſſes
With daily Succeſſes,
And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
Whilſt our Duke *Nero*,
The Churches blind Hero,
By Murder is planting his Faith Apoſtolick:
Our modern Sages,
More wiſe than paſt Ages,
Think ours to eſtabliſh by Popiſh Succeſſors;
Queen *Beſs* never thought it,
And *Cecil* forgot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addreſſers.

The Battel-Royal, A Dream, 1687.

AS reſtleſs on my Bed one Night I lay,
Hoping with Sleep to eaſe the Toils of Day,
I thought, as graver Coxcombs us'd to do,
On all the Miſchiefs we had late run through,
And thoſe which are now likely to enſue:
What 'tis that thus the frantick Nation dreads,
And from what Cauſe their Jealouſy proceeds;
Whither at laſt, to what Event and End,
Theſe ſad Preſages probably might tend.
For as Phyſicians always chuſe to know
Th' original Cauſe from whence Diſtempers flow;
And by their early Symptoms boldly gueſs,
Whether or no their Art ſhall have Succeſs:
So I, like a young bold State-Emp'rick too,
Did the ſame Methods, and ſame Courſe purſue;
Till with variety of Thoughts oppreſt,
I turn'd about to ſleep and take my reſt:

While

While Fancy like a Queen alone bore Sway,
And did this Viſion in a Dream convey.
Unknown, and unperceiv'd, I was, methought,
Into a cloſe retiring Chamber brought,
And by my Guide behind the Hangings plac'd,
Where I cou'd hear and ſee whatever paſs'd:
When in a Corner of the Room there ſat
Three fierce Contenders in a hot Debate;
And on a Table lay before them there
The Directory, Maſs, and Common-Pray'r.
This in a Cloke, That had a ſhaven Crown,
The other in a Surcingle and Gown;
Who by his Garb, Demeanor, and grave Look,
I for a Church of *England* Preacher took:
For howſoe'er they're dreſs'd, they may be known
By a peculiar Carriage of their own.
At firſt I heard a ſtrange confuſed Sound,
Nor cou'd the Meaning nor the Senſe expound:
Till he I mention'd laſt in Rage up roſe,
And partly thro the Mouth and thro the Noſe,
Did thus his whining Sentiments diſcloſe.
And is this all the great Reward we muſt
Enjoy for being faithful to our Truſt?
Will all the Services we've done the King,
No better Recompence and Profit bring?
And can our boaſted Loyalty return
No other Payment but Contempt and Scorn?
Muſt we thus baſely from our Hopes fall down,
And grow the publick Scandal of the Town?
As our inſulting Pride and Government
Has been the publick Grievance and Complaint,
Our Prebends, and our Biſhops too, turn'd out,
Depriv'd, and ſcorn'd, *in querpo* walk about.
And muſt a Tranſubſtantiating Prieſt
Be with their goodly Lands and Lordſhips bleſt?
Did we for this the *Popiſh Plot* deride,
And all our Senſe and Nonſenſe too apply'd,

To

To blind the People's Reaſon and their Eyes,
To take it for a Sham and mere Device:
Our beſt and learned'ſt of Divines employ
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry;
Set bawling *P——ing* up to talk it down,
And fill with canting Raillery the Town?
Did we for this young *Levites* ſend about,
To charm the Rabble, and poſſeſs the Rout
With feign'd Chymera's of a ſtrange Deſign
Againſt the Church, and State, and Royal Line?
And vilely *Ruſſel* and the reſt remov'd,
When neither Crime or Plot was ever prov'd?
Nay, did we all for this the Church diſown,
And coin a new Religion of our own,
Of a more ſpruce and faſhionable Make,
Than was the old; and boldly undertake
By Scripture for to prove the Common-Prayer,
When we well knew there's no ſuch Matter there?
Yet like the Calves at *Bethel* ſet it up,
And made them all before the Idol ſtoop;
And whoſoe'er the Buſineſs would diſpute,
We did by Fines and Pillory confute.
O precious Book! the deareſt thing that's ours,
Except our Livings and our *Sine-Cures*;
For which, might they but ſtill with us abide,
We'd part with thee, or any thing beſide:
As heretofore without reluctance we,
Have truckt our forfeit Conſciences for thee:
But thoſe are going too——No more he cou'd,
Prevented by an overflowing Flood
Of Tears, which his lawn Band and Gown beſmear'd
As th' Ointment drench'd his Predeceſſor's Beard.
The ſubtile Prieſt who had reſolv'd to ſtay,
Till he had ſpoken all he had to ſay;
Seeing the Wretch with too much Grief o'erlaid,
Stood up, and thus the following Anſwer made.
'Tis true, you've done all this, and ten times more
As bad or worſe than we have done before;

And if ye think ye have oblig'd the King,
Who were but under-Actors in the thing;
Then what do we deſerve, whoſe Wit and Brain
Contriv'd the Plot and every private Scene?
For tho a Conqueſt always is obtain'd,
And by each Soldier's ſingle Valour gain'd;
Yet thoſe who did command and lead them on,
Share all the open Honour and Renown.
Ye were our Inſtruments and Drudges too,
As *Rumney*, *Keeling*, *Howard*, were to you;
Who when they brought about your own Deſign,
You left them to themſelves to ſtarve and pine.
So we the grand Projectors of the Plot,
Who did to you your ſeveral parts allot,
Having no further Service to employ,
Think fit, as uſeleſs Tools, to lay you by.
Beſides, what Title or Pretence have you
To any thing ye hold as right and due,
Since they were ſettled firſt on us alone,
And could no other Lords and Maſters own;
Till ye by Rapine, Sacrilege and Force,
Diſcas'd us of our Rights, and made them yours?
Nor can a Caſe more legal e'er appear,
At Court of Conſcience, or at Chanc'ry Bar,
Than what ye did by Violence obtain,
Should to their antient Lords return again.
But that which you ſo much inſiſt upon,
Your boaſted Loyalty and Service done,
From whence ye moſt erroneouſly infer'd
The Juſtice of your Claim to a Reward,
Is a mere Trifle and a weak Defence,
With no Validity of Conſequence:
For there's no Reaſon he ſhould be repaid,
Who undeſignedly a Kindneſs did;
When all the while his Thoughts were fix'd upon
His own Advancement and Increaſe alone;
And all the Profit that to me he brings,
Is by the bye, and natural Courſe of things.

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'Twas Rancour, Envy, mere Revenge and Spite,
That made you thus againſt Fanaticks fight;
And the dear Dread of loſing all ye had,
That firſt engag'd your Malice on our ſide,
To plead the Royal Cauſe, and to promote
The King's Concern, and for Succeſſion vote;
When ye could any other way have kept
The Saddle, and in Eaſe and Safety ſlept.
TheKing might have been baniſh'd,hang'd,or drown'd
E'er Succour or Relief from you have found:
But Matters and Affairs as yet are not
To ſuch a difficult Conjuncture brought,
But that a handſom Fetch may bring ye off
With Honour and Security enough:
One gentle Turn will all the Bus'neſs do,
Advance your Livings, and ſecure them too;
Safe ye ſhall lie from all Fanatick Harms,
Encircled in your Mother-Churches Arms,
From which ye've ſtray'd ſo long, and now to whom
Ye ought in Duty and Reſpect to come.
The mournful *Levite* ſtraight prick'd up his Ears,
As glad that things were better than his Fears,
And joyful heard what means the Prieſt had found,
That might for his dear Benefice compound:
Compos'd his Band, and wip'd his blubber'd Cheeks,
Stood up again, and thus demurely ſpeaks.
The Proverb to my Caſe I may apply,
Winners may juſtly laugh, and Loſers cry:
For when I thought my Livelihood was gone,
It was no wonder that I ſo took on;
As 'tis none now, Smiles ſhould my Gladneſs ſhew,
For theſe good Tydings I receive from you.
Therefore, dear Sir, let us our Hearts combine,
And both in League againſt Diſſenters join.
My ſelf I under your Tuition place,
For Management and Method in the caſe,
How to proceed.—The Cloke, who all this while
Had unprovok'd and unconcern'd ſat ſtill,

And wiſely what they'd both be at he gueſt,
Stood up to ſpeak, and to compleat the Jeſt:
But glowing Anger had ſo now prevail'd,
That in the firſt attempt he ſtop'd and fail'd;
And when he found his Tongue to be confin'd,
He made his active Hands declare his Mind.
The one engag'd the *Levite* on the place,
And with the Directory ſmote his face.
Confounded with the ſtroke, he ſtagger'd round,
And falling in his wrath tore up the ground.
T'other he laid directly o'er the Cheſt,
ent Ecchoes from the hollow Breaſt of Prieſt:
Who ſtumbling as he went to take his flight,
ell proſtrate o'er his new-made Proſelyte.
n both their Bodies mounts the nimble Cloke,
nd this his *Epicinium* manly ſpoke:
Dejected Wretches, there together lie,
pity'd, unbewail'd by every Eye!
ay After-Ages your curſt Names deride,
s we your damn'd Hypocriſys and Pride:
o mark remain to know what ye have bin,
t the Remembrance of your Curſe and Sin;
hich ſhall down Time's continual Tide deſcend,
o propagate your fatal Shame and End.
may they fall, and all they that deſign,
hoe'er in league againſt the Truth combine,
an unarm'd defenceleſs Hand like mine.
as'd with the Conqueſt of victorious Cloke,
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An Epitaph upon Felton, *who was hang'd in Chains for murdering the Old Duke of* Buckingham.

Written by the late Duke of Buckingham.

HERE uninter'd ſuſpends, tho not to ſave
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
Felton's dead Earth; which to the World will be
Its own ſad Monument, his Elogy:
As large as Fame, which whether bad or good,
I ſay not; by himſelf 'twas wrote in Blood:
For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
Arch'd o'er with Heaven, ſet with a thouſand fair
And glorious Stars: a noble Sepulchre,
Which Time it ſelf can't ruinate; and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to ſpare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot ſhare
His Fleſh; which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears; 'daining thoſe Obiequies
Belong to Men ſhall laſt, till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

An Answer to Mr. Waller's *Poem on* Oliver's *Death, call'd,* The Storm.

Written by Sir W—— G——n.

'TIS well he's gone (O had he never bin!)
Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin:
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
That with his Soul his Body too might burn.
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft like his, great *Romulus* did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow.
Strange, that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
Without the Ax: so *Orpheus* went to Hell;
At whose descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted station left.
In battel *Herc'les* wore the Lion's Skin;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within:
Whose Heart was brutish more than Face or Eyes,
And in the shape of Man was in disguise.
Wherever Men, wherever Pillage lies,
Like rav'nous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies:
Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring home Rapine thro a purple Flood:
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser to the greater World.
In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made Three Kingdoms subject to his Rage.
One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
Tho he still fought with Heaven it self in's hand:

Nor would domeſtick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.
The *Britiſh* Youths in foreign Courts are ſent,
Towns to deſtroy, but more to Baniſhment;
Who ſince they cannot in this Iſle abide,
Are confin'd Priſoners to the World beſide.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
There muſt be Puniſhment for Cruelty.
Nature her ſelf rejoiced at his Death,
And on the Waters ſung with ſuch a breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore

Clarendon's *Houſe-Warming: Printed for with the Directions to a Painter. Writ by unknown Hand.*

WHEN *Clarendon* had diſcern'd before-hand
(As the Cauſe can eas'ly foretel the Effect)
At once three Deluges threatning our Land,
'Twas the ſeaſon he thought to turn Architect.

Us *Mars* and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* conſume;
While he the Betrayer of *England* and *Flanders*
Like the Kings-fiſher chuſeth to build in the Brook
And neſtles in flames like the Salamander.

But obſerving that Mortals run often behind,
(So unreaſonable are the rates they buy at)
His Omnipotence therefore much rather deſign'd
How he might create a Houſe with a *Fiat*.

had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
Who was dig'd up ſo often e'er ſhe did marry;
d wiſh'd that his Daughter had had as much grace,
To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and ſung,
thought (as an Inſtrument he was moſt free on)
To build with the Jews-Trump of his own Tongue.

a Precedent fitter in *Virgil* he found,
f *African Poultney*, and *Tyrian Dide*;
t he beg'd for a Palace ſo much of his Ground,
s might carry the Meaſure and Name of a *Hyde*.

s daily his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
d all for to ſave the Expences of Brickbat;
Engine ſo fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
d too much reſembled his Wife's Chocolat.

while theſe Devices he all doth compare,
ne ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong *Caſtor*;
imſelf would not dwell in a Caſtle of Air,
o he had built full many a one for his Maſter.

dy he had got all our Mony and Cattel,
buy us for Slaves, and purchaſe our Lands;
Joſeph by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel;
y ſcarce the Prieſt's Portion could 'ſcape from his (hands.

ence like *Pharaoh* that *Iſrael* preſt
make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd 'em no Straw,
'd not tho *Egypt's* ten Plagues us diſtreſt,
e could to build but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts and *Dunkirk*, but that they were ſold,
He would have demoliſh'd to raiſe up his Walls;
Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have ſent back for the Mould,
But that he had nearer the Stones of St. *Paul*'s.

His Woods would come in at the eaſier rate,
So long as the Yards had a Deal or a Spar:
His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, (War.
To grudge him ſome Timber, who fram'd him the

To proceed in the Model, he call'd in his *Allons*,
The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with gallons;
The two *Allons* who ſerv'd his blind Juſtice for Ballance,
The two *Allons* who ſerve his Injuſtice for Talons.

They approve it thus far, and ſaid it was fine;
Yet his Lordſhip to finiſh it would be unable,
Unleſs all abroad he divulg'd the Deſign,
For his Houſe then would grow like a Vegetable.

His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Wor'ſter*;
He ſhould dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
While into a Fabrick the Preſents would muſter;
As by hook & by crook the World cluſter'd of Atom

He lik'd the Advice, and then ſoon it aſſay'd,
And Preſents croud headlong to give good example
So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd;
The Tribes ne'er contributed ſo to the Temple.

Strait Judges, Prieſt, Biſhops, true Sons of the Seal
Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Bankers, Patentees,
Bring in the whole Mite of a Year at a meal,
As the Chedder clubs Dairy to th' incorporat
Cheeſe.

Bulteale

Bulteales, *Beak'ns*, *Morley*, *Wrens* fingers with telling
Were ſhrivel'd, and *Clutterbuck*, *Eagers*, and *Kips*;
Since the Act of Oblivion was never ſuch ſelling,
As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

'Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he ſmok'd,
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind:
But he ſwore that the Patent ſhou'd ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole Parliament kiſs him behind.

Like *Jove* under *Ætna* o'erwhelming the Giant,
For foundation the *Briſtol* ſunk in the Earth's bowel;
And St. *John* muſt now for the Leads be compliant,
Or his Right-hand ſhall be cut off with a Trowel.

For ſurveying the Building, *Prat* did the feat;
But for the Expence he rely'd upon *Worſtenholm*,
Who ſat heretofore at the King's Receit,
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's cuſtom.

By Subſidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane cemented with holy;
He finiſh'd at laſt his Palace Moſaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Leſly*'s Folly.

And upon the *Tarras*, to conſummate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux*'s, ſurveys the burnt Town,
And ſhews on the top by the regal gilt Ball,
Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown.

Lond City its Rubbiſh and Ruins that builds,
Like vain Chymiſts, a flow'r from its aſhes returning;
Your Metropolis Houſe is in St. *James's* Fields,
And till there you remove, you ſhall never leave burning.

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine,
Where this Idol of State ſits ador'd and accurſt,
And handſel his Altar and Noſtrils Divine,
Great *Buckingham*'s Sacrifice muſt be the firſt.

Now ſome (as all Builders muſt cenſure abide)
Throw duſt in its Front, and blame Situation:
And others as much reprehend his Back-ſide,
As too narrow by far for his Expatiation.

But do not conſider how in proceſs of times, (larg
That for Name-ſake he may with *Hyde-Park* it e
And with that Convenience he ſoon for his Crimes
At *Tyburn* may land, and ſpare the Tow'r-Barge.

Or rather how wiſely his Stall was built near,
Leſt with driving too far his Tallow impair:
When like the geod Ox, for publick Good-Chear
He comes to be roaſted next St. *James*'s Fair.

Upon his Houſe.

HERE lie the ſacred Bones
Of Paul *begilded of his Stones:*
Here lie Golden Briberies,
The Price of ruin'd Families;
The Cavaliers Debenter Wall,
Fix'd on an Eccentrick Baſis:
Here's Dunkirk-Town *and* Tangier-Hall,
The Queen's Marriage and all,
The Dutchman's Templum Pacis.

Royal Reſolutions: By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

1.

WHEN Plate was at Pawn, and Fob at an Ebb,
And Spider might weave in bowels its Web,
nd Stomach as empty as Brain:

2.

hen *C*—— without Acre,
id ſwear by his Maker,
f e'er I ſee *England* again,

3.

l have a Religion all of my own,
hether Popiſh or Proteſtant ſhall not be known;
nd if it prove troubleſom, I will have none.

4.

ll have a long Parliament always to friend,
nd furniſh my Treaſure as faſt as I ſpend;
nd if they will not, they ſhall have an end.

5.

ll have a Council ſhall ſit always ſtill,
nd give me a Licence to do what I will;
nd two Secretaries ſhall piſs thro a Quill.

6.

y inſolent Brother ſhall bear all the Sway;
Parliaments murmur, I'll ſend him away,
nd call him again as ſoon as I may.

7.

l have a rare Son, in marrying tho marr'd,
ll govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
nd ſhall be Succeſſor to me or *Gerrard*.

8.

l have a new *London* inſtead of the old,
ith wide Streets and uniform to my own Mould;
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9.

The antient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to ſupply,
And they ſhall raiſe Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Deſcent,
So high that he ſhall hector the Parliament,
And all wholeſom Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will aſſert him to ſuch a degree,
That all his foul Treaſons, tho daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal ſhall have Indempnity.

12.

And whate'er it coſt me, I'll have a *French* Whore,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppoſe,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Noſe,
Tho for 't I a Branch of Prerogative loſe.

14.

My Pimp ſhall be my Miniſter Primier,
My Bauds call Ambaſſadors far and near,
And my Wench ſhall diſpoſe of *Conge d'Elire*.

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And paſs all my time with Buffoons and Players,
And ſanter to *Nelly* when I ſhould be at Prayers.

16.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy,
Where many ſtrange Fowl ſhall feed and enjoy,
And ſtill in their Language quake *Vive le Roy*.

On the Lord Chancellor H—e's *Diſgrace and Baniſhment by King* Charles II.

PRIDE, Luſt, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State;
Dunkirk's ſad Loſs, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet:
This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown,
His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
The Grand Impoſtor of the Nobles lies
Grov'ling in Duſt, as a juſt Sacrifice
T' appeaſe the injur'd King and abus'd Nation:
Who would believe the ſudden Alteration!
God will revenge too for the Stones he took
From aged *Paul*'s to make a Neſt for Rooks.
All Cormorants of State as well as he,
We now may hope in the ſame plight to ſee.
Go on, Great Prince, thy People do rejoice;
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this Day's Action to be ſuch,
As roaſting of the Rump, or beating of the *Dutch*:
Now look upon the valiant Cavaliers,
VVho for Rewards have nothing had but Tears;
Thanks to the *Wiltſhire* Hog, Son of the Spittle,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
There Millions will be found to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Luſt and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *Hyde*:
For which his due Rewards I'd almoſt ſaid,
The Nation may moſt juſtly claim his Head.

The

The Parallel, 1682.

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
To have uſurp'd it and made Heaven his own;
Blaſphemous damn'd Deſign! but ſoon he fell,
Guarded with dreadful Lightnings down to Hell.
Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,
A Structure as eternal as his Guilt;
Let us, ſaid he, raiſe the proud Tower ſo high,
As may amaze the Gods, and kiſs the Sky.
He ſpoke, but the Succeſs was different found,
Heaven's angry Thunder cruſh'd it to the ground:
So *Lucifer*, and ſo proud *Babel* fell,
And 'tis a curſed Fall from Heaven to Hell:
So falls our Courtier now to Pride a Prey,
And falls too with as much Reproach as they,
And juſtly———
That with his nauſeous Courtſhip durſt defile
The ſweeteſt choiceſt Beauty of our Iſle.
That he was proud, we knew; but now we ſee,
(Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)
Both what he was, and what he meant to be.
Stern was his Look, and ſturdy was his Gate,
He walk'd and talk'd, and would have —— in State:
Diſdain and Scorn ſat preaching on his brow,
But *(Preſto)* where is all that Greatneſs now?
Why vaniſh'd, fled, diſſolv'd to empty Air;
Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair!
And, which is yet the ſtrangeſt thing of all,
He has not got a Friend to mourn his Fall.
But 'tis but juſt that he who ſtill maintain'd
Diſdain to all, ſhould be by all diſdain'd.
Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,
Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind;
He might have plainly ſeen———

For

For the Example's viſible to all,
How ſtrangely low ingrateful Pride may fall.
Preſumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name
For one ſo careleſs of his Maſter's Fame.
For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive
Th' unwary Soul of our firſt Parent *Eve*,
So he as impudently ſtrove t' inſpire
The Royal Maid with his deluſive Fire;
But Heaven be prais'd, not with the ſame Succeſs,
For tho his Pride's as great, his Cunning's leſs.

A Satyr againſt Marriage: By the E. of R.

HUsband, thou dull unpity'd Miſcreant,
Wedded to Noiſe, to Miſery and Want;
Sold an eternal Vaſſal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to cheriſh and to hate thy Wife:
Drudg on till Fifty at thy own expence,
Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence;
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every night,
Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight:
Chriſten thy forward Bantling once a year,
And carefully thy ſpurious Iſſue rear:
Go once a week to ſee the Brat at nurſe,
And let the young Impoſtor drain thy Purſe.
Hedg-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot!
Oh I could curſe the Pimp (who could do leſs?)
He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redreſs.
P— on him, let him go, what can I ſay?
Anathema's on him are thrown away:
The Wretch is marry'd, and hath known the worſt;
And his great'ſt Bleſſing is, he can't be curſt.
Marriage! O Hell and Furies, name it not!
Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!

Marriage!

Marriage! 'tis but a licens'd way to ſin,
A Nooſe to catch Religious Woodcocks in;
Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to perſecute Mankind.
'Tis the Deſtroyer of our Peace and Health,
Miſpender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth;
The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleaſant call.
By Day 'tis nothing but a needleſs Noiſe,
By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys;
Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Croud,
At home the hourly Breach of what they vow'd.
In Youth it's Opium to our luſtful Rage,
Which ſleeps awhile, but wakes again in Age.
It heaps on all Men much, but uſeleſs Care,
For with more trouble they leſs happy are.
Ye Gods! that Man by his own ſlaviſh Law
Should on himſelf ſuch Inconvenience draw!
If he would wiſer Nature's Laws obey,
Thoſe chalk him out a far more pleaſant way.
When luſty Youth and flagrant Wine conſpire,
To fan the Blood into a generous Fire,
We muſt not think the Gallant will endure
The puiſſant Iſſue of his Calenture;
Nor always in his ſingle Pleaſures burn,
Tho Nature's Handmaid ſometimes ſerves the turn.
No, he muſt have a ſprightful, youthful Wench,
In equal floods of Love his Flames to quench;
One that will hold him in her claſping Arms,
And in that Circle all his Spirits charms;
That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
Can raiſe his Soul, and re-inſnare his Heart.
Hence ſpring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
Always begot in Paſſion and in Heat:
But the dull Off-ſpring of the Marriage-bed,
What is it but a human Lump of Lead?

A ſottiſh Lump, ingender'd of all Ills;
Begot like Cats againſt their Fathers wills.
If it be baſtardiz'd, 'tis doubly ſpoil'd,
The Mother's Fears entail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no ennobled Soul himſelf debaſe
By lawful means to baſtardize his Race:
But if he muſt pay Nature's Debt in kind,
To check his eager Paſſion let him find
Some willing Female out; what tho ſhe be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy?
Tho ſhe be Linſey-woolſey Baud and Whore,
Cloſe-ſtool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-ſhore,
Impudent, fooliſh, baudy, and diſeas'd,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices:
What then, ſhe's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt ſtill unmarry'd, thou art ſafe.
With Whores thou canſt but venture; what thou'ſt loſt
May be redeem'd again with Care and Coſt:
But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
Deſtroys Soul, Body, Credit and Eſtate.

FINIS.

In Oppoſi

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ADDENDA.

In Oppoſition to Mr. Dryden's *Eſſay on Satyr*, 1680.

NOW the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilful Age,
Has with impartial Hand whip'd Sovereign Sin,
In me it is but Manners to begin.
To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail
Beyond the Law, when preaching Blockheads fail:
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow;
Were not Men vicious, there would be no Law.
But to cry up his ſaucy Cant and Rule
For lawful Satyr, proves the Wit or Fool.
To rail at States, and Monarchs ill intreat,
Then cry 'tis Good becauſe the Subject's Great:
As Man were only plac'd in Paradiſe,
To nibble on the Fruit on which he dies.
Can Owls and Woodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a Prey?
What is't to laſh the King and Council-Table,
When I my ſelf am kickt by the Town-Rabble?
For me to labour in a lower Sphere,
I think too much, yet it is ſafeſt there:
Nor do I covet matter to my Rhimes,
The greateſt Perſon, but the greateſt Crimes.
What is't to me, who keeps a Miſs, who's Wed,
Or who got *Carwell*'s coſtly Maidenhead;
Who got the better on't, the Peer or Knight;
What Lord was drunk, or Lady —— laſt Night?
Theſe are the crying Crimes; yet one may do
All this, and be an honeſt Subject too.

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But to ſupplant the Government, to cry
Allegiance down, and raze out Monarchy;
To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
Imbrue the Nation in a new Sedition;
To ſouce Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle;
This would become a Muſe's Excellence,
To whip the Club into Allegiance.
Who'd not be as affected as Sir *Carr?*
As proud as *M——ve*, as dull as *D——ar?*
As drunk as *Fiſh*, who loſt himſelf and Prince
In one debauch, and ne'er was ſober ſince;
Rather than that inſatiate Beaſt of Prey,
Worries the Flock, to make himſelf away?
So Wolves when cloy'd with Blood of Lambs and Ews,
Do often fall into the Shepherd's Nooſe.
The harmleſs Men find a more ſafe Abode,
Who quit unlawful Paths to keep the Road.
'Tis ſtrange that human Wiſdom ever ſhou'd
Moſt err under pretence of doing Good:
And thoſe wiſe Men that would preſcribe us Rules
For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools,
Witneſs the *Catiline* that left *White-hall*,
To be made Preſident of the *Cabal*:
So he's in play (provided there's no Blows)
It matters not the New, or the Old Cauſe:
Has on all points of Government ran his Rounds,
As *Gore* the Compaſs did with *Blood* and *Zounds*.
But ſooner may you fix the Northern Wind,
Than hope the Weathercock will be confin'd.
Nature made him a perverſe Wight, whoſe Noſe
Extracts the Eſſence of his Gouty Toes.
Double with head to tail he crawls apart,
His Body's Emblem of his double Heart.
In the Court's Sun he riggles like a Snail;
Touch but his Horns, he ſhrinks into his Shell.
Roll'd like a Hedghog up, he ſhews his Snout,
And at the Council-table makes a rout.

'Gainſt King and the Succeſſion domineers;
If ought oppoſe him, he has Forks and Spears.
Like a vile Skuller he abjures the Realm,
And ſinks the Barge 'cauſe he's not chief at Helm:
Then cries all Hands to pump, a Leak i' th' Keel,
And ſtops it up with *Julian*'s Conger-Eel.
And when a ſhot pierc'd the broad-ſide, e'en then
Clapt in the hole, and ſav'd Sir *Edward*'s Men.
The way's to keep him there, if he get thro,
Secures himſelf, he drowns the Ship and Crew.
If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
With Rabble, he's in his own Element.
There let him plot, and ne'er behold the Sun,
Till he has thro all Scenes of Folly run,
Under pretext of Wit to be undone.
As the late Duke who for a glorious Bully,
Retir'd from Court to be the City's Cully;
The City's Minion, now their Scorn and Sport,
There more deſpis'd than once ador'd at Court:
Who did his Fall ſo cunningly contrive,
In quaint Diſguiſe, to riot, rant, and ſ——ve.
And when he liſts himſelf in Infamy,
Reviles the State, and rails at Monarchy,
The only means true Glory to purſue;
And muſt the beſt way be becauſe 'tis new.
Would any *Hewſon* from the Throne retreat
To th' Stall, under diſguiſe of being Great?
And only for to merit vulgar Praiſe,
Rather than not be popular, be baſe.
So once an Emperor, as Stories ſay,
Exchang'd his Sceptre for a Ferula;
And only proud to prove himſelf a Fool,
Did quit the Throne to keep a petty School.
Yet this was great; while only for the Noiſe
Of Sovereign Sway, he lords it over Boys.
Look to it *York*, the Nation firſt ſhall bleed,
Or the two Kings of *Brentford* ſhall ſucceed.

H— for an Empire has as great an itch,
As ever Dog had for his ſwollen Bitch.
High on ambitious Plumes aloft he flies,
And to be ſomething melts them in the Skies;
While th' humble Wretch at home lies proſtrate down
To all the barking Beagles in the Town.
Young *D*— too does in the Club intrude,
To be applauded by the Multitude;
With Zeal to King and Country he abounds,
Keeps with the Hare, and opens with the Hounds:
Now of the Court, now of the Country free,
Miſtakes Prerogative for Liberty.
How well a Regiment would him become,
If the loud Commons did but beat a Drum!
My Maſters vote it (Sir) a Prohibition;
I can't in Conſcience brook with your Commiſſion,
To levy Forces, and aſſign Commanders,
Is Treaſon in the King, to *France* or *Flanders*:
But if the Houſe command me, tho I ſtarve,
I'll quit Wine, Whores, Allegiance too, to ſerve.
G— better far might ſlight his Sovereign's Bounty
He had a Regiment within his County:
And poor enough to back his tatter'd Cauſe,
Wou'd *R*—— venture but a broken Noſe;
Appeaſe this mouthing *Cerb'rus* with a Bone,
Honour's a dainty Cruſt to pick upon;
While his dear Doxy makes a ſhift to rub
The Buſineſs out with *M*— at the Club.
And *Rolleſton* leads the Van while they combine,
And humbly beg their Sovereign to reſign.
How Faction and the quenchleſs thirſt of Rule
Hurries to Ruin the ambitious Fool,
Whoſe haughty Soul puffſt up with Sovereign Sway,
Will never ſcarce be humbled to obey!
The pious Earl had ſuch a ſpacious Poop,
As ſwallow'd up *N* — *B*—*n* and his Troop;
Who lately Lord Lieutenant of a Realm,
Seem'd a good Pilot while he ſat at Helm:

But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His Maſter's Cauſe, and ſided with the Crew.
Now *B—d* he had much the worſt o'th' lay,
Having more Wit or Honeſty than they,
Sneak'd off and left the Club, his Game to play.
Who after he had led them to the Porch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left them in the lurch,
At ſuch a juncture of a time as odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highneſs left the Godly;
Or *Eſcrick Howard* to become a Bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up active *Waller*.
Theſe are the Men who all the Buſtle make,
And Empire check merely for Empire's ſake.
They lay their ſtamp on the revolting Darling,
And in the Club make Treaſon paſs for Sterling.
There are ſome other Beagles in this pack,
That make a Noiſe the Royal Chaſe to back;
But when a Maſtiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will ſhake their Tails and bark:
And tho the foremoſt Hound but ſtart the Hare,
The reſt will mouth it as they claim'd a ſhare:
Who follow by the Scent, and ſcarce have Senſe
To judg 'twixt Reaſon and Allegiance.
As Fops meet in a Pit to damn a Play,
Not as they know, but by what others ſay;
Unmeaning Fools, who ſomething to be at,
Follow the leading Cuckow, like the Bat;
And juſtly merit as they are deſpis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chaſtis'd:
So bawling *H—n* and *K—* the Mute,
With Noiſe and Nonſenſe fill up the Diſpute;
And while the Club proclaims the lawleſs Strife,
One is the Drum, and t'other is the Fife.
What ſhall we ſay of *Fa—ge Br—er*,
Or *C——ry*, or dull *D———gb* ſhall I flatter;
Who in the Synod drudg like Gally-ſlaves,
And buy the Stock to make a Gleek of Knaves?

Like Beaſts inſenſible of wrong, they ſtray,
And find a Pound, quitting the King's Highway.
And now behold in triumph to their Follies,
In *Noll*'s old Coach of State comes ſneaking *H*——s,
Who ſold the Father by an old Commiſſion,
And purchaſes the Son with a Petition.
Now whether has the better on't, the Club,
Or the five Members in the Royal Job?
This is the Bakers Dozen makes the Rump,
And little *Wu*—*r*'s leaven to the Lump.
When *B*———*rd* civilly had made his Leg,
The Club engender'd and brought forth an Egg:
Which like *Grand Cairo* for a quick Diſpatch,
Hot *Monſieur Parliament* muſt ſit and hatch.
R——*ly* began to puff and ſhake his Noddle,
And told them in plain terms the Brood was addle;
That to a Rump he never more would give
Away his Birthright, or Prerogative.
Then like a God which from his Breath did leap,
Diſſolv'd the Chaos of confuſed Heap.
Bravely he ſpake, and wiſely he perform'd,
While ſtill the Club againſt the Council ſtorm'd:
Who rather than from Faction wou'd be free,
Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
Would damn themſelves and their Poſterity.

How vile a thing is Man! how ſudden Fate
Attends his Frailty in the beſt Eſtate!
When arm'd with Innocence and Vertue, all
That makes him bleſt is ſubject then to fall.
The great firſt bold Offender oft I chid,
When I my ſelf agreed to what he did:
Had I been there, perhaps I had done worſe,
And on my Race entail'd a double Curſe:
Ev'n I who all this while exclaim'd at Vice,
And made to Loyalty a Sacrifice,
May be deem'd ſaucy, inſolent and rude,
And thought as guilty by the Multitude.

Th

This Balm I'l ſave againſt the deepeſt Wounds,
To keep my ſharper Pen within its Bounds;
And leſt my ſoaring Muſe too meanly fall,
Learn to write mannerly, or not at all.

FINIS.

State-Poems

CONTINUED

From the time of *O. Cromwel*,
to the YEAR 1697.

WRITTEN

By the greateſt WITS of the Age, *viz.*

The Lord Rocheſter,
The Lord D——t,
The Lord V———n,
The Hon. Mr. M——ue,
Sir F. S——d,

Mr. Milton,
Mr. Prior,
Mr. Stepney,
Mr. Ayloffe, *&c.*

WITH

Several Poems in Praiſe of *Oliver Cromwel*,
in *Latin* and *Engliſh*, by

Dr. South,
Dr. Locke,
Sir W. G——n,

Dr. Crew,
Mr. Busby, *&c.*

Alſo ſome Miſcellany Poems by the ſame,
never before Printed.

Now carefully Examin'd with the Originals, and
Publiſhed without any Caſtration.

Printed in the Year MDCCIX.

The PREFACE.

PREFACES being generally to prepoſſeſs the Reader of a good Opinion of the Performance, how trifling ſoever; and commonly, Mountebank-like, the meaner the Book the more Encomiums in the Preface; you will be deceiv'd of it here, for I ſhall only give you Matter of Fact, how this Book came to be publiſh'd.

About four Months ago I ſent into the World a Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, *from the time of* Oliver Cromwel, *to the time of King* James II. *written by the greateſt Wits of the Age, viz. The Duke of* Buckingham, *Lord* Rocheſter, *Lord* B——ſt, *Mr.* Milton, And. Marvel *Eſq*; *Mr.* Sprat, *Mr.* Dryden, *Mr.* Waller, &c. *which being found to be genuine, met with good Acceptance. Since that Book came out, a great many excellent Poems have been ſent me from very good hands, preſſing to have a Continuation thereof made, which at laſt I reſolv'd to do, upon the receiving ſome Copies of Verſes printed at* Oxford, 1654. *in praiſe of* Oliver Cromwel, *on his making Peace with the* Dutch; *finding ſeveral Perſons, who now make the greateſt figure in the Commonwealth of Learning to be concern'd therein, I thought the World wou'd be willing to ſee what ſuch Great Men as*

Dr.

Dr. South, *Mr.* Locke, &c. *ſaid on ſuch an extraordinary Occaſion. I have printed their own* Latin, *and kept ſtrictly to their Senſe in the Tranſlation, and thoſe they wrote in* Engliſh *are alſo publiſh'd; this begins the Book. Then follow ſeveral excellent Poems, written by the Lord* Rocheſter, *Eſquire* Marvel, &c. *during the Reign of King* Charles II. *omitted in the former Collection: As alſo thoſe writ in the Reign of King* James II. *by the Lord* D——t, *Sir* F. S——, *Mr.* Prior, *Mr.* Stepney, *Mr.* Rymer, &c. *and particularly thoſe incomparable Pieces of the* Hind *and* Panther *tranſvers'd to the Story of the* City-Mouſe *and* Country-Mouſe, *and the* Man of Honour, *written by the Honourable Mr.* M——ue. *And ſince the Revolution, you have ſeveral Copies, writ by the Lord* Cutts, *Mr.* Tate, *Mr.* Shadwel, *Mr.* Ayloffe, &c. *Laſtly, ſome Miſcellany Poems, by the ſame Great Men, never before Printed. And in this Collection Names are not made uſe of to countenance ſpurious Pieces, but the Poems themſelves ſpeak the Greatneſs of their Authors, if no Name had been thereto.*

In ſhort, the ſaid State-Poems, *and this* Continuation, *are the beſt* ſecret Hiſtory *of our late Reigns, as being writ by ſuch Great Perſons as were near the Helm, knew the Tranſactions, and were above being brib'd to flatter, or afraid to ſpeak*

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Select POEMS out of

Muſarum Oxonienſium ΕΛΑΙΟΦΟΡΙΑ. *Sive, Ob Fœdera, Auſpiciis Sereniſſimi* Oliveri *Reipubl. Angl. Scot. & Hibern. Domini Protectoris, inter Rempubl. Britannicam & Ordines Fœderatos Belgii fœliciter ſtabilita,*

Gentis togatæ ad vada Iſidis Celeuſma metricum.

SAnguineis neſcit miles ſe mergere rivis,
Navigat in portu, cui modo Sanguis, Aqua.
Nil laudis Neptune petas, nil Æole; ſolus
Protector propria hæc perficit acta manu.
Nat. Crew, *e Col. Linc. Com.*

Thus render'd into Engliſh.

THE Soldier now forgets the Sanguine Seas,
He rides in Harbour, and enjoys his Eaſe.
No Thanks to Gods of Sea or Wind we owe,
Theſe Bleſſings from our great Protector flow,
His happy Hands alone, the welcome Boon beſtow.
Nat. Crew, *e Col. Linc. Com.*

REGNIS minatur multa Regentium
Mutatus ordo ; Scilicet arduos
Caſuſque fataleſque genti
Sæpe ferunt nova ſceptra peſtes.
Aſt, ecce, nullis obruta viribus
Pugnas cruentas inter, & horridas
Lites & irarum procellas,
Anglia, firma manens, triumphat.
Vis nempe belli nulla nec exteri
Illam movebat, neve domeſtici:
Sed preſſa, palmæ par virenti,
Ponderibus melius reſurgit.
Hic quippe, ſacro numine proſperam
Major poteſtas protegit Angliam,
Illique primas jure grates
Incolumes tribuant Britanni.
Quæcunque Virtus convenit integro,
Quæcunque Fama, aut gloria Principi,
Te, ſumme, laudarunt, tibique
Conſpicuum peperere nomen.
Tantus fuiſſe & Victor, & Hoſtium
Fudiſſe tantas robore copias,
Nunquamque devinci, relinquis
Perpetuæ monumenta Famæ.
Heroas armis priſtina gens novem
Claros recenſet, nos tamen adimus.
Tantamque virtutem colemus,
Teque ducem numeramus, orto.
Vis magna belli, magna potentia,
Tantam nequibat perdere gloriam:
Nec contra Achilleos furores
Hectoreæ valuere vires.
Noſtri triumphi Tu decus unicum,
Noſtræ ſalutis Tu caput unicum,

partaque nos, per te ſalute
Ecce hilares remanemus Angli.
Matth. Mew, *C. C. C. Schol.*

Thus render'd into Engliſh.

WHEN with the rolling Tides of Fate
New Governors aſſume the State,
The Change a ſtrong Convulſion makes,
And all the trembling Nation ſhakes:
New Miſchiefs follow Counſels new,
As Death's deſtructive Shafts the ſpreading Plague purſue.

Yet ſtill unſhock'd *Britannia* ſtands,
And angry Fate it ſelf commands;
Tho ravag'd with inteſtine Jars,
And batter'd oft with foreign Wars:
As Palms beneath their Burdens riſe,
And when oppreſs'd the moſt, ſhoot ſtrongeſt tow'rd the Skies.

A greater *Numen* guards us now,
To whom our grateful *Britans* bow.
Thee, mighty Prince, thy Vertues crown;
Thy Regal Fame, thy vaſt Renown,
Thy happy Slaves in Peace proclaim,
With Triumphs loudly ſpread as thy immortal Name.
To conquer always, to confound
The beſt, the braveſt Armies round,
Are Honours all reſerv'd for Thee.
We now another Worthy ſee,
A Captain for the former Nine,
With more auſpicious Stars, and Courage more divine.
Dutch Arms were vain, and vain their Force,
To ſtop thy Fate's victorious Courſe;
Hector himſelf the brave muſt yield,
When great *Achilles* takes the Field.

Thy Honours all our Triumphs grace,
In Thee we all our Safety place,
And by thy Shade ſecur'd, thy ſacred Trunk embrace.

Matth. Mew, *C. C. C. Schol.*

SIC Civile Chaos dum Bellum geſſit, & una
Maſſa, Aer, Tellus, Æquor & Ignis erant.
Deformi Congreſſa prius Certamine, tandem
Semina concordi fœdere junxit *Amor*.
Et modo quæ latuere ſuis Elementa tenebris,
Clarior, amoris, litibus, Orbis erant.
Pace ligant ſimili vicinas Fœdera gentes,
Cum daret Antiquum Vis inimica *Chaos*.
Accenſæ madidis concurrunt *Ignibus Undæ*,
Uſta in *Aquis* fuerant Corpora, merſa *Focis*.
Fulmineo *Baliſtæ* mihi par viſa *Tonanti*,
Exploſos quoties projicit illa Globos:
Talia *Sanguineos* facere Tonitrua *Nimbos*,
Dum tota effuſo Membra cruore *pluunt*.
Quiſque ſibi fuit *Æquor*: in imo pectore volvit
Fluctus; irato ſævior uſque *Freto*,
Quis Deus has tollit, quæ tanta potentia Lites?
Numina confuſum quæ ſecuere *Chaos*?
Hæc *Dextrâ* præſtas, hæc *Mente* (*Britannice Ceſar*)
Multa *foras* tibi ſunt, plura Trophæa *domi*.
Pectora viciſti *noſtra*, *invictiſſime Princeps*,
Nos *idem* Batavis, & tibi junxit *Amor*.
Tormentis *Belgæ* ſternuntur & enſibus; *Anglos*
Quæ ſuperant, Animi ſunt ea *Tela* tui.
Quæ Martem, pontique minas compeſcuit ipſa,
Quæ vicit *Bellum*, Pax ea *veſtra* fuit.
Naſcentem è *Pelago Venerem* reticete (Poetæ)
Pulchrior è noſtro Gurgite ſurgit *Amor*.

Guil. Godolphin, *ex Æde Chriſ*
Ti

Thus Tranſlated.

WHEN Civil War thro all the *Chaos* reign'd,
And Air and Earth with Floods and Flames maintain'd
An uncouth Conteſt; Love at laſt diſclos'd
Its force, and all th' Atomick Broils compos'd:
And the late darkſom Elements in one,
A brighter World with nobler Beautys ſhown.
So Peace unites the Nations long abus'd,
With Jealouſies and envious Arts confus'd:
Wet Flames the Peace with burning Waters broke,
Men blaz'd in Waters, and were drown'd in Smoke.
Not *Jove* o'eraws the World with Thunder more,
Than wide-mouth'd Cannons with their diſmal Roar;
Their hideous Notes preſag'd a Storm of Blood,
And ſcatter'd Limbs unſluic'd the Crimſon Flood:
Each Tar a Sea within his breaſt contain'd,
And loudeſt there the noiſy Tempeſt reign'd.
What Pow'r, what God the dreadful War could lay!
Or thro Confuſion ſhoot a peaceful Day?
Thy Hand and Head, Great *Cæſar*, made them ceaſe,
And crown'd thy Brows with Wreaths of laſting Peace.
Love ſhot from Thee our eaſy Souls ſubdu'd,
And made one Band the *Dutch* and Us conclude:
Force tam'd the *Dutch*, to Love the *Engliſh* yield,
And to thy Politicks reſign the Field.
Love, Sir, at your Command rough *Mars* expel'd,
Huſh'd angry Storms, and warlike Furies quell'd.
No more, ye Bards, of Sea-born *Venus* ſing,
Fair Love could only from our *Britiſh* Ocean ſpring.

Guil. Godolphin, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

INtulerant miſeranda duæ ſibi bella Sorores,
Utraque fatales, utraque parca ſibi.
Sic in ſanguineam mare commutatur Arenam,
Quæ gladiatorum bella, neceſque videt.
Has fluctus, illas rapiunt incendia Naves,
Et miſcent æſtus flamma fretumque ſuos.
Quæque mori ſolita eſt flammis exhorruit undas,
Ne mediis Phœnix merſa periret aquis;
Belligeros quot pugna Duces, quot ſuſtulit unda?
Sic tamen ipſa ſolent aſtra ſubire fretum.
Sic Mare Cæruleum eſt; ſed ſicut Cærulea Vena,
Quæ tumet incluſo ſanguine plena fluens.
Non noſtræ Batavus ſubmiſit Carbaſa Claſſi,
Nec quamvis habuit vela, modeſtus erat:
At ſic depoſuit tandem Leo Belgicus iras,
Securam ut ducat per mare Phryxus ovem.
Cætera bella licet pugnaſque Elementa ſequantur,
Sola tamen pacis fœdera ſervat Aqua.

At Tu Dux pariter terræ Domitorque profundi,
Componunt laudes cuncta Elementa tuas.
Cui Mens alta ſubeſt pelagoque profundior ipſo,
Cujus fama ſonat, quam procul unde ſonat:
Si currum aſcendas domito pœne Orbe triumphans,
In currus aderunt Axis uterque tuos.
Incluſam populi tua fert vagina ſalutem,
Ut lateri hinc poſſis ſemper adeſſe tuo.
Tu poteras ſolus motos componere fluctus,
Solus Neptunum ſub tua vincla dare.
Magna ſimul fortis viciſti, & multa; Trophæa
Ut mare ſic pariter, cedit Arena tuis.
Nomine Pacifico geſtas inſignia Pacis,
Blandaque per titulos ſerpit Oliva tuos.

Seſto

Seſton Abydos amat; Batavas colit Anglia Terras,
Inſula te tanto facta beata, Duce.
Inſula quam Pelagus, ſimul & Victoria cingit,
Quæque (quod his præſtat) cingitur Enſe tuo.
Rob. South, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

Thus Tranſlated.

A Fatal War two angry Siſters wag'd,
And to each other's ſure Deſtruction rag'd;
The Theatre the neighb'ring Seas were made,
Where bloody Prizes ſurly Sword-men play'd.
The ſhatter'd Fleets the Seas and Flames divide,
Each rolling in with an impetuous Tide:
The Phenix once in ſpicy Flames expir'd,
But now with Horror from the Floods retir'd.
Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met;
As falling Stars beneath the Ocean ſet.
The Seas all azure ſhew'd, like azure Veins,
When the ſmall Rills the crimſon Humour ſtains.
The *Dutch* to *England* ſcorn'd to ſtrike the Sail,
Seem'd to be modeſt, but refus'd to veil:
But now the *Belgick* Lion leaves to roar,
And Golden Flocks float ſafe toward the Shore;
While other Elements embroil'd remain,
The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.
Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey,
The Elements ſubmiſſive Garlands lay:
Seas are leſs deep than your capacious Soul,
Your Fame ſounds far as noiſy Waters roll.
Shou'd you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
Your Chariot VVheels the groaning Poles would bear:
Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
And girds your happy Side with awful Eaſe:
You only could the ſwelling VVaves reſtrain,
And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.

The Seas, the Shores, their Trophies yield to You,
Who could the Many and the Great ſubdue:
Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
And Olive Wreaths your Regal Arms embrace.
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
And happy in her great Commander lives;
By Conqueſts guarded, and by Seas immur'd,
But more by your victorious Arms ſecur'd.

Rob. South, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

PAX regit Auguſti, quem vicit Julius Orbem:
Ille ſago factus clarior, ille toga.
Hos ſua Roma vocat magnos, & numina credit,
Hic quod ſit mundi Victor, & ille Quies.
Tu bellum ut pacem populis das, unus utriſque
Major es: Ipſe orbem vincis, & ipſe regis.
Non hominem e Cœlo miſſum Te credimus; unus
Sic poteras binos qui ſuperare Deos!

J. Locke, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

Thus Tranſlated.

A Peaceful Sway the Great *Auguſtus* bore
O'er what Great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before:
Julius was all with Martial Trophies crown'd,
Auguſtus for his peaceful Arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em Great, and makes 'em Deities,
That for his Valour, this his Policies.
You, mighty Prince, than both are greater far,
Who rule in Peace that World you gain'd by War:
You ſure from Heav'n a finiſh'd Hero fell,
Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

J. Locke, *ex Æde Chriſti.*

PAX

PAX peregrina diu binas nunc uniet oras,
Surget ab armato funere viva ſalus:
Undique lætantes animantur fœdere Belgæ,
E ſano Anglorum corpore corpus habent:
Unde ſumus medici & ſimul medicamina, vulnus
Quod bellum inflixit ſanat amica quies:
Dum nimium guſtant de ſalſo flumine Belgæ,
Dicunt, plus aloes quam ſalis æquor habet.

Ad PROTECTOREM.

Magne Leo, qui Marte potes; Germania vires,
At placidam victrix Anglia ſentit opem:
Victorum Princeps, artoque volumine victos
Cingis; Tu centrum, circulus orbis erit.
Una catena duas gentes complectitur, ipſam
Et terram & pontum continet una manus:
Sedata eſt populi rabies, nec Belgica claſſis,
Nec loquitur pelagi ſævior ira minas:
Pace ſilent hoſtes, bello, formidine languent,
Sollicitat mentes terror amorque ſuas.
Quid faciat ſecura tuæ fiducia Plebis,
Si te victorem diligat ipſe timor?

J. Busby, *A. M. ex Æde Chriſti.*

Thus Tranſlated.

PEACE, abſent long, two States to Union brings,
So Life and Love from dying Fury ſprings.
The merry *Dutch* enſoul'd with Peace revive,
Their State by *Engliſh* Subſtance kept alive:
So we both Phyſick and Phyſicians prove,
And heal the VVounds of VVar with Balm of Love.
The *Dutch* too oft drench'd in the brackiſh Main,
Yet moſt of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To the PROTECTOR.

Lion of VVar, whoſe Roar the *Dutch* diſmay'd,
VVhile conq'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid;
Great Prince, to whom the greateſt Conq'rors bow,
VVhoſe binding Force the vaſſal'd VVorld allow,
That VVorld the Circle, but the Centre Thou.
One Chain two Nations can at once incloſe,
One Hand the Sea and Land in Peace compoſe.
The World grows quiet, and we now can meet
No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgick* Fleet.
Huſh'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears in VVar,
Terror and Love our joint Commanders are.
VVhat then could your confiding Subjects do,
If thro their Fears, their Loves your conquering Arms purſue?

J. Busby, *A. M. ex Æde Chriſti.*

Diſcolor exuitur vultus, turbataque rerum
Difflatur facies, & nova forma redit.
Eclipſin memini ſic olim Lampada cœli,
Quæ patitur tenebris exiluiſſe ſuis.
Quæque ſui vindex (nuper licet alta jaceret
Merſa umbris) fruitur liberiore polo.
Quas tibi pro tanto dignas perſolvere grates
Munere, noſtra (Ducum Maxime) muſa valet;
Qui res reſtituis, rupto velut ordine quaſſas,
Auſus es & populos aſſeruiſſe tuos.
Non te deflexit vario Fortuna tumultu,
Nec qua turba ruit, præcipitaſſe libet.
Qui ſtabili Tameſin junxiſti fœdere Rheno,
Arte pari Batavum corda fretumque domas.

Auſpiciis

Auſpiciis *(Cromwelle)* tuis tria Sceptra triumphant,
Teque ſenes, pueri, ſexus & omnis amant.
Inde, quod Armorum Proceres legumque potentes
Patriciis ſeſe cinctibus induerint.
Auſpice te, duris fas impalleſcere Chartis:
Auſpice te, vatum vena ſecunda fluit.
De Jove Creta ſuo quicquid vel Apolline Delos
Dixit, & Alcidi gloria ſi qua fuit;
In te mixta fluunt, alios quæ ſparſa coronant,
Fixiſti nutu qui tria regna tuo.
In tua tranſmiſit Neptunus Sceptra tridentem;
Nec minus Herculeo robore tranſtra quatis.
Conſiliis & mente vales, moderaminis Artes
Doctior, aut nodos texere nemo poteſt.
Nunc pro te Camber, pro te quoque litigat Anglus,
Ille ſuum jactat, jactat & ille ſuum.
Perge, precor: Regnis fauſtumque ſit omine tanto:
Creſcat honos: gemina Pallade cinctus eas.

J. Vaughan, *A. M. e Col. Jeſu.*

Thus Tranſlated.

NOW with a better face Affairs appear,
And ſmoother Looks the chearful Nations wear.
So have I ſeen the Sun eclips'd awhile,
But quickly with recovering Luſtre ſmile.
What thanks, great Prince, can our weak Muſe repay
For all the Bleſſings of this glorious Day?
Your prudent Hand our ſhatter'd State repairs,
And bravely dares aſſert our loſt Affairs.
No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
No head-ſtrong Rout your Politicks controul:
You make the *Rhine* to Royal *Thames* be true,
And both the Seas and *Belgick* Hearts ſubdue.
Three Realms by your auſpicious Stars are bleſt,
You of each Age and Sexes Hearts poſſeſt.

By

By you we ſafely to our Books retire,
Your gallant Acts the Muſes Sons inſpire.
Crete boaſts of *Jove*, her *Phœbus Delos* ſings,
And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
In you their ſcatter'd Glories all combine,
Whoſe Nod could make three mighty Realms reſign.
Neptune to you his Royal Trident ſends,
The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends.
None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
An Arm more fatal nor a larger Mind.
The *Welſh* and *Engliſh* for your Birth contend,
And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide,
While Fame attends you with a ſwelling Tide,
And they, like Twin-*Minerva*'s, guard your Side.

J. Vaughan, *A. M. e Coll. Jeſu.*

IF *Greece* with ſo much Mirth did entertain
Her *Argos* coming laden home again;
With what loud Mirth and Triumph ſhall we greet
The wiſh'd Approaches of our welcome Fleet,
When of that Prize our Ships do us poſſeſs,
Whereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, *Peace?*
Whoſe welcome Voice ſounds ſweeter in our ears,
Than the loud Muſick of the warbling Spheres;
And raviſhing more than thoſe, doth plainly ſhow
That ſweeteſt Harmony we to Diſcord owe.
Each Seaman's Voice pronouncing Peace doth charm
And ſeems a Syren's, but that 't has leſs harm
And danger in't, and yet like theirs doth pleaſe
Above all other, and make us love the Seas.
We'ave Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
We'ave nought to do now but admire and love.

Glo

Glory of War is Victory, but here
Both glorious becauſe neither's Conqueror.
'T had been leſs Honour, if it might be ſaid,
They fought with thoſe that could be conquered.
Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
Into one River, do the ſmoother flow:
Where Ships no longer grapple, but like thoſe
The loving Sea-men in Embraces cloſe.
We need no Fire-ſhips now, a nobler Flame
Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
Shall ſhine more glorious, a Flame as pure
As thoſe of Heaven, and ſhall as long endure:
This ſhall direct our Ships, and he that ſteers,
Shall not conſult Heaven's Fires, but thoſe he bears
In his own Breaſt. Let *Lilly* threaten Wars;
Whilſt this Conjunction laſts, we'll fear no Stars.
Our Ships are now moſt beneficial grown,
Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
Unto theſe branchleſs Pines our forward Spring
Owes better Fruit than Autumn's wont to bring:
Which give not only Gems and *Indian* Ore,
But add at once whole Nations to our ſtore.
Nay, if to make a World's but to compoſe
The difference of things, and make them cloſe
In mutual Amity, and cauſe Peace to creep
Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep:
Our Ships do this, ſo that whilſt others take
Their Courſe about the World, ours a World make.

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

AS when two Streams divided gently glide
The lofty Banks their humble Bowers deride;
The Husbandmen divert them where they liſt,
Nor can thoſe weaker Floods their Dams reſiſt.

But

But if they join, and to one Torrent grow,
Swelling they rage, and no Reſtraint will know;
O'er the adjoining Fields dilate their Wings,
Hatching that Plenty which the Summer brings.
Such the Events have been, and ſuch the Fates
Of our disjoin'd and reunited States:
Who, while aſunder from each other torn
By cruel War, became their Neighbours Scorn.
But ſince that * *Power*, which now informs our Age,
Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quell'd the Rage
Of the diſturbed Sea, the Fire, the Wind,
And (what is more) the Tempeſts of our Mind;
Far now our Ships their Canvas Wings ſhall ſtretch,
And the World's Wealth to richer *England* fetch,
Till greater Treaſures over-ſpread our Coaſt,
Than *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Sands can boaſt.
With this Deſign our buſy Veſſels range
About, to make our Iſle the World's Exchange:
Others in times of Braſs and Iron live,
Naught but our Pines the Golden Age can give:
Which fell'd, bear better Fruit than when they ſtood
The branching Glories of the fruitful Wood.
No foreign Navy ſhall impede their Courſe,
Circling the Globe with uncontroled Force.
While, with the Sun, they round the World, their Might
Becomes as Univerſal as his Light;
Making thoſe Bounds which bind the fartheſt Land,
The Limits, *Cromwel*, of thy large Command.
Cromwel! the Name which made a greater Noiſe
Among his Foes than Waves or Cannon's Voice.
'Tis he that conquers when he pleaſe, and he
That makes *Greek Fables Engliſh Hiſtory*.

---

* The Lord Protector.

Tell

Tell me, *Aſtrologers*, th' Event; and make
From this Conjunction a new *Almanack.*
Storms oft enrich the Soil; and ſince our *Peace*
Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increaſe.
So Bones which have been broke become more ſound,
And *Hydra* ſtronger from its fruitful *Wound.*
Than *War* naught could our States have cloſer tied,
They're *join'd by Kind* who are *by Blood ally'd.*
Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
Meeting another, both become the ſame.
Hermaphroditus ſo and *Salmacis*
(Whoſe Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiſs)
With our two *States* receiv'd like Union;
Went *Two* into the *Stream*, return'd but *One.*

W. Godolphin, *St. Ch. Ch.*

The End of the Poems on Oliver Cromwel, *and his making a Peace with the* Dutch.

To King CHARLES *the Second, on his Return.*

VErtue's Triumphant Shrine! who doſt engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
Which in extatick Duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their Home.
Whilſt *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It ſelf the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
And Loyal *Kent* renews its Arts again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this diſtant Homage, which doth meet
Your bleſt Approach on ſedentary Feet.
And tho my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you; yet, Great Sir, approve
My manly Wiſhes, and more vigorous Love.
In whom a cold Reſpect were Treaſon to
A Father's Aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
By daring Loyalty your *Wilmot*'s Son.

Rocheſter *Wadh. Col.*

A young Gentleman deſirous to be a Miniſter of State, thus pretends to qualify himſelf.

TO make my ſelf for this Employment fit,
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of th' Honourable *Gray* of *Ru*——*n*'s Wit.

In

In Conſtancy and ſincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury.*

And that we may aſſume the Church's Weal,
And all Diſorder in Religion heal,
I will eſpouſe Lord *Hall*——*x*'s Zeal.

To pay Reſpect to Sacred Revelation,
To ſcorn th' affected Wit of Profanation,
And rout Impiety out of the Nation,

To ſuppreſs Vice, and Scandal to prevent,
Buckingham's Life ſhall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the depth of Stateſmens Craft,
To ſearch the Secrets of the ſubtleſt Heart,
To hide my own Deſigns with prudent Art;

To make each Man my Property become,
To fruſtrate all the Plots of *France* and *Rome*,
None can ſo well inſtruct as my Lord *Mohun.*

For moral Honeſty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W*——*r* Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on Record.

Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, *to make Bulwarks againſt the* Dutch, *and the Queen's Miſcarriage thereupon.*

WHEN *James*, our Great Monarch, ſo wiſe and diſcreet,
Was gone with three Barges to face the *Dutch* Fleet,

Our young Prince of *Wales*, by Inheritance ſtout,
Was going to aid him, and peep'd his Head out:
But ſeeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frighted, and ſculk'd in again;
Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road,
It was ſafe to come further and venture abroad.
Not *Walgrave*, or th' Epiſtle of *Seigneur le Duke*,
Made her Majeſty ſick, and her Royal Womb puke;
But the *Dutchmen* picqueering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
Gave the Miniſters Agues, and the Queen a Miſcarriage:
And to ſee the poor King ſtand of Ships in ſuch need,
Made the Catholicks quake and her Majeſty bleed.
I wiſh the ſad Accident don't ſpoil the young Prince,
Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench.
But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
Who was ſorry on ſuch a pretext to come back.
He mark'd out his ground, and mounted a Gun,
And 'tis thought, without ſuch a pretence he had run;
For his Army and Navy were ſaid to increaſe,
As appears (when we have no occaſion) in Peace:
Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we deſpiſe them ſo much,
Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' lurch;
And to their eternal diſgrace, we are able
To beat 'em by way of a Poſt and a Cable.
Why was this, Sir, left out o' th' wiſe Declaration,
That flatter'd with hopes of more Forces the Nation?
'Twould have done us great good to have ſaid you intended, (mended.
The Strength of the Nation, the Chain, ſhould be
Tho we thank you for paſſing ſo kindly your word,
(Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd rule by the Sword.

A

A CHARGE *to the* Grand Inqueſt *of* ENGLAND, 1674.

ROOM for the *Bedlam C——ns*, Hell and Fury!
Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury!*
Led by no conjuring Bailiff with white Wand,
But ſtately Mace in ſtalking Giant's hand.
Call them o'er Cryer, ſwear them every Man,
And let an Oath fetter 'em if it can.
The Foreman firſt, prefer'd before the reſt,
'Cauſe he has learnt the Art of prating beſt.
Then *Howard*, *Powel*, *Garraway*, and *Meers*,
Temple, and *S*—— (who yet wears his Ears)
Candiſh the Fop, *Whorhood* that *Senior Soph*,
Some freſh come on, ſome lately taken off.
When theſe have kiſs'd the Book, ſwear all the reſt,
This numerous Swarm of this too *Grand Inqueſt*;
Five hundred ſtrong, a formidable Crew,
Would you could ſay of half, *Good Men and True:*
Stand cloſe together, Sirs, and hear your Charge
In brief, which Lawyers uſe to give at large.
Imprimis, As to Treaſon let that paſs,
Since to talk Treaſon boldly, long ſince was
A Privilege of your Houſe, and ſhortly you
Will privileg'd be to plot and act it too.
For Sacrilege, Thefts, Robberies, and Rapes,
Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with ſuch petty Scapes,
Of which your ſelves you too well guilty know;
Tranſmit theſe Trifles to the Courts below.
But if a Member chance to get a Scar,
For the Cauſe, or by Fortune *de la Guerre*,
You of the Inqueſt ſtrictly muſt explore
Whether the Wound were given by Rogue or Whore;

Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then paſs
An Act, Sir *John*'s Noſe is as whole as 'twas.
If a blunt Porter juſtle from the Wall,
Or knaviſh Boy at Foot-ball give a fall
To one o' your Houſe, let Boys and Porters be
Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their knee.
But above all, beat boldly every where
For your juſt Rights and Privileges here,
Find them out all, and more than ever were.
Search the Repoſitories of the Tow'r,
And your own Brains, to ſtretch your lawleſs Pow'r;
Ranſack your Writers, *Selden*, *Needham*, *Prynn*,
Rather than fail, bring the ſly Jeſuit in:
Then ſwoln with Pride and Poiſon ſuck'd from theſe,
Vote your own Privilege is what you pleaſe.
Thus fortify'd, each Member is ſupreme,
What Court of Juſtice dare touch one of them?
The King diſdains not to ſubmit his Cauſe
To the known Courſe and Trial of the Laws:
Each Subject may his King with ſafety ſue,
But King nor Subject can have Right from you,
Who are Law-givers, Judg and Party too.
With what diſtemper'd Counſels are we fed,
When ſuch Convulſions are in *England* bred?
The very Arſe is hoiſted o'er the Head.
Well may you ſit in Love, with all your hearts,
It is a poſture proper to thoſe Parts:
Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
Deſpis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow;
Crept in your hole once, you imperious grow:
Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall,
And you your ſelves may trample on them all.
From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
(If you have any Breath and Time unſpent)
In the next place to Grievances proceed,
Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.

What

What we nam'd laſt before, may here ſtand firſt,
For of all Plagues with which the Nation's curſt,
The Privilege of Parliament is worſt.
Then with full Throats and empty Brains let fly
Againſt the Riſe and Growth of Popery;
Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Regal,
Monopolies and Impriſonments illegal;
Offices ſet to ſale, and ſcarce a Clauſe
Well executed of the Cobweb Laws:
But (tho corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*
Of your dread Idol, (Law) your great *Diana*.
'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave,
With Tongue and Pen, Nonſenſe and Noiſe, who (have
By this falſe Oracle heap'd up more Gold,
Than e'er that Goddeſſes High-Prieſt of old.
'Twould kindle 'mong your ſelves a Civil War;
For thoſe Gallants, tho not the greateſt, are
Of your whole Houſe, the loudeſt half by far.
If ten or twelve create us this Vexation,
What do ten thouſand of them in the Nation?
But paſs not o'er the Grievances, before (more
You have, with all your might, knock'd down once
A Grievance your Deſign may ruinate,
As a *Welſh* Knight gravely obſerv'd of late.
Reſolve the Boys and Footmen ſhall no more
Attend their Lordſhips at the Lobby-door:
For ſhould the Commons paſs ſome wholeſom Votes,
In their own Houſe, to cut their Lordſhips Throats,
Thoſe Raſcals might, with their ſhort Clubs and (Swords,
Dare impudently to protect their Lords;
And by endeavouring their Preſervation,
Highly oppoſe the Safety of the Nation.
Then thunder out againſt Supplies miſpent,
The Cuſtoms waſted thro ill Management;
Curſe the Commiſſioners to the Pit of Hell,
Till ſome of you creep in, then all is well.

Impeachment on Impeachment next renew,
With impudent Addreſs, againſt all who
Have better Heads, or truer Hearts than you.
On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
But when it comes to th' upſhot, prove not one.
In the laſt place, tho leaſt of all you mind it,
(Yet you muſt pull a Crow where'er you find it)
With ſeeming Diligence, bravely take in hand
The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land:
But then in this be ſure you do no more
Than juſt ſpoil what was well begun before.
Your fatal Policy too well does ſhew,
Thoſe lofty Cares do not belong to you.
When the proud *Belgick* Lion ſtood at bay,
At once the eaſier and the nobler Prey;
When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
His Arſe to laſh, as it ne'er was before:
When ſuch a Friend by chance kind Fortune threw,
No more expected than deſerv'd by you:
Who but a Parliament could ſlight it, when
We might have drown'd that Lion in his Den,
Or beat him to a fawning Whelp agen?
You kindly ſpar'd your Mony and your Foe,
E'er you much older or much wiſer grow.
You may expect with Intereſt from theſe
The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.
Let all the World appear concern'd ſo far,
As to be Party in this general War:
Tho loud our Honour as our Intereſt calls,
You'l have no Swords drawn, but within your Walls.
When thus, to your no little ſhame at laſt,
You've many Months in doing nothing paſt;
As Curs have ſhown their Teeth, but durſt not bite;
As Cops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight

A private Bill or two, rather than none,
Get paſs'd, then bravely vote a Seſſion.
Thus when your Prayer, tho not your Pride abates,
Your Purſes grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to ſend you home to your Eſtates,
And to your Wives, who (may be underſtood
T' have been more active for the publick Good,
In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plot,
Preſent you pretty Babes you ne'er begot.

The GIANTS WARS, 1682.

Some Paſſages preceding the Giants War, *Tranſlated out of a* Greek *Fragment.*

——Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna,
Jovis omnia plena.——

By Dr. B——

THIS Rumor entring angry *Titan*'s Ears,
His horrid Heart-ſtrings with new Gall beſmears:
In rage he *Saturn* by the Cod-piece took,
And ſcar'd him ſo with wrathful hideous Look,
Within the Fleſh, that his long Shin-bones ſhook.
Brother, ſaid he, Brother, what Curſes ſtrange
Did from your Mouth, and Oaths in Vollies range?
How much you ſwore by *Stygian* Powers? You ſwore,
All Hell conſenting with united Roar,
On Earth nought in upon my Hopes ſhould break,
Nor from your Loins degenerate Bantling ſneak.

Yet now of *Jove* the Woods and Valleys ring,
Jove's health all drink, of *Jove* all ſay and ſing:
Jove fills the Court, the Country, and the Town,
All call him *Saturn*'s Son, and rightful Heir of th' Crown.
Saturn aghaſt, ſinks down into a Couch,
(In other Points might for his Manhood vouch)
Long meagre Face with foreign Muſlin wipes,
Then ſpeaks to *Titan* with proteſting Lips:
What have I left unſaid, what left undone,
To make you next Succeſſor on the Throne?
If my Soul lives, it was not *Saturn*'s fault,
I gave all over to the *Summer*-Salt.
But if diſloyal Pity ſway'd my Wife,
Or out of Croſſneſs ſhe have ſav'd a Life,
Her and her Brat I will renounce this hour,
Declare him Baſtard, and his Mother Whore.
At this the Giant half contented grins,
His feſter'd Soul to cooler mood inclines;
The wonted Tempeſt from his Brow retreats,
And Rage more hoſtile thro his Noſtrils beats.
Saturn, long loſt, and from his Senſes ta'en,
Now finds, and feels, and ſhews himſelf again:
And ſtrait does to his fair *Meſſina* ſend,
From th' *Iſthmus* to the *Promontory's* end;
To thoſe the large *Triſenian* Valleys till,
That *Pelion* climb, that by *Cytherea* dwell,
And, void of wrath, *Dordonian* Timber fell;
That *Pydna* round the *Polydea* plow,
And *Lelia* where amorous Pigeons coo;
Ceon under hill, *Iolius* in the City,
Hemapolis, *Daulis*, *Oechalia*,
Where Minſtrels ſtrange the Muſes did provoke,
And *Dorion*, where they *Roger*'s Fiddle broke:
Who *Trophian* Fields, and *Appian* let to farm,
And *Calydon* which lovely Laſſes warm;

Who

Who from *Caphareus* view the Ocean wide,
The ruddy Squires o'er *Northern Worlds* that ride;
In *Beef-land* who keep houſe, and on the Coaſt
Eubeum, where the nobleſt Sirloins roaſt:
Who *Hebras* drink, who in *Aſophus* ſoke,
And who with melted Corn *Acheloian Horns* provoke:
Who chaſe the foaming Boar o'er Brake and Burn,
And glad at night *Erymanthian* Raſhers turn.
Theſe and his other Barons far and near,
And Biſhops that with Hecatombs make chear,
Are by that Mouth all ſummon'd to appear.
Said he, Theſe, ſince I cannot ſingle ſtrive,
Shall joint Advice in *Pan-Ionian* give.
You call (quoth *Titan* mad, and like to burſt)
The *Pan-Ionian?* ——
's B—d you ſhall call the *Pan-Dæmonian* firſt;
Hell, *Acheron*, and *Styx*, by which you ſwore,
Give their Advice, what Counſel needs there more?
Shall common Breath our Royal Wills debate?
What we, what you and I reſolve, is Fate:
In ſecret, only 'twixt our ſelves, you vow'd,
You ſwore to me, does that concern the Croud?
Then rouze, and act as the Affair enjoins,
And ſeize the vile Pretender to your Loins.
Then anſwer'd *Saturn*, with a Viſage mild:
Brother, wouldſt have me, I will eat my Child;
Be Caterer you, and lay him in my diſh.
Said like a King, quoth *Titan*, but I wiſh
You had more early mouth'd him, whilſt a Chick,
For now perhaps he in your Fangs may ſtick,
And find us both a croſs damn'd Bone to pick.
Half mad, half Prophet, thus the Giant rav'd,
When to the teeth a freſh Alarm him brav'd.
Fame, ſtrong and thick, his obſtinate Ears invades,
Says High and Low, white Staves with humble Spades,

From

From Hall and Cottage, from both Town and Grange,
From Heath and Ham, and *Jove*'s Retirement range.
Nor this by ſtealth or nightly Caution done,
But in broad Day, and open to the Sun.
Now *Titan* into downright Rage flies out,
He picks his Noſe, and ſtamps and flings about:
Here gripes, there cuffs, then ſwings his barbarous Steel,
But *Saturn*'s Stones his firſt dire Vengeance feel:
Then muſters he all that in Cellars ſculk,
Cry *Bob!* in Entries, or that ſnore on bulk,
In Alleys ſneak, Suburbian Garrets cram,
Tories of double Form, and triple Name;
From Goals eſcap'd, from Pillories unpin'd,
And from high Pad compleatly diſciplin'd;
Skip-kennels, Royſters, Ruffians all profane,
And Buggarers too, a foul ungodly Train; (drawn,
Thoſe who from Loughs, their tainted Seed had
Monſters of *Orkes*, and Bogs ungracious Spawn.
Say, Muſe, who did in chief that Crew command,
And in the front againſt *Jove*'s Thunder ſtand.
Rhœtus did head a bold blaſphemous Rout,
Gyges did there with hundred Elbows ſtrut;
And no leſs terrible *Iapetus*,
Ægean Briareus, *Enceladus*;
Aloud *Tipheus* God and Nature curſt,
Tipheus 'twas that ſhoulder'd *Pelion* firſt;
And ſure the *Pelion* had on *Oſſa* thrown,
But Nature vex'd, compel'd him ſet it down.
Lordalius every Limb did Monſter bode,
The furtheſt *Thules* groan beneath his Load;
His Tongue a thouſand Serpents did unfold,
When out at length it thirty furlongs roll'd;
Drawn back, and furl'd, and doubled up agen,
And ſcarce contain'd within the ſpacious Den:

A thouſand Dogs all kennel'd in his Paunch,
On murder'd *Greeks* they did inſatiate ſcranch;
They drank, they wallow'd there in human Gore,
Yet at his Arſe ſtill ſnarl and bark for more,
You'd think unmuzzled *Corbin* kept the door.
The Maſtiffs round his Siſter *Cylla*'s Womb,
That in the Ocean with ſuch fury foam,
Are ty'd up ſhort, and worry not from home.
But nauſeous are *Lordalius* foiſting Rooms,
Makes Dogs-meat all, and Carrion where he comes.
Camp muſt have Trull, great Wickedneſs will ſtick,
Unleſs male Strength has aid from female Trick;
Theſe had *Permethe*, who in fatal hour
Was hither wafted from the *Celtiek* Shore.
What Giant durſt have plotted to remove
The Crown from *Saturn*, or *Saturnian Jove*,
But for this Sorcereſs ever on the watch,
At eaſy hours, and in her Night's Debauch?
So that where Threats and open Forces fail'd,
Her filthy and obſcene Devices held.
Then proſtituted Hand, and Lips, and Tongue,
On his ſoft Part myſterious Fazzals hung,
And empty Nerves with falſe deceiving Vigor ſtung.
Not all the Juice from deadly Hemlock preſt,
All the benumming Opium of the Eaſt,
E'er was on wretched *Indian* Prince impos'd,
Could, like her Charms, have *Saturn*'s Senſes doz'd;
With midnight Murmur, with unhallow'd Spell,
And magick *Lory Circe* in her Cell,
Transform'd him Beaſt whoever came to hand,
An Aſs, a Hog, or Dog, at her command.
But never Dog with Tail to Bottel wed,
Never was Hog in Mire plung'd over head;
Never was Aſs, when he by Hunger tir'd,
Mumbling a Thiſtle, his broad Lips beſtir'd,
Deform'd, ridiculous, deſpicable made,
As thou, O *Saturn*, by this Hag betray'd.

She turns him into all and every thing,
To any Shape but that of Man and King:
Sometimes ſo far from Man and King undone,
You ſee him looſe among the Spaniels run:
Sometimes like Bird, unto the Ducks he flies,
And flutters there, as goodly and as wiſe:
Sometimes, when ſhe would have him Great appear,
She does his Form into a Stallion rear;
Bridle in mouth, ſhe whisks him to the wall,
Aſtride ſhe goes, St. *Dennis* have at all;
Whips him o'er Hedg and Ditch, o'er Dirt and Mire,
Bramble and Bogs, thro Water and thro Fire;
Till ridden blind, like *Bayard* in the Mill,
About he comes, about ſhe brings him ſtill,
The Circle ſhe, be Centre where it will.
'Twas in this figure prancing *Saturn* ſcorn'd
His firſt dear Joys, and holy *Hymen* ſpurn'd.
Thus *Titan*'s Hoſt with Rogues and Ribalds fill'd,
Olympus Ward, in wild Preſumption, rul'd.
An aukward thing there was of monſtrous growth,
All over indefatigable Mouth;
This Monſter with a Mouth for Drum ſupply'd,
And Trumpet, and all Din of War beſide,
Hell not ſo black, nor open'd e'er ſo wide.
He having the Battalions ſquinted o'er,
Theſe words did to the gaping Rabble roar:
That *Jove* his Baſtard *Saturn* had declar'd,
And who dare disbelieve his Royal Word?
Now, againſt *Titan* you Fanaticks ſay,
His Altar ſtands the *Babyloniſh* way:
Howe'er it ſtands, he does not ſtand at all;
We muſt with Royal *Titan* ſtand or fall:
Nor may his Mode of ſacrificing ſcan,
Tho he ſhould ſacrifice both God and Man,
We'll have him King, and Kings may what they can.

Now

Now his blue Eye-balls turn, he makes a pauſe,
And gathers round the Hum and high Applauſe;
Which the grim Scoundrels bellow out a-main:
Then Tongue unſheath'd, thus brandiſhes again.
Brave Brother Giants, tho againſt the Law
And Heav'n we fight, that ſticks not in our Maw:
When we once conquer, all the World's our own,
Rich Land in Country, and fine Houſe in Town.
But ſhould their goodly Worſhips win the Fight,
And beat us, what the Devil get they by't?
While thoſe that loll in Silks be mew'd in Straw,
Or leave their Roaſt-meat, to feed here on Raw.
The Strength is ours, the Courage and the Odds;
But conquer them, and we ſhall be the Gods.
With theſe laſt Accents Mouth expecting ſtands,
Till every Giant claps his hundred Hands:
The Gods, the Gods, all cry with horrid Yell,
High Heaven they ſhook, and almoſt frighted Hell,
Whilſt Eccho does in Rocks *the Gods* repeal:
The Gods, by *Oſſa* bandy'd o'er the Plain,
Olympus trembling, toſs'd it back again.
The dangerous Deep, and Caverns under ground,
With hoarſer Groan, the Gods, the Gods reſound.
Shepherds aloof that view'd the griſly Rout,
Fainted and ſaid, the Gods muſt go to pot.
Some peeping from their holes did ſee (or fear'd
They ſaw) to Heaven long Scaling-Ladders rear'd;
Nimble as Bears the ugly Giants climb,
And every God they meet tear limb from limb.
The Skies all broken down, no Age they ſpare,
From holy Houſe to th' old one in the Chair;
One thought he ſaw a graceleſs, great, unſhav'd,
Unſhapely, ſhabby Giant eat a God;
Another ſpy'd a raw Gigantick Youth,
Soaring with an Immortal in his Mouth,
Who ſprawl'd and ſprawl'd, but could not
ſpare one Tooth:

One

One pities Heaven, and of ſtrange havock dreams,
How on the floor ſpilt *Aqua Vitæ* ſwims;
With gay Attire torn, tumbled, and defac'd,
There Wig, there Cravat, there imbroider'd Veſt.
The ſimple Clowns thus fancy'd, but Heaven ſafe,
Did at their Care, and ruſtick Folly laugh;
Yet gaping Prieſt gulp'd the Tradition down,
And all his Creed to After-Ages own'd.
But ſay not, you Profane, Heaven had no ſhare
In that day's toil, Heaven's Champion *Jove* was there,
Heaven's Darling *Jove*, and now immediate Care.

——*Titania pubes*
Fulmine dejecti fundo volvuntur in imo. Virg.

On the Statue in Stocks-Market.

AS Citizens that to their Conquerors yield,
Do at their own charge their own Citadels build;
So Sir *Robert* advanc'd the King's Statue, in token
Of a Broker defeated, and a *Lombard-ſtreet* broken.
Some thought it a mighty and gracious Deed,
Obliging the City with a King on a Steed:
When with Honour he might from his Word have gone back,
He that waits for a Calm is abſolv'd by a Wreck.
By all it appears, from the firſt to the laſt,
To be a Revenge, and as Malice forecaſt,
Upon the King's Birth-day to ſet up a thing
That ſhews him a Monkey more like than a King.
When each one that paſſes finds fault with the Horſe,
Yet all do aſſure that the King is much worſe;
And ſome by its likeneſs Sir *Robert* ſuſpect,
That he did for the King his own Statue erect.

To

To ſee him ſo diſguis'd the Herb-women chide,
Who upon their Panniers more decently ride:
So looſe are his Feet, that all Men agree,
Sir *William Peak* ſits much faſter than he.
But a Market, as ſome ſay, doth fit the King well,
Who oft Parliaments buys, and Revenues doth ſell:
And others, to make the Similitude hold,
Say his Majeſty himſelf is oft bought and ſold.
Sure this Statue is more dangerous far,
Than all the *Dutch* Pictures that cauſed the War:
And what the *Exchequer* for that took on truſt,
May henceforth be confiſcate for Reaſons moſt juſt.
But Sir *Robert*, to take the ſcandal away,
Does the fault upon the Artificer lay;
And alledges the thing is none of his own,
For he counterfeits only in Gold, not in Stone.
But Sir *Robert* o'th' *Vine*, how came't in your thought,
That when to the Scaffold your Liege you had brought,
With Canvas and Deals you e'er ſince do him cloud,
As if you had meant it his Coffin and Shroud?
Hath *Blood* him away, as his Crown he convey'd?
Or is he to *Clayton* gone in maſquerade?
Or is he now in his Cabal cloſely ſet?
Or have you to th' *Compter* remov'd him for Debt?
Methinks by the Equipage of this vile Scene,
To change him into a *Jack-Pudding* you mean;
Or elſe thus expoſe him to popular Flout,
As tho we'd as good have a King of a Clout.
Or do you his Errors out of modeſty veil,
With three ſhattter'd Planks, and the Rags of a Sail?
To expoſe how his Navy was ſhatter'd and torn,
The ſame day that he was reſtored and born;
If the Judges and Parliament don't him enrich,
You will ſcarcely afford him a Rag to his breech.

Sir

Sir *Robert* affirms they do him much wrong,
'Tis the Graver at work to reform him ſo long:
But alas he will never arrive at his End,
For 'tis ſuch a King no Chiſel can mend.
But with all his faults pray give us our King,
As ever you hope for *December* or *Spring*:
For tho the whole World cannot ſhew ſuch another,
We had better have him than his bigotted Brother.

SATYR. *By the Lord* R.

MUST I with Patience ever ſilent ſit, (Wit?
Perplex'd with Fools who will believe they've
Muſt I find every place by Coxcombs ſeiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonſenſe, and ſeem pleas'd?
Muſt I meet *Hen*——*m* where'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *F*—, nay *Poultney* too?
Shall *He*——*t* pertly crawl from place to place,
And ſcabby *Vill*—*s* for a Beauty paſs?
Shall *H*— and *B*——*n* Politicians prove,
And *S*—— preſume to be in Love?
Who can abſtain from Satyr in this Age?
That Nature wants, I find ſupply'd by Rage.
Some do for Pimping, ſome for Treach'ry riſe,
But none's made Great for being Good and VViſe.
Deſerve a Dungeon if you would be great,
Rogues always are our Miniſters of State:
Mean proſtrate Bitches, for a *Bridewel* fit,
VVith *England's* wretched Queen muſt equal ſit.
Ran——*g* and fearful *M*—— are prefer'd;
Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
Who'd be a Monarch, to endure the prating
Of *N*—*l* and ſaucy *Ogle*——*p* in waiting?

VVho

Who would *S*———*s* drivling Cuckold be?
Who would be *G*——— and bear his Infamy?
What Wretch would be *Green*'s ill-begotten Son?
Who would be *James* out-witted and outdone?
Who would be *S*——— a cringing Knave?
Like *Hallifax* wife, like beariſh *Pembroke* brave?
What Drudge would be in *Dryden*'s cudgel'd Skin?
Or who'd be ſafe and ſenſeleſs like *Tom T*———?

A SATYR. *By the ſame Hand.*

Nobilitas ſola atque unica virtus eſt.

NOT *Rome*, in all her Splendor, could compare
With thoſe great Bleſſings happy *Britans* ſhare.
Vainly they boaſt their Kings of heavenly Race,
A G—— incarnate *England*'s Throne does grace:
Chaſt in his Pleaſures, in Devotion grave,
To his Friends conſtant, to his Foes he's brave:
His Juſtice is thro all the World admir'd,
His Word held ſacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
No Tumults do about his Palace move,
Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love.
Nor do we leſs in Counſels wiſe prevail,
As all our late Tranſactions lately tell.
Not only Prorogations good create,
But th' adjourn'd *Play-houſe* is a *Corps d'Eſtate.*
So Learned Chymiſts, when they long have try'd
For Secrets thrifty Nature fain would hide,
In baſeſt Matters often Spirits find,
Which Providence for greater Uſe deſign'd.
But who can wonder at ſuch vaſt Succeſs?
Our *Cato S*——— ne'er promis'd leſs.

Abroad in Embaſſys he firſt was fam'd,
Where he ſo ſtrictly *England*'s Rights maintain'd:
At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
And Mrs. *W*——prefer'd him to the Place.
Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
Heaven has beſtow'd them with a liberal Hand.
Y——*k*, who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike Rage,
And *M*——, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
The firſt long Admiral, but more renown'd
For P——x and Popery than publick Wound.
This is the Man whoſe Vice each Satyr feeds,
And for whom no one Vertue interceeds:
Deſtin'd for *England*'s Plague, from Infant time,
Curſt with a Perſon f—— than all Crime.
But mightier Knights than theſe do ſtill remain,
Plimouth, who lately ſhew'd upon the Plain,
And did by *Hewit*'s Fall immortal Honour gain.
So Mouſe and Frog came gravely to the Field,
Both fear'd to fight, and yet both ſcorn'd to yield.
Their famous *Billets Duex* and Duel prove
Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.
Amongſt all theſe 'twere not amiſs to name
P——*ney*, to whom St. *Omer*'s Siege gave Fame.
Nor do Wits leſs our poliſh'd Court adorn,
Than Men of Proweſs, for Atchievements born.
Romantick *M*——*t*, who in empty Lines
His happier Rival tediouſly defines;
They well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys:
But his chief Talent is in Hiſtories,
Which of himſelf he tells, and always lyes.
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bully
But Punk-rid *R*—— not a greater Cully,
Nor tawdry *Iſham*, intimately known
To all poxt Whores and famous Rooks in Town.

No Ladies my reſpectful Muſe will name,
She thinks it Blaſphemy to touch their Fame.
Safe may they live who faithful are and kind,
But may leud Scourers no Redemption find.
May young and old inceſſantly give Thanks
For that bleſt Nurſery of Intrigue, *Milbanks*.
May *Leiſter-Fields* repair their Matron's Fall,
But ſtill ſubſcribe in Feaſts of Love to th' *Mall*,
And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to *B——Hall*.

A SATYR.

Barbara Pyramidum ſileat miracula Memphis.

OF all the Wonders ſince the World began,
Since Man's Creation, and the Fall of Man,
There's none ſo unaccountable to me
As the moſt common things we daily ſee.
Which way ſoe'er I look, methinks I view
Something that is extravagantly new;
That entertains my all-admiring Eyes
With various unexpected Prodigies.
And all I gaze upon, appears to me
Like any thing but what it ought to be.
Find out the Man that you would think moſt fit
For bluſtring *Bully*, he's the *Man of Wit*,
And noiſily does bear the Bays away,
Speaking what common Senſe would bluſh to ſay.
Shew me another Body, Soul and all,
Fram'd to *cut Capers*, he's a *General*;
And when his warlike Arm has time to reſt,
Turns *Buffoon Stateſman*, to make up the Jeſt.
A third by Nature for the Bays deſign'd,
With awkward Body, and diſtorted Mind,

Supported by his nauſeous Impudence,
Proves an eternal Plague to Men of Senſe;
And tho ſcarce fit to make the Rabble Sport,
Sets up for tawny *Darling* of the Court.
Another guilty of a worſe Miſtake,
Poor Man's in danger of *Narciſſus* Fate,
Doats on his Perſon, thinks himſelf deſign'd
For the Relief of longing Womankind;
Fancies his ſquinting Eye and clumſy Shape,
On every Female Heart commits a Rape;
Preſumes too with that Face the Prize to win,
Fit only for Lent-Preachers threatning Sin.
I mean the Warrior, famous far and near
For *Dr*——*n*'s Wit, but for no borrow'd Fear:
Wiſely he uſes his Friends Head to write
With more Succeſs, than his own Arm to fight;
Yet without wonder we look down, and ſee
Heroick Blue adorn his trembling Knee.
Ulyſſes with ſtout *Ajax* did contend,
And by his crafty Cunning gain'd his end;
But 'twas thought ſtrange, that in the bloody Field
He ſhould obtain the fam'd *Achilles* Shield.
But here's the Prize of Honour ſtole away
By one who ne'er yet ſaw a Scarlet Day,
But repreſented in ſome Tragick Play.
Yet every Collar-Feaſt he ſtruts along,
With Courage ſquinting on the gazing Throng.
He pleads, and ſays *Ulyſſes* ne'er did more;
He has deceiv'd, betray'd, and falſly ſwore.
What if a Friend for Intereſt he expoſe,
'Tis dull to gain a Regiment by Blows.
In his Deſigns upon frail Womankind,
His ill Succeſs has humbled ſo his Mind,
That like Cameleon living on the Air,
He's ſatisfy'd with Noiſe; and if the Fair

Be thought his Prey, his Coachman's Wife ſupplies
The abſent vainly wiſh'd-for Deities.
Such unreguarded blindly we paſs by,
And yet admire what's leſs a Prodigy.
Do we not daily croud with longing Mind,
To ſee a Beaſt of an unuſual kind,
Some odd uncommon Creature, that the Jade
Its Mother has brought forth in Maſquerade?
Whilſt the chief Monſter *Man* unminded goes,
Tho of the two, the fitter for the Shows.
He's the moſt ſtrange, and ſhould the moſt ſurprize,
Who will be ſo, yet can be otherwiſe:
Whoſe all-miſtaken Talents ſpur him on
To lead a Life in contradiction.
This brings to mind a Knight of mighty Fame,
Fairly in publick he plays out his Game,
Betimes beſpeaks Balconies, for I know
He'll teach you how to handle angry Foe.
In *Cheapſide* next he'll deal moſt deadly Blows,
If not prevented by a ſcratch on's Noſe.
Of what I've ſaid, I this Example bring,
This contradicting, proud, vain nauſeous thing,
Swarthy his Skin, a hanging Look on's Brows,
His Head with Whimſeys fill'd, and made as *How*'s;
His Sword-like Pen he handles, writing fair,
Quivering makes Daſhes in the wounded Air;
Yet the vain Fool expects the Women all
Should breathleſs at his Feet admiring fall.
Queen *Sheba* would have travel'd twice as far,
Could ſhe for *Solomon* have met Sir *Car*.
How do theſe Twins in all things but Eſtate,
Rail at themſelves, whilſt they each other hate?
Each on his Dunghil proudly does inſult,
But Conſcience rules, and Peace is the reſult.
Plutarch ne'er met two to compare ſo fit,
Blind in their Eyes alike, as in their Wit.

Equally vain, they love with like Succeſs,
Their wrongs with equal Fortune they redreſs.
Each, tho a naked Sword does make him ſtart,
Looks big, admiring his own martial Heart.
The one too ſcribbles, but in Lines as dull,
As thoſe of our new-made Governor of *Hull*.
For Proweſs, Wit, good Nature, Honeſty,
Religion, Honour and Humility,
One only Hero dares with theſe contend,
The brave Lord *Og*——'s Paramour and Friend.
His Anceſtors were Men of mighty Fame,
France felt an Earthquake at the very Name:
But he whoſe Soul can no harſh thought admit,
Takes care to cure it of its Ague-fit;
His tender Heart, in ſofter Breaſt enſhrin'd,
For gentler uſe by Nature was deſign'd.
A juſt Revenge admittance ſeeks in vain
To his converted Soul, where Peace does reign.
What tho his Father's bloody Murderer live,
His Charity compels him to forgive.
But now from railing let us reſt a while,
Some few have Merit in our wretched Iſle;
Thoſe whom our honeſt Poet diſcommends,
Becauſe they've been his Patron and his Friends.
We may conclude 'tis Intereſt guides the Pen,
And ranges Fools with wiſe deſerving Men;
Since in the front of our kept Laureat's Plays,
Long Dedications ſpeak a Booby's Praiſe;
And Women of the higheſt Rank appear
As chaſt, nay chaſter than *Lucretia* there.
I writ not for Applauſe, nor do I ſtrain
For Mony a dull mercenary Brain;
Meaſure not Verſe as Ribbon by the Ell,
My Stock of Wit's not good enough to ſell:
Nor yet ſo poor as that my needy Pen
Should rail, for want of matter, at good Men.

I will

I will not, where no Fault is to be found,
Slander the Dead, for Lyes dig under Ground;
Nor to be thought a brisk aſpiring Wit,
Rail at a Monarch for my Praiſes fit;
Cenſure, if to unbend his Head from Care,
He with his Subjects in ſome Pleaſure ſhare.
A bleſſed Lot we to our Sovereign give,
Permit him only as our Drudg to live:
Exceſs of Goodneſs, which I own his Crime,
Factious Petitioners will cure in time.
Then, like the Frogs in *Eſop*, we may grieve,
When fooliſhly we hoping to relieve,
By changing our imaginary Smarts,
Find 'tis that Change that breaks our ſtubborn Hearts.
I'll not complain Honours beſtow'd on him,
Who for his Country ventur'd that ſame Limb
That's now adorn'd; whoſe gen'rous Courage too,
Aiding our Neighbours, to the *Frenchman*'s Woe,
Shew'd 'em what *Engliſh* Swords were us'd to do.
Nor empty Paradoxes will maintain,
Lift a malicious Arm, but all in vain:
Striking at him the Ball rebounds and hurts,
'Tis not like fighting Duels in our Shirts;
'Tis trying to pierce Armour with a Sword.
Calling him Fool, when he but ſpeaks the Word,
Loudly proclaims the Lyar; but 'tis fine
To ſwear the Sun and Moon did never ſhine.
I may miſtake, but think my Nature good,
Yet ſome Temptations cannot be withſtood.
I cannot always with *Heracleus* weep,
Nor in a drouſy Silence ever ſleep:
Faith I muſt laugh, ſeeing the Letter drop,
Given the pert Dame by diſappointed Fop;
Nor can I ſtifle my Surprize, when I
Follow'ng Lord *All-Pride*, in his Train eſpy

One who before did him no Injury,
Crowning his Brows with deserv'd Infamy;
But since his Wife he publickly call'd *Whore*,
So much oblig'd he now can rail no more,
'Twas what himself had often done before.
His strict Attendance Gratitude does show,
How comes our metal'd Man to stoop so low?

Yet of all frantick Fools none seems to me
So vainly proud of his own Infamy,
As he who's pleas'd to head the factious Rout,
Of gaping Boors, and lead the Fools about:
Forfeits his Loyalty, his Friends and Fame,
And all to crown the Author of his Shame;
Yet in good Humour pleas'd to be allow'd
The most notorious Cuckold of the Croud.

The Deeds of mighty Heroes I rehearse,
Croud not four harmless Fools into one Verse.
'Tis not a scabby Chin can raise my Spleen,
Nor Rival to the Moor of *Mazarine*.
My soaring Muse flies with a nimble Wing
From such low Objects, scorns of such to sing;
Should she at every humble Quarry stoop,
And range each puny gowring Fop with *S*——,
'Twould make those Shrubs of Folly hope to prove
Equal to that tall Cedar of the Grove.

Y' expect some Sentence now e'er I conclude;
I'm tir'd, excuse me therefore if I'm rude,
And take my leave abruptly: faith 'tis time,
When all Fools write to think no more of Rhime.

The ROYAL BUSS.

AS in the days of yore were odds
Betwixt the Giants and the Gods;
So now is rife a fearful Brawl
Between the Parliament and *Whiteball:*
But, bleſt be *Jove*, theſe Gods of ours
Are greater in their Guilt than Pow'rs.
Tho then the Heathens were ſuch Fools,
Yet they made Gods of better Tools.
No Altars then to Plackets were,
Nor Majeſty by *Buſs* would ſwear.
They'd hang a Tippet at his Door,
Should break a Parliament to pleaſe a Whore;
And further to oblige him to it,
Would ſwear by *Portſm—h*'s — he'd do it,
And by Contents of th' Oath he had took,
Kneel'd down in Zeal and kiſt the Book.
They think the Faith too much amiſs
That ſuch Defenders had as this,
And that Religion look'd too poor,
Whoſe Head of th' Church kiſs'd A—ſe of W—re.
But this he did, much Good may't do him,
And then the Queen held forth unto him.
The Devil take her for a Whore:
Would he had kiſs'd ten Years before,
Before our City had been burn'd,
And all our Wealth to Plagues had turn'd;
Before ſhe had ruin'd (Pox upon her)
Our *Engliſh* Name, Blood, Wealth, and Honour:
Whilſt Parliaments too flippant gave,
And Courtiers would but ask and have:

Whilſt

Whilſt they are making *Engliſh*, *French*,
And Money vote to keep the Wench,
And the Buffoons and Pimps to pay,
The De'il a bit prorogu'd were they:
The Kiſs of T——t in ſtead had ſtood,
And might have done three Nations good.
But when the Commons wou'd no more
Raiſe Taxes to maintain the Whore;
When they wou'd not abide the Awe
Of ſtanding Force inſtead of Law:
Then Law, Religion, Property,
They forc'd 'gainſt Will and Popery.
When they provide that all ſhall be
From Slavery and Oppreſſion free:
That a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* come,
And none in Priſon be undone:
That *Engliſhmen* ſhou'd not, like Beaſt,
To War by Sea or Land be preſt:
That Peace with *Holland* ſhou'd be made,
When War had ſpoil'd our Men and Trade:
That Treaſon it ſhou'd be for any,
Without a Parliament to raiſe a Penny:
That no Courtier ſhou'd be ſent
To ſit and vote in Parliament:
That when an end to this was gave,
A yearly Parliament we ſhou'd have,
According to the antient Law,
That mighty Knaves might live in awe:
That King nor Council ſhou'd commit
An *Engliſhman* for Wealth or Wit.
Prerogative being ty'd thus tight,
That it cou'd neither ſcratch nor bite:
When Whores began to be afeard,
Like Armies, they ſhou'd be caſhier'd:
Then *Portſm——th*, the inceſtous Punk,
Made our moſt gracious Sov'reign drunk.

And

And drunk ſhe made him give that Buſs,
That all the Kingdoms bound to curſe;
And ſo red hot with Wine and Whore,
He kick'd the Commons out of Door.

WINDSOR. *By the Lord* R——r.

METhinks I ſee our mighty Monarch ſtand,
His pliant Angel trembling in his hand,
Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know
His eaſy Scepter bends and trembles ſo.
Fine Repreſentative indeed of God,
Whoſe Scepter's dwindled to a Fiſhing-Rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great Godſhip ſtoop'd to catching Flies;
Bleſs us! what pretty Sport have Deities.
But ſee he now does up from *Dotchel* come,
Laden with Spoils of ſlaughter'd Gudgeons home.
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
But greedily he ſwallows every Bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fiſher* of State.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught,
Then liſten now how he himſelf is caught:
So well, alas! the fatal Bait is known,
Which *R*—— does ſo greedily take down;
And howe'er weak and ſlender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign?
Yet *Lawſon*, thou whoſe arbitrary Sway
Our King muſt, more than we do him, obey;
Who ſhortly ſhalt of eaſy *Charles*'s Breaſt,
And of his Empire be at once poſſeſt:

Tho

Tho it indeed appear a glorious thing,
To command Power, and to enſlave a King;
Yet e'er the falſe Appearance has betray'd
A ſoft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
O, yet conſider, e'er it be too late,
How near you ſtand upon the brink of Fate!
Think who they are who would for you procure
This great Preferment to be made a Whore;
Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *Britiſh* Story,
For Luſt and Drunkenneſs, with *Nell* and *L*——,
Theſe, theſe are they your Fame would ſacrifice,
Your Honour ſell, and you ſhall hear the Price.
My Lady *Mary* nothing can deſign,
But feed her Luſt with what ſhe gets for thine;
Old *Richm--d* making thee a glorious Punk,
Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk.
Her Brother *Buck*——*m* ſhall be reſtor'd,
Nelly a Counteſs, *L*—— be a Lord.
And ſure all Honours ſhould on him be thrown,
Both for his Father's Merit and his own:
For *Dunkirk* firſt was ſold by *Clarendon*,
And now *Tangier* is ſelling by the Son:
A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

The Second Advice to a PAINTER.

By the Author of the Firſt.

NOW *Painter*, try if thy skill'd Hand can draw
The *horrid'ſt Scene* the trembling World e'er ſaw.
Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
In diſmal Colours dip them all anew;
Colours that may in lively Parts expreſs
The plotted Fall of Monarchs; in a Dreſs
May fright the World: Crimes which we can't atone
With our beſt Blood, and Chriſtians bluſh to own.
But let me firſt adviſe you; e'er you take
This Work in hand, a ſmall Reflection make
Of all that's heinous, Murders, Treaſons, Fires,
Perjuries, Inceſts, Rapines, hot Deſires.
Of murdering Kings I tremble to rehearſe,
A tottering World and ſinking Univerſe.
Think well on theſe, e'er you begin the Part,
'Twill heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
In the upper part of all the Canvas paint
His Holineſs the Pope, that mighty Saint.
Old Satan his Aſſociate too muſt ſtand
Behind his Chair, to guide his Heart and Hand.
Draw him ſtuck round with all the Toys that come
From the grand Mint of Lyes, old foppiſh *Rome*:
Bulls, Diſpenſations, Pardons, all the Baits
He lays for the dull Croud; the Book of Rates
Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
The Value may be known, pray cram them in.
Draw him diſperſing with a bounteous Hand,
For horrid Ends, the Treaſures of his Land:

Diſpenſing

Diſpenſing with falſe Oaths, or any thing
So that they'l murder *Charles*, *Great Britain*'s King.
Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
Is grown ſo dull, and ſenſleſs as his own.
No, proud Impoſtor, no, thy Hand's too ſhort
To reach his Head, or make his Fall thy Sport.
Next draw proud *France*, and his ambitious hope
Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope.
'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
That cheats the World, this his Affection draws;
'Tis Intereſt, mighty Intereſt bears the Sway,
He dare not, tho he's willing, diſobey.
Baſe Prince, and fooliſh too, your ſelf you cheat,
When on ſuch terms as theſe you would be great.
You feaſt your Senſes at ſuch coſtly Rates,
That nothing elſe can ſerve but Delicates.
Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
In your Opinion are but vulgar things.
If Thirſt of Empire ſway'd a generous Soul,
Theſe baſe low Tricks could never ſure controul;
But when a Mind's ſo firm on Miſchief bent,
No Thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
In meaneſt Actions Princes ſhould be true,
And act on Principles of Honour too.
When they are ſacred to the World, and ought
To be ador'd, then Diſreſpect's a Fault.
But when both baſe, degenerate they're grown,
The Vulgar hurl them headlong from the Throne.
Go on, vile Prince, in all theſe Arts, and try
How ſoon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.
By your Example your own Subjects teach
To ſtrike at Empire, and at Scepters reach;
And may their firſt attempt be on thy Head,
Dethrone thee firſt of all, then ſtrike thee dead.
Now Painter, to our Subject; dip thy Pen
In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.

For when a Subject from a King revolts,
Conſpires his Death, and thinks theſe things no Faults,
The Scene muſt needs be horrid. Firſt begin
With *Bel——s* his foul ungrateful Sin;
Draw him a Monſter in as foul a Dreſs,
As e'er your Heart can think, or Hand expreſs.
Long did he in his Prince's Boſom lie,
One would have thought, void of all Treachery;
For what baſe Man but he, could e'er conſpire
To ſet that Houſe wherein he lives on fire?
Who would ſuch Treaſons harbour in his Breaſt,
'Gainſt th' beſt of Princes, and to him the beſt?
The other Lords muſt on the Stage be led;
Draw out each Man with Halter on his Head,
And Dagger in his Heart, with which in vain
They often ſtrove to ſtab their Sovereign.
Baſe Raſcals, do you thus your Prince reward?
Have you no Honour left? or no regard
To Clemency? which ſome of you I know
Have taſted, or y'had dy'd for't long ago.
Had he been cruel, or tyrannick grown,
You'd had more reaſon to uſurp his Throne:
But to a gracious and obliging Prince,
'Tis paſt all Hopes of Pardon or Defence.
Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its Heat,
Let ſulphurous Flames and diſmal Darkneſs meet;
Draw *S——ley*, *Col——n*, and the Jeſuits,
And in the hotteſt Place, as beſt befits;
Let them endure the flaming Brimſtone's Rage,
Theſe bloody traitorous Miſcreants of our Age.
Theſe were the Men deſign'd (Oh bloody Act!)
Nay, were reſolv'd on to commit the Fact.
Baſe Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high Hand
Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land?
And cou'd you think to move our Scene, and do
What Heaven's high Lord had ne'er conſented to?

Burn

Burn on vile Wretches, think well on theſe things,
What Treaſon is, what 'tis to murder Kings.
Now draw, in all his Majeſty and State,
Our Sovereign Prince, juſt riſing from his Fate.
Pray paint him laughing at the Follies done
By th' *Pope* and *France*, his moſt unchriſtian Son.
Prithee Old Fellow, prithee tell me why
Old *England* ſhould ſo much diſturb thy Eye?
Is it becauſe we do not doat on you,
And worſhip all your Saints, we never knew?
If theſe, Old Man, your Aggravations be,
Know, we defy thy Malice, Imps, and Thee.

Staffordd's *Ghoſt*. Feb. 1682.

IS this the heavenly Crown? Are theſe the Joys,
Which bell'wing Prieſts did promiſe with ſuch Noiſe?
Charming my Fears with ſuch leud Words as theſe,
A Saint, a Martyr, Bliſs, Eternal Eaſe?
Such promis'd Glories were for meaner Deeds,
He's trebly bleſt by whom our Monarch bleeds.
Curſt Prieſts did me with other Fools delude,
Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
Had I that Life ſo unadvis'dly loſt,
'Tis not your fawning Jeſuitiſh Hoſt
Should e'er prevail on my miſguided Senſe,
To ſmother Guilt with Vows of Innocence:
Nor thou, falſe Friend, as falſe to me or more,
Than all thy Oaths for *Coleman*'s Life before,
With thy true Catholick proteſting Breath,
Wouldſt e'er betray me to a perjur'd Death.
Loaded with Zeal, what did we once admire
Thy ſulph'rous Soul, by Jeſuits ſet on fire?

A headſtrong, ſtupid, raſh, bigotted Prince,
Declar'd the open Enemy to Senſe.
VVeak are the ſacred Ties that ſhould attend
The Name of Sov'reign, Brother, and of Friend;
This pious *Samſon* would with Joy o'erthrow
The Univerſe, and periſh by the blow:
His Plots, tho known, yet he will ne'er give o'er,
But ſtill intrigues with his dear *Babel* VVhore;
So much infected by that fatal Bitch,
He's all broke out in ſcabby Zeal and Itch.
Could we diſtinctly view his tainted Soul,
That all the Relicks of *S*—— were ſmall,
Compar'd with the Scars of his P — ſpiritual:
'Tis not the powerful Force of *Jordan*'s Streams,
Nor his dear Purgatory's cleanſing Flames,
Can e'er remove from his polluted Soul
The leaſt remains of a Diſeaſe ſo foul.
You'll ſay 'tis hard that ſuch a one as he
Should be depriv'd of *Naaman*'s Remedy;
But there's Diſtinction to be made, I hope,
'Twixt thoſe that worſhip *Rimmon* and the *Pope*.
Amends for my intended Crimes I make,
If *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake:
But ſuch a Doſe of Opiats they have given,
To rouſe him were a Miracle for Heaven.
I hope tho, when he hears what I can tell,
Succeſs may crown my Embaſſy from Hell.
I'll boldly name thoſe that purſue his Life,
And 'mongſt his Subjects feſter endleſs Strife;
Their Friends and their Adviſers I'll reveal,
Thoſe Holy Men that, toucht with pious Zeal,
Are ſuch VVell-wiſhers to the Common VVeal.
York's moſt belov'd and boldeſt Friend is he,
VVho knows he muſt ſucceed by *Gadbury*;
Yet ſome with VVonder are ſurpriz'd to find,
That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,

His hot fit comes in ſuch a proper time,
Whoſe cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
The next a Slave to his ambitious Pride,
Muſt be the chief, tho of the falling ſide.
This hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly ſtrove,
For what he ne'er can hope, the Peoples Love.
But foil'd, he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
Truſting to th' Bladders of his Wit alone,
Without one honeſt Thought to fix them on.
The third a Wretch of the divided Chits,
Better than jilting Whore he counterfeits;
But not his treacherous Eyes diſſolv'd in Tears,
Nor the falſe Vizard his Ambition wears,
Can blind the World, or hide what muſt be ſeen,
His Practices with *J*——— and *Mazarine*.
Vote on poor Fools, yet Commons vent your Spleen,
Sure *France* and *York* are a ſufficient Skreen:
A Tax at home's a Project old and dull,
He'll find new ways to keep his Coffers full.
The *French* ſhall ſome of our fled Gold reſtore,
They ſuck like Leeches, but they ruin more,
When they ſpue back part of th'infected Ore:
'Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
To eaſe our Monarch of his Fears and Care.
They jointly toil to make thy Burden light,
Knowing that Quiet is thy chief Delight;
They therefore haſte and hurry thee to fight.
No matter *C*———, thy Enemies they'll fright,
One ſtamps, one talks, one weeps thy Foes to Flight.
I come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below,
To give thee timely notice of the Blow,
Which thou may'ſt yet prevent; think well of thoſe
Whom now (miſtaken) you believe your Foes.
They who againſt your Will would fix your Crown,
Giving you Riches, Happineſs, Renown;

Which *Metamorphoſe* ſhould accepted be,
Becauſe redeem'd from Want and Infamy.
(Obſerve poor Wand'rer, now thou walk'ſt alone,
Might is the *Atlas* that ſupports thy Throne)
Haſte to comply, defer it not too long,
Thou canſt not ſtem a Current that's ſo ſtrong.
Truſt to th' Affections of thy *Britans* bold,
Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold;
Tho *Beſſus*, yet a *Cæſar* thou may'ſt be,
Oppreſt with Trophies of their Victory.

On the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth's *Picture.*

September, 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
And not ſtrait be wonder-ſtruck,
That ſuch a ſpeaking doudy thing
Should make a Beggar of a King?
Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
And all their former Love to Fears.
Ruin the Great, and raiſe the Small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this Nation is the Head;
For half *Whitehall* make her their Court,
Tho th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery*'s Advance,
Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
Falſe and fooliſh, proud and bold,
Ugly as you ſee, and Old.
In a word, her mighty Grace
Is Whore in all things but her Face.

HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1686.

Upon this Place are to be ſeen
Many Brave Sights. God ſave the Queen.

NEAR *Hampton-Court* there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man nor VVoman;
The Heath of *Hounſlow* it is ſtil'd,
VVhich never was with Blood defil'd,
Tho it has been of VVar the Seat,
Now three Campaigns almoſt compleat.
Here you may ſee Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The greateſt of our Kings he's reckon'd!)
A Hero of ſuch high Renown,
VVhole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he ſmiles, Men die away
In Tranſports of exceſſive Joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick VVit! of Judgment moſt diſcerning!
His Knowledg in all Arts is ſuch,
No Monarch ever knew ſo much.
Not that old bluſtring King of *Pontus*,
VVhom Men call learned to affront us,
VVith all his Tongues and Dialects,
Could equal him in all reſpects:
His two and twenty Languages
VVere Trifles, if compar'd to his;
Jargons, which we eſteem but ſmall,
Engliſh and *French* are worth 'em all.
VVhat tho he had ſome Skill in Phyſick,
Could cure the Dropſy or the Ptyſick;

Perhaps

Perhaps was able to adviſe one
To ſcape the danger of rank Poiſon,
And could prepare an Antidote
Should carry't off, tho down your Throat?
Theſe are but poor Mechanick Arts,
Inferior to Great *James*'s Parts:
Shall he be ſet in the ſame Rank
VVith a Pedantick Mountebank?
He's Maſter of ſuch Eloquence,
VVell-choſen VVords, and weighty Senſe;
That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
But out a Trope or Figure ſlips:
And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is ſure to raviſh all the Throng;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held faſt Pris'ner by the Ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
They are ſo ſpread abroad by Fame;
His Faith, his Zeal, his Conſtancy,
Averſion to all Bigotry!
His firm adhering to the Laws,
By which he judges every Cauſe,
And deals to all impartial Juſtice,
In which the Subjects greateſt Truſt is!
His conſtant keeping of his VVord,
As well to Peaſant as to Lord;
VVhich he no more would violate,
Than he would quit his Regal State!
VVho has not his leaſt Promiſe broke!
Nor contradicted what he ſpoke!
His governing the brutal Paſſions,
VVith far more Rigour than his Nations;
VVould not be ſway'd by's Appetite,
VVere he to gain an Empire by't!

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VVere he to gain an Empire by't!

From hence does flow that Chaſtity,
Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
And unaffected Piety;
That juſt abhorrence of Ambition,
Idolatry and Superſtition,
Which thro his Life have ſhin'd ſo bright,
That nought could dazle their clear Light.
Theſe Qualities we'll not inſiſt on,
Becauſe they all are Duties Chriſtian;
But haſt to celebrate his Courage,
Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
A Spirit which exceeds relation,
And were too great for any Nation,
Did not thoſe Vertues nam'd before
Confine it to its native Shore,
Reſtrain it from the Thirſt of Blood,
And only exerciſe't in Good!

The tedious *Mithridatick* War
(The Noiſe whereof is ſpread ſo far)
Was nothing to what's practis'd here,
Tho carry'd on for forty Year,
'Gainſt *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
High ſounding Names, brought in to gull us:
In which the *Romans* loſt more Men
Than one Age could repair again;
Who periſh'd not by Sword or Bullet,
But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.
Heroes of old were only fam'd
For having Millions kill'd or maim'd;
For being th' Inſtrument of Fate,
In making Nations deſolate:
For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
Of thoſe that in their Paſſage ſtood:
And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
While any Foe alive remain'd.

Our

Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
Has prov'd the Antients errant Fools:
He only ſtudies and contrives
Not to deſtroy, but ſave Mens Lives;
Shews all the Military Skill,
Without committing ought that's ill.
He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
How to defend, or ſtorm a Fort;
And, in Heroick Interlude,
Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude*:
Here *Lorain* ſtorms, the *Viſier* dies,
And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplys;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
And all the *Turks* are took, or ſlain.
All this perform'd, with no more harm
Than loſs of ſimple Gunner's Arm:
And ſurely 'tis a greater Good
To teach Men War, than ſhed their Blood.

Now pauſe, and view the Army Royal,
Compos'd of valiant Souls and loyal;
Not rais'd (as ill Men ſay) to hurt ye,
But to defend, or to convert ye:
For that's the Method now in uſe,
The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuſe.
Time was, the Word was powerful;
But now 'tis thought remiſs and dull;
Has not that Energy and Force,
Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horſe.
Thus, when the Faith has had Mutation,
We change its way of Propagation;
So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
Spread over half the VVorld his Errors.

Here daily ſwarm prodigious VVights,
And ſtrange variety of Sights,

As Ladies leud, and foppiſh Knights,
Prieſts, Poets, Pimps, and Paraſites;
Which now we'll ſpare, and only mention
The hungry Bard that writes for Penſion;
Old *Squab* (who's ſometimes here, I'm told)
That oft has with his Prince made bold,
Call'd the late King a ſant'ring Cully,
To magnify the *Gallick* Bully:
Who lately put a ſenſleſs Banter
Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*;
Making the Beaſts and Birds o'th' Wood
Debate what he ne'er underſtood,
Deep Secrets in Philoſophy,
And Myſteries in Theology,
All ſung in wretched Poetry.
Which rambling Piece is as much Farce all,
As his true Mirror, the *Rehearſal*;
For which he has been ſoundly bang'd,
But ha'nt his juſt Reward till hang'd.

Now you have ſeen all that's here,
Have Patience till another Year.

The Diſſenters Thankſgiving *for the Late* Declaration, 1686.

FOR this Additional Declaration,
This double Grace of Diſpenſation,
For Liberty and Toleration
'Gainſt *Antichriſtian* Violation.
Whatever Zeal miſguided Paſſion
Perſuades the Sons of Reformation,
'Tis but a ſly Inſinuation
To work a *Popiſh* Inundation;

We

We of the new Regeneration,
The well-affected of the Nation,
That will be uſeful in our Station,
Do offer up our due Oblation;
And make our humble Supplication,
While Teſt and Penals are in faſhion,
We be not brought in Tribulation
By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the E. of R——.

BEtwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highneſs of late,
There happen'd a ſtrong and a weighty Debate.
Religion was the Theme. 'Tis ſtrange that they two
Should diſpute about that which neither of 'em know;
When I dare boldly ſay, if the Truth were but known,
The Weakneſs of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own;
He'd have call'd it a Madneſs, and much like a Curſe,
To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is (worſe.
But the Reaſons which made moſt his Highneſs to yield,
And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
Were——
Firſt, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
Who tell you there can be any more than one Church.
And, next unto that he aver'd for a certain,
No Footſteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.
At which two Reaſons, ſo deep and profound,
His Highneſs had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
By the ſudden Converſion and Change of my Mind,

If

It is not your Reaſon, nor VVit can afford
Such Strength to your Cauſe; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord.
For now I remember he ſomewhere has ſaid,
That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
Thus ends the diſpute 'twixt the Prieſt & the Knight,
In which, to ſay truth, and to do 'em both right,
He manag'd the Cauſe, as he did the Sea-fight.

Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.

HIC jacet Julius Mazarinus,
Galliæ Rex Italicus,
Eccleſiæ Præſul Laicus,
Europæ prædo purpuratus.
Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit,
Ærarium adminiſtravit & exhauſit,
Civile Bellum compreſſit, ſed commovit;
Regni jura tuitus eſt & invaſit,
Beneficia poſſedit & vendidit,
Pacem dedit aliquando, diu diſtulit;
Hoſtes cladibus cives oneribus afflixit,
Arriſit paucis, irriſit plurimos,
Omnibus nocuit.
Negotiator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
Prædo in miniſterio,
Vulpes in concilio,
Graſſator in bello,
Solus nobis in pace hoſtis.
Fortunam olim adverſam, aut eluſit, aut vicit,
Et noſtro ſæculo vidimus
Adorari fugitivum,
Imperare civibus exulem,
Regnare proſcriptum.
Quid deinde egerit, rogas? Paucis accipe,

Luſit,

Luſit, fefellit, rapuit,
Ferreum nobis induxit, ſæculum ſibi
Ex auro noſtro, aureum fecit.
Quorundam Capiti nullius fortunis peperit,
Homo crudeliter clemens.
Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
Plures ei cœlo mortes virogate,
Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat
Vincemini ſe arcibus incluſit moriturus,
Et quidem apte
Quæſivit Carcerem.
Diu cedentem animam retinuit ægre reddidit,
Sic retinere omnia didicerat,
Nihil ſua ſponte reddere.
Conſtanter tamen viſus eſt mori, quid mirum
Ut vixit ſic obiit diſſimulans?
Ne morbum quidem novere qui curabant,
Hac una fraude nobis profuit,
Fefellit Medicos.
Mortuus eſt tamen infallimur, & moriens,
Regem regno, regnum regi reſtituit.
Reliquit
Præſulibus peſſima exempla,
Aulicis infida conſilia,
Adoptiva ampliſſima ſpolia
Paupertatem populis,
Succeſſoribus ſuis omnes prædandi artes:
Sed prædam nullam
Immenſas tamen opes licet profuderit:
Id unum tantum habuit ex ſuo quod daret,
Nomen ſuum.

Pectus ejus poſt mortem apertum eſt,
Tum primum patuit vatrum Cor
MAZARINI,
Quod nec precibus, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis moveretur.

Diu quæſivimus invenire Medici
Cor Lapideum:
Quod mortuus omnia adhuc moveat & adminiſtret ne
(mireris,
Stipendia in hunc annum accepit,
Nec fraudat poſt mortem Vir bonæ fidei,
Quo tandem evaſerit forſitan rogitas?
Cœlum ſi rapitur tenet, ſi datur meritis longe abeſt

Sed abi, Viator, & cave,
Nam hic Tumulus
Eſt Specus Latronis.

SATYR *Unmuzzled.*

WHO'D be the Man leud Libels to indite,
Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write?
And meanly ſneak his Lampoons into th'World,
Which are i'th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
Or elſe by *Julian* 'mong the Bullies ſpread,
Which with his Pimping brings him in his Bread?
Who'd be the Wretch to hear himſelf abus'd,
By ſome Men cenſur'd, and by ſome accus'd,
For libelling the Town with his ſharp Pen,
And they with Cudgels lampoon him again?
To name great Men is Malice groſly ſhown,
As if they could not by their Crimes be known:
But what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
Without a Comment, *Pembroke* was not there?
When we ſay Fool, then all Men muſt agree,
V——— to name would be Tautology,
Who to the Sin of Pride does lay moſt claim;
Need we ſay *T*— *Arp*— or *Heningham*?

With

With theſe before the Wits have had a bout,
I'll pick out ſome the Poets have left out;
And yet not name the Men, but ſwinge their Faults,
For ſo wiſe Satyr makes his beſt Aſſaults.

One plaid at Dice all night at *Locket*'s Door,
Quarrel'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er;
Next day he ſat at the wiſe Green-Cloth Board,
And with great Gravity ſaid ne'er a word:
There fell aſleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
And ſwore G—damn him, his Throw was Ams-ace:
So ſwept the Mony that o'th' Green-Cloth lay,
And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
To cheat the King, he has left off being brave,
From Captain turn'd a formal Green-Cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
Curſt by his Servants for his Pride and State;
Keeps Bauds, and has his *Banco* for the Gout,
Which is a modeſt Word for Pox, no doubt:
No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
Having not Matter to afford them Wit.
Leud is his outſide, as his Soul within,
One that deſerves to be, for his proud Sin,
Toſs'd up to Heaven, to tumble down agen.
Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view:
His Office ſhews the Devil and he are Twins,
Being Privy-Purſe to all the Privy-Sins.

Search the whole Court, in all that bleſſed Race,
Not one Man's planted in his proper Place;
Scarce one Man juſt or faithful found to be,
Only *Frank N*— *Henry K*——*w.*
Why did I name 'em, ſince ye all well know,
When we ſay faithful, it implies them two?

Once

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Once

Once faulty Men, but now as juſt are known,
They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down
To every Footman lends them half a Crown.

Now for a Brute whoſe *Species* is unknown,
Like Man, but Hell beſt knows he is not one.
Full as deſtructive as the Wind North-Eaſt,
And much more ominous to Man and Beaſt.
Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul juſt ſpeckled ſo,
And poiſons all things where he does but blow;
Whoſe crooked Nature forces ſo much Evil,
'T has chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
He left a Conqueſt that the Duke had gain'd,
A greater Blemiſh *England* ne'er ſuſtain'd.
No more of that, let's ſleep out all the reſt,
For Silence in this Caſe is ſafe and beſt.
He's Cofferer now, in great Eſteem and Grace,
But Sledg and *Tyburn* is his proper place.

Our late Secretary fell into Diſgrace,
And *Ignoramus* ſtept into his place.
By our great *Filt-Royal* he had his Fall,
She that commands the Court, the Devil and all.
To us who know theſe things, 'tis no great wonder
For Court and Devil ne'er live far aſunder.
She that to th'Eye of State is ſuch a Film,
Who ſits in Pomp to guide and ſteer the Helm,
And will in time the tall Ship overwhelm.
The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
Has wriggled thro the Mud of Fortune's Wheel,
Slipt into Place improperly by Fate,
Whoſe Parts were ne'er cut out to ſerve the State;
But fawning well on Madam did the Feat,
She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.

One thing I wonder at, and ſhall do ſtill,
To ſee a Fool act wiſe *Achitophel.*
Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
Whoſe ſtock of Brains would lie upon a Groat,
But that was not his but the King's great Fault?
Had he for Murders hang'd him, in all reaſon,
We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treaſon.
Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
By thy wiſe Counſels a falſe King to make.
But thou and *Abſalom* thy weaker Friend,
Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end;
Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
That luſty Drudg will prove thy beſt *Mandamus.*

Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis ſaid,
Crawl'd into th'World, without a Maidenhead;
It is moſt ſure 'twas never had by Man,
Nor can ſhe ſay where it was loſt, or when,
We muſt conclude ſhe never had one then.
Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
To think her Child ſhould ever prove a Crack;
When ſhe was drunk, ſhe always fell aſleep,
And when full *Maudlin*, then the Whore would weep.
Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
Baud was her Life, and Common-Shore her Death.
To ſee the Daughter mourn for ſuch a Beaſt,
Is like her Life, which makes up but one Jeſt,
Of all her Jokes this Mourning is the beſt.
As *Jews*, deſcended from the High-Prieſts Race,
Were thought the fitteſt to ſupply that Place,
So ſhe beſt ſatisfies luſtful Amours,
Whoſe Line from *Adam* have been Bauds and Whores.

Now will I ſpeak of all thoſe fooliſh Duns,
Who truſt the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns.*

Such

Such as do run on every Tradeſman's Score,
Nay baſely tick with every little Whore,
And ſtill tick on, till they can tick no more.
When Dun comes, each Man asks what he'd be at,
And ſwears and rants at the old *Vandal* rate,
Then pays his Score off with a broken Pate:
Bilks the poor Coachman, wretched Link-Boy cheats,
And brags next day of his Heroick Feats.
Such mean baſe things the Goatiſh Gentry do,
The Engliſh keep their Fame and Honour too.
Moſt highly ſcandalous are all the reſt,
And proud gay Fool and Fop includes the beſt.
All Golden Outſides with falſe Tinſel Hearts,
They only make a ſhew of worthy Parts;
The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
It is become great Honour's Overthrow:
Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
As Common VVhore is to all VVomankind.
Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at ſtake,
The Guiltleſs ſuffers for the Guilty's ſake.
Pity it is that Men of noble Fame
Should loſe their Honour merely for the Name.
'Cauſe *Tom*'s a Knave, muſt every *Tom* be ſo?
Muſt we, *Draw-Can-Sir* like, ſlay Friend and Foe?
No general Rule without Exception is,
Thoſe few unblemiſht are not meant in this.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER TRANSVERS'D, To the STORY of The *Country-Mouſe* and the *City-Mouſe*.

Much Malice mingled with a little VVit. *Hind. Pan.*
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to ſay in its Defence, That the beſt things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burleſqu'd, and* Virgil *Traveſtied without ſuffering any thing in their Reputation from the Buffoonry; and that in like manner the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, tho 'tis the Subject of our Raillery. But there is this Difference, That thoſe Authors are wreſted from their true Senſe, and This naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing repreſented here as monſtrous and unnatural, which is not equally ſo in the Original. Firſt as to the General Deſign: Is it not as eaſy to imagine two* Mice *bilking* Coachmen, *and ſupping at the* Devil; *as to ſuppoſe a* Hind *entertaining a* Panther *at a* Hermit's Cell, *diſcuſſing the greateſt Myſteries of Religion, and telling you her Son* Rodriguez *writ very good* Spaniſh? *What can be more improbable and*

contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very Deſign and Uſe of them? They were firſt begun and rais'd to the higheſt Perfection in the Eaſtern *Countries; where they wrote in Signs, and ſpoke in Parables, and deliver'd the moſt uſeful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptneſs were entertaining to the moſt Judicious, and led the Vulgar into underſtanding, by ſurprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the ſame throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which ſnapt at a Shadow, loſt his Troop of Horſe, that would be unintelligible; a Piece of Fleſh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind. They would not ſay that the Daw, who was ſo proud of her borrow'd Plumes, lookt very ridiculous, when* Rodriguez *came and took away all the Book but the* 17*th*, 24*th*, *and* 25*th Chapters, which ſhe ſtole from him. But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before

Before the Word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to our Saviour? Or what notion have we of a* Panther's *Bible? If you ſay he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Foreſt? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beaſt, for we cannot bear his ſhifting the Scene every Line. If it is abſurd in Comedies to make a Peaſant talk in the ſtrain of a* Hero, *or a Country-Wench uſe the Language of the Court; how monſtrous is it to make a Prieſt of a Hind, and a Parſon of a Panther? to bring 'em in diſputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Tho as to the Arguments themſelves, thoſe, we confeſs, are ſuted to the Capacity of the Beaſts; and if we would ſuppoſe a Hind expreſſing her ſelf about theſe Matters, ſhe would talk at that rate.*

As to the Abſurdity of his Expreſſions, there is nothing wreſted to make 'em ridiculous, the Terms are ſometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more viſible: Know-

ledg misunderstood *is not at all better sense than* Understanding misunderstood; *tho 'tis confest the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.*

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes *himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the* Turks *for Gluttony; a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest* Lent, *without the Pleasures of a* Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man, who had not renounc'd his Senses, should read* Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been told that Mr.* Allen *had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnify'd Piece of* Duncomb's *was Translated from the* Spanish *of* Rodriguez; *and to set it beyond Dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few Mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at: But what Likeness is there between* Duncomb *and* Allen? *Do they so much as rhime?*

Difference betwixt a *Protestant* and *Socinian*, p. 62.

Pag 92.

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities

equally

equally leſſen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion againſt the Panther *till he had laid aſide all his Judgment. But we muſt applaud his Obedience to his Mother* Mind; *ſhe* diſci- Pag. 92.
plin'd *him ſeverely, ſhe commanded him, it ſeems, to* ſacrifice *his* darling Fame; *and to do it effectually, he publiſh'd this learned Piece. This is the favourable Conſtruction we would put on his Faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Impoſition, but out of a natural* Pref.
Propenſity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Miſchief. What elſe could provoke him to libel the Court, Pag. 87.
blaſpheme Kings, *abuſe the whole* Scotch Nation, *rail at the greateſt Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only Eſtabliſh'd Religion? And we muſt now congratulate him this Felicity, That there is no Sect or Denomination of Chriſtians whom he has not abus'd.*

Thus far his Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews, *and* Infidels *look to themſelves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Intereſt of all his Neighbours to oppoſe him; for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face*

about, and deſtroy his Friends, and like a ſecond Almanzor, *change ſides merely to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Temper of his has created him ſome Enemies, that did by no means affect Hoſtility; and he may obſerve this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in theſe Papers, but his laſt Piece: and I believe he is ſenſible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perſuaſion, or making Religion the Subject of ſuch a Trifle; ſo that no Man is here concern'd, but the Author himſelf, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.*

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it ſo, you muſt grant my Excuſe is more reaſonable than our Author's to the Diſſenters.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER TRANSVERS'D,

To the Story of the *Country-Mouſe* and the *City-Mouſe*.

Bayes, Johnſon, Smith.

Johnſon.

HAH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky Chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, ſtand off, and come not within my Sword's Point; for if you are not *come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter from you.* Pref. p. 1.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. How, draw upon your Friend! and aſſault your old Acquaintance! O'my *Conſcience*, my Intentions were honourable.

Bayes. Conſcience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough; let me have
Pref. ib. the *Marks* of your *Conſcience* before I truſt it, for if it be not of the ſame ſtamp with mine, Gad I may be *knock'd down* for all your fair Promiſes.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany haſt thou been about, that thou'rt under theſe Apprehenſions? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib. *Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any Mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who, you know, never trouble our Heads with National Concerns till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this Profaneneſs, I am alter'd ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe Talk now: Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a Man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations*
Pag. 5. *on the Council of* Trent: and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant.—*Good Life be now my Task.*

Johnſ. Nay Faith, we won't part ſo: believe us, we are both your Friends; let us ſtep

to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your Palat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo, but *Senſes* muſt be *ſtarv'd*, that the *Soul* may be *gratify'd*. Men of your Kidney make the *Senſes* the *Supreme* Pag. 21.
Judg, and therefore bribe 'em high; but we have laid both the uſe and pleaſure of 'em aſide.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both ſides? you make the ſeparation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a fat Ibid.
roſy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a *Proteſtant*, or a *Turk*.

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſpect your Converſion; methinks thou haſt as much the Face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bays. Such was I, ſuch by Nature ſtill I am. Pag. 5.
But I hope e'er long I ſhall have drawn this *Pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *ſtrait Gate.*

Smith.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confeſſor gives you more ſevere Rules than he practiſes; for not long ago a *fat Friar* was thought a *true Character.*

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me; I confeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my Writings: but ſince you have put me upon that Subject, I'll ſhew you a thing I have in my Pocket ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy ſelf again. Here's the King's Health to thee—Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the World e'er ſaw, a *Non Pareillo*, I faith. But I muſt beſpeak your Pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perſuaſion.

Johnſ. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no Bigots.

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and juſtify our Religion by way of *Fable.*

Johnſ. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion?*

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps: and to ſhow you how far I can outdo any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* Deſign; but, I'gad, I have ſo outdone him you ſhall be aſham'd for your *old Friend.* You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*, what a plain ſimple thing it is: it has no more Life and Spi-

pirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-Horſe; and s *Mice* talk ſo meanly, ſuch common Stuff, like *mere Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd e World ſo long. But now will I unde- ive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*, d *elevate a Fable.* I'll bring you in the ve- ſame *Mice* diſputing the depth of *Philoſo-* y, ſearching into the Fundamentals of *Re-* gion, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and l that, I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of 'em ould eaſily make an Aſs of a *Country Vicar.* low whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked ory, I have more Copiouſneſs than to do at, I'gad. Here I draw you general *Cha-* fters, and deſcribe all the *Beaſts* of the *Crea-* on; there I launch out into long *Digreſſions*, nd leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages toge- er: then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the neſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you. Won't is do, think you?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive ou; all this about two *Mice?*

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not Great and eroical? But come, you'll underſtand it etter when you hear it; and pray be as vere as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks.* hus it begins:

A milk-white Mouſe *immortal and un-* Pag. 1.
chang'd,
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without unſpotted, innocent within;
She fear'd no Danger, for ſhe knew no Gin.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a little too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were there any neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have conſulted *Homer* for *Celeſtial Proviſion.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Pag. 1. *Yet had She oft been* ſcar'd by bloody Claws
Of *winged* Owls, *and* ſtern *Grimalkins* Paws.
Pag. 2. *Aim'd at her* deſtin'd Head; which made her *fly*,
Tho She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to die.*

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no danger* in the Line before, to be ſcar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will: for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; how was ſhe *doom'd to Death*, if ſhe was *fated not to die?* Are not *Doom* and *Fate* much the ſame thing?

Bayes. Nay, *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my Skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing elſe, give me that: ſure I that made the Word, know beſt what I meant by it; I aſſure you, *Doom'd* and *Fated* are quite different things.

Smith.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were
om'd to be hang'd, whatever you were *fa-*
d to 'twould give you but ſmall comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that,
r. *Smith*, mind the buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young, their Linſy-woolſy *Line* Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly theſe *Hero's, half Hu-*
an, half Divine, have very little of the
ouſe their *Mother.*

Bayes. Gadſokers! Mr. *Johnſon*, does your
riend think I mean nothing but a *Mouſe* by
l this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*;
d theſe young Gentlemen her Sons, ſigni-
Prieſts, Martyrs, and *Confeſſors*, that were
ng'd in *Oates*'s *Plot.* There's an excellent
tin Sentence, which I had a mind to bring
, *Sanguis Martyrum, ſemen Eccleſiæ*; and I
ink I have not wrong'd it in the Tranſla-
on:

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whoſe ſanguine Seed increas'd the ſacred Brood; Pag. 2.
She multiply'd by theſe, *now rang'd alone,*
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. Pag. 3.

Smith. Was ſhe *alone* when the *ſacred Brood*
as increas'd?

Bayes. Why, thy Head's running on the
Mouſe again; but I hope a *Church* may be
one, tho the *Members* be *increas'd*, mayn't it?

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffuſive Body of Men*, can much leſs be ſaid to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion Take it from me, Mr. *Johnſon*, you are wrong however to oblige you, I'll clap in ſome *Family* or other, about the *Children of* Iſrael and it ſhall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes?* What could the *Mouſe* (for I ſuppoſe you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do! why ſhe *reign'd*, had a *Diadem*, *Scepter*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are ſo *increas'd*, She may try t'other Pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and ſo She may before I have done with her; it has coſt me ſome Pains to clear her Title. Well, but Mum for that Mr. *Smith*.

The common Hunt She timorouſly paſt by,
For they made tame, *diſdain'd Her Company*
Pag. 3. *They grin'd*, She in a fright *tript* o'er the Green,
For She was *lov'd* where-ever She was *ſeen*

Johnſ. Well ſaid little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick muſt have a great deal of leiſure that attacks thoſe Verſes.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him whoe'er he is, *offendet ſolido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beaſt.—— Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why a Bear, Pox, is not that obvious enough?

——*In Groans her Hate expreſt.*

Which I'gad, is very natural to that Animal. Well! there's for the *Independent*. Now the *Quaker*, what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, a *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull!* O Lord! a *Bull!* no, no, a *Hare*, a *Quaking Hare.*——*Armarillis*, becauſe ſhe wears Armour, 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon*, no Man knows how to pun in Heroics but my ſelf. Well, you ſhall hear.

She thought, and reaſon good, the *quaking* Pag. 3.
Hare
Her cruel Foe, becauſe ſhe wou'd not ſwear,
And had profeſs'd Neutrality.

Johnſ. A ſhreud Reaſon that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three ſuch fine things as theſe, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finiſh'd my Poem.

Pag. 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his Body bent,*
And paid at Church a Courtier's Complement.

That gauls ſomewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

Pag. 4. *The briſl'd* Baptiſt *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'en take it as they will; I'gad, I ſeldom come amongſt 'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.*
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Creſt rears
And pricks up ——— Now in one Word will I abuſe the whole Party moſt damnably ——— *and pricks up* ——— I'gad, I am ſure you'll laugh——*his predeſtinating Ears.* Prithee, Mr. *Johnſon*, remember little *Bayes*, when next you ſee a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predeſtination* in the Shape of his Ear: I have ſtudy'd Men ſo long, I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the ſetting of his Wig.

His predeſtinating Ears. I'gad there's ne'er a *Presbyterian* ſhall dare to ſhow his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em ſhou'd come over to the *Royal Party*, wou'd their Ears alter?

Bayes.

Bayes. Wou'd they? Ay, I'gad, they wou'd ſhed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have juſt ſuch well-turn'd Ears as I have; mind this Ear, this is a true *Roman* Ear, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party ſhould chance to fail, you might loſe 'em; *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind———

Theſe fiery Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.* Pag. 11.

Smith. Thoſe I ſuppoſe are ſome Outlandiſh Beaſts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beaſts, a good Miſtake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in ſo bad Company becauſe they were Enemies to my *Mouſe:* and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you ſhall here me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horſes*, and *Horſemen*, in the very ſame Breath. You ſhall hear how I go on now. Pag. 39.

Or elſe reforming *Corah* ſpawn'd *this Claſs*, Pag. 11.
When opening Earth made way for all to paſs.

Johnſ. For all, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Yes, they were all loſt there, but ſome of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman Lake:* as a Catholick Queen ſunk at *Charing-Croſs*, and roſe again at *Queen-hithe.*

The Fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark, Pag. 11.
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's *Ark.*

Here I put a Query, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well ſatisfy'd in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Hereſy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quicken'd with Fire below, theſe Monſters bred
In fenny Holland, *and in fruitful* Tweed.

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, to elevate and ſurprize, and all that, I fetch, you ſee, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of Bogs, and Rivers.

Johnſ. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo*'s making a Burning-Glaſs of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was ſheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd thoſe Elements but my ſelf. Well Gentlemen, Thus far I have follow'd Antiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships, ſo I have rang'd my Beaſts. Here is my *Boar*, and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em all againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have

have play'd their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhow'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch an Expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the firſt part with Flowers, Figures, Fine-Language, and all that; and then I'gad ſink by degrees, till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors creep ſervilely after the Old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee I cou'd go on with 'em; but I'gad, I won't.

Johnſ. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes!* there's no Body doubts that; You have a moſt particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, you are mighty obliging: But I muſt needs ſay, at a Fable or an Emblem I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſtudy'd it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, *A Cat with a Top-Knot?*

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw it at the Coffee-houſe.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will*'s throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture: indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a dozen of 'em, for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; wou'd you pleaſe to accept it Mr. *Johnſon?*

Johnſ. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Penſion to go into *Holland*, and contrive their Emblems. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and wou'd ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Bus'neſs, and here I'll give you a delicate Deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that ſuppoſes a Wood; and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtick Wood*: Now when I was there, I cou'd not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*; and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts I took occaſion to rail at the *French* King, and ſhow that he was not of the ſame Make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Black-Smith *in th' Abyſs of Light,* Pag. 15.
Yawning and lolling, with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a ſudden
Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'- Pag. 16.
ning Pudding.
Tender and mild within its Bag it lay,
Confeſſing ſtill the Softneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wed-
ding-day:
Till Pride of Empire, Luſt, and hot Deſire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire;
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood,*
Burn'd him to th' Pot, and ſour'd his curd-
led Blood.

Johnſ. But ſure this is a little profane, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his God *Vulcan* working at the Anvil?

Johnſ. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitteſt to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why, do you imagine Him an earthly dirty *Blackſmith?* Gad you make it profane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milton*'s. But now, Gentlemen,

the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouſe, the City-Mouſe.

Pag. 19. A *Spotted* Mouſe, the prettieſt next the *White*,
Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
Pag. 23. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpread,
Pag. 22. *Crozier* in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head,
Pag. 84. *Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield*,
Liv'd in the City, and diſdain'd the Field.

Johnſ. This is a glorious Mouſe indeed! but as you have dreſs'd her, we don't know whether ſhe be *Jew*, *Papiſt*, or *Proteſtant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnſon*, for that; you take it right. She is a mere *Babel* of Religions, and therefore ſhe's a *ſpotted Mouſe* here, and will be a *Mule* preſently. But to go on.

This Princeſs———

Smith. What *Princeſs*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this *Mouſe*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lion* made a Left-Hand Mar-
Pag. 20. riage with her Mother, and begot on her Body *Elizabeth Schiſm*, who was marry'd to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and has Iſſue *Graceleſs Hereſy*. Who all give the ſame Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This

This Princeſs, tho eſtrang'd from what was beſt,
Was leaſt Deform'd, becauſe Reform'd the leaſt. Pag. 23.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Maſquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Miſtook the Bliſs of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradiſe more ſweet.

There's a jolly Mouſe for you, let me ſee any Body elſe that can ſhew you ſuch another. Here now have I one damnable ſevere reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me Mr. *Johnſon?*

She ——
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home,
Johnſ. Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Pag. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johnſ. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my ſelf off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad: Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I cou'd think of; but with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happen'd before I cou'd finiſh this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was alter'd, and thoſe People were no longer Beaſts: Here was a Plunge now: Shou'd I loſe my Labour, or libel my Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do I but write a ſmooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them, that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Buſineſs.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them againſt whom was it writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were ſatisfy'd: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joy's* Jeſts.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd ſteal from ſuch an Author? or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſound Precepts, in the *delectable Hiſtory of Reynard*

Reynard the Fox, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author cou'd I have found ſo pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Iſgrim?* But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouſe*.

One Evening, when ſhe went away from Court, Pag. 29.

Levee's and Couchee's paſt without reſort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verſe ſo fine a Turn, as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's* and *Couchee's* of a *Mouſe* are too great, eſpecially when ſhe is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe *fearful* Pag. 16.

Face
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durſt approach———

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouſe is ſtrangely alter'd, ſince ſhe *fear'd no Danger.*

Bayes. Godzookers! Why no more ſhe does not yet fear either Man or Beaſt: But, poor Creature, ſhe's afraid of the Water, for ſhe cou'd not ſwim, as you ſee by this.

Nor

Pag. 30. *Nor durſt approach, till with an aweful Roar*
The Sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.

But beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you ſhe *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character you muſt have the ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new. Well, but to proceed:

Pag. 30. But when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe in view,
Good Lord, *how ſhe admir'd her heavenly Hiew!*

Here now to ſhow you I am Maſter of all Stiles, I let my ſelf down from the Majeſty of *Virgil*, to the Sweetneſs of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, *how ſhe admir'd her heavenly Hiew!*

What more eaſy and familiar! I writ this Line for the Ladies: The little Rogues will be ſo fond of me to find I can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a rough unhew'n Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man muſt ſweat to read Him; I'gad you may run over this, and be almoſt aſleep.

Th' In-

Th' immortal Mouſe, who ſaw the *Viceroy* come
So far to ſee her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouſe*, the *Viceroy!*
Smith. But pray why d'ye call her ſo?
Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily: I call her the *Crown General* preſently if I've mind to it. Well,

——did invite her home
To ſmoak a Pip, and o'er a ſober Pot
Diſcourſe of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the Plot. Pag. 31.
She made a Court'ſy, like a civil Dame,
And being much a Gentlewoman came. Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my firſt part fi-ſh'd, and I think I have kept my Word th you, and given it the Majeſtick Turn *Heroick Poeſy*. The reſt being *Matter of ſpute, I had not ſuch frequent Occaſion for the agnificence of Verſe*, tho I'gad they ſpeak y well. And I have heard Men, and con-erable Men too, talk the very ſame things, great deal worſe.
Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, ey have receiv'd no ſmall Advantage from e ſmoothneſs of your numbers.
Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: Tho u muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to nd theſe things my ſelf; but 'tis the advan-ge of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their Talk one

one may write a very good *polemical* Di
courſe, without ever troubling one's Hea
with the Books of *Controverſy*. For I ca
take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, an
clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſha
ſtare any *London* Divine in the Face. Indee
your knotty Reaſonings, with a long Train
Majors and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, a
too barbarous for my Stile; but I'gad I ca
flouriſh better with one of theſe twinklin
Arguments, than the beſt of them can fig
with t'other. But we return to our *Mou*
and now I've brought 'em together, let 'e
e'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will
extreamly well, or I'm miſtaken. And pra
obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't fi
all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mou
and in the other all the plain Simplicity of
ſober ſerious Matron.

Pag. 32. *Dame, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff,*
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your Ca
mere Stuff.

There, did I not tell you ſhe'd be nice?

Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain
ſmoke?
And the Weed worſe than e'er *Tom I*—
took.

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spot*
Muff before.

Bay

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: ut ſhe has a Skin that might make a *Spotted uff.* There's a pretty Figure now, unknown o the Antients.

Leave, leave (* *ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary Shed, and lonely Hills, * *Poeta loquitur.*
And eat with me at *Groleau*'s, ſmoak at *Will*'s.
What Wretch wou'd nibble on a Hanging-Shelf,
When at *Pontack*'s he may regale himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of cleanly *Rheniſh* go;
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row?*

Do you mark me now, I wou'd by this epreſent the Vanity of a Town-Fop, who retends to be acquainted at all thoſe good ouſes, tho perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. ut hark! ſhe goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our ſelves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragouſts* our Meat.
Then Hand in Hand we'll go to Court, dear *Cuz*,
To viſit Biſhop *Martin*, and King *Buz.*
With Evening Wheels we'll drive about the Park,
Finiſh at *Locket*'s, and reel home i' th' Dark.

Break

Break clattering Windows, and demoliſh
Doors

Pag. 63. *Of* Engliſh *Manufacture.* —— *Pimps, and*
Whores.

Johnſ. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore is an odd ſort of a Manufacture Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. I call 'em ſo, to give the Parliament a hint not to ſuffer ſo many of 'em to be exported, to the Decay of Trade at home.

With theſe Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermit's Cell*, the *Female Proſelyte.*
Oh! with what Eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,
Where Souls are ſtarv'd, and Senſes gratify'd

Now wou'd not you think ſhe's going? but I'gad, you're miſtaken; you ſhall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before ſhe ſtirs yet.

Pag. 69. But here the *White* by Obſervation wiſe,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying
Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave
Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis
dark:
Leſt therefore we ſhou'd ſtray, and not go
right
Through the *brown Horror* of the ſtarleſs
Night,
Pag. 37. Haſt thou *Infallibility*, *that Wight?*

Stern

Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the immortal Dame;
There is a Guide — gad I've forgot his Name, Pag. 37.
Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord knows where;
Had we but him, Sweet-Heart, we could not err.
But hark you, Siſter, this is but a Whim; *Spotted Mouſe loquitur.*
For ſtill we want a Guide to find out Him.

Here you ſee I don't trouble my ſelf to eep on the Narration, but write *White ſpeaks*, r *Dapple ſpeaks*, by the Side. But when I et any noble thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ould ſay, I clap it down in my own Perſon ith a *Poeta Loquitur*; which take notice, is Pag. 69. ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my Writings, an a Hand in the Margent any-where elſe. ell now ſays *White*,

What need we find him? we have certain proof
That he is ſomewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a Guide that knows the way,
Altho we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I'gad: Well ſaid *White*. You her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for her f, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhall make a *Simily*.

Smith. Why then I find Similys are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do it two ways, either about
Pag. 37. *Emiſſion* or *Reception* of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-waters*: but I think the laſt is moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As tho 'tis controverted in the School,
If Waters paſs by Urine or by Stool:
Shall we who are Philoſophers, thence gather,
From this Diſſenſion, that they work by neither?

And I'gad, ſhe's in the right on't; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her, ſwop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never ſo good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that*
Pag. 54. *Guide am I.*

There's a Surprize for you now! How ſneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now; to make her ask for a Guide firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one? Who could have thought that this little Mouſe had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly! Now Dapple had nothing to ſay to this; and therefore you'l ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

Com

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they ſay,
Uſe not that Barber that trims time, delay, Pag. 101
(Which I'gad is new, and my own)
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jog'd; *and ſince an Hour of talk,*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk,*
As I remember, ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe.*
Thither, ſays *Brindle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſupping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baffling the *Grand Senior*, thoſe the *Teſt.*
And here ſhreud Gueſſes made, and Reaſons given,
That human Laws were never made in Heaven. Pag. 111
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy Sight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt Delight;
Is the *Poetick Judg* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who do's i'th' *Darkneſs of his Glory ſit.*
And as the Moon who firſt receives the Light,
With which ſhe makes theſe nether Regions Pag. 28
bright;
So does he ſhine, reflecting from afar
The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star:

For Rules, which from *Corneille* and *Rapin*
flow,
Admir'd by all the ſcribling Herd below
From *French* Tradition while he does
diſpenſe
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schiſm, a damn'd
Offence,
To queſtion his, or truſt your private
Senſe.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnſon*? gad forgive me he is faſt aſleep! Oh the damn'd Stupidity of this Age! aſleep! Well, Sir, Since you're ſo drowſy, your humble Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White Mouſe.*

Bayes. The white Mouſe! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, dear *Bayes*, Faith, I beg thy Pardon, I was up late laſt Night; prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes, Go on! Pox I don't know where was; well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach, tow'rds *Temple-Bar*
they drive;
But at St. *Clements Church*, eat out the
Back,
And ſlipping thro the *Palſgrave*, bilk
poor *Hack*.

There

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poetry; many a young Templer will ſave his ſhilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any young Templer eat out the Back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouſe.

Thence to the Devil, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of Clergy kind, or Counſellor *Chough* was there; Pag. 133
Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown, Pag. 126
By his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known,
Or Siſter Partlet, *with the hooded Head:* Pag. 130
No, Sir, ſhe's *hooted hence*, ſaid *Will*, and fled.
Why ſo? *Becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.*

Johnſ. aſide. 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at ſuch ſtuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnſon*, How d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Perſon of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verſes; and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! here they are, juſt going up ſtairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White takes occaſion to talk very well of Tradition.

Thus to the Place where *Johnſon* ſat, we
climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided
him;
And whilſt we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our Thought
as high.
For as an Author happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of Stairs;
Pag. 45. So this the *Bacla Bantla* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every ſtep I take, my Spirits ſoar,
And I grew more a *Wit*, and more an
more.

There's Humour! Is not that the livelie
Image in the World of a Mouſe's going u
a pair of Stairs? *More a Wit, and more an
more.*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardo
heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particula
Engagement at this time, and I ſee you ar
not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godſookers! Sure you won't ſerv
me ſo: all my fineſt Deſcriptions and be
Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extra
ordinary Concern, I would not leave you.

Bayes. Well, but you ſhall take a litt
more, and here I'll paſs over two dainty *E
piſodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, an
Buzzards.

John

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make yours the longeſt Fable that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a Fable is in the length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble Deſign. But here I give you Fable upon Fable; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt Courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond. Now I was at all this Pains to abuſe one particular Perſon; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he ſerv'd me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French* Author; but being *Varillas*, ſomething long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſh'd the Tranſlation: So there was three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But I think I have my Revenge on him ſufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall*, *broad-back'd*, *luſty Fellow*, of a *brown Complexion*, *fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides, I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name, as will make you ſplit. I call him ——— I'gad I won't tell you, unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a Scholar, and more a Wit ——

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, Ha! ha! ha.

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with an I, which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnſon*; I learn'd it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you, I am half an hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's Neſt; and here's three hundred more, tranſlated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar* of *Muſcovy* and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News *White* does not believe, and this is her Anſwer. I am reſolv'd you ſhall hear it, for in it I have taken occaſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, ſaid the *White*,
Our Robin told another Story quite:
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd;
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.
Words I confeſs *bound by, and tript ſo light,* Pag. 3.
We have not time to take a ſteddy Sight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.

Hard things —— Mr. *Smith*, if theſe two Lines don't recompenſe your ſtay, ne'er truſt *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the firſt Bluſh are clear and full,
God mends on ſecond Thoughts, but Man Pag. 15.
grows dull.

I'gad I judg of all Men by my ſelf, 'tis ſo with me; I never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing, but I ſpoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general Reflections are daring, and ſavour moſt of a noble Genius, that ſpares neither Friend nor Foe.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that daring of your noble Genius?

Bayes. Afraid! Why Lord, you make ſo much of beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, i'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my Fancy to ſave my Carcaſe. Well, but we muſt diſpatch Mr. *Smith.*

Thus did they merrily carouſe all day,
And like the gaudy Fly their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the Sweets, and bask in great A-
pollo's *Ray.*

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the beſt Bill of Fare that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks:* but here follows a Diſpute ſhall recommend it ſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a Proteſtant, all this while truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the Wine: upon which our Innocent does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one word to ſay for her ſelf, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſoblig'd me, like an Ingrate.

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, Thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taſt, and to my Eyes unfine.

Says

Says *Will*, All Gentlemen like it; Ah! ſays
White,
What is approv'd by them, muſt needs be
right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private Mouſe. Pag. 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference, which our Mouſe pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholick* Conſent oppoſe
My erring Judgment, and reforming Noſe.

Ah! ah! there ſhe has nickt her, that's up to the Hilts, I'gad, and you ſhall ſee *Dapple* reſents it.

Why, what a Devil ſhan't I truſt my
Eyes?
Muſt I drink *Stum* becauſe the Raſcal
lies,
And palms upon us *Catholick* Conſent,
To give ſophiſticated Brewings vent?
Says *White*, what antient Evidence can Pag. 5.
ſway,
If you muſt argue thus, and not obey?
Drawers muſt be truſted, thro whoſe
Hands convey'd,
You take the Liquor, or you ſpoil the
Trade.
For ſure thoſe *honeſt Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *ſtumm'd Claret* for *Pontack*.

How

How long, alas! wou'd the poor Vintner laſt,
If all that drink muſt judg, and every Gueſt
Be 'llow'd to have an underſtanding Taſt?
Thus ſhe: Nor could the Panther well enlarge,
With weak defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, becauſe ſhe's ſpotted; which is ſuch a blot to the Reformation as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a weary Yawn that ſhew'd her Pride,
Said, *Spotleſs* was a *Villain*, and ſhe ly'd.
White ſaw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
And ſaid her Prayers, and drew her *Delphick Sword.*
T'other cry'd *Murder*, and her *Rage* reſtrain'd:
And thus her paſſive Character maintain'd.
But now alas ———

Mr. *Johnſon*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What ſad miſchance theſe pretty things befel,
Theſe Birds of Beaſts.

There

There's a tender Expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts:* 'tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any Bird to call it, *Beaſt of a Bird:* and a Beaſt is ſo fond of being call'd a Bird, as you can't imagine. Pag. 129

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe learned reas'ning Mice,
Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their ſakes, who wiſe?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gentlemen; if that won't move you, nothing will, I can aſſure you: But here's the ſad thing I was afraid of.

The Conſtable alarmed by this Noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And ſpeaking to the *Watch, with Head aſide*, Pag. 135
Said, Deſperate Cures muſt be to deſperate Ills apply'd.
Theſe Gentlemen, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once the *But and Peace.* Pag. 115
When each have ſeparate Intereſts of their own, Pag. 144
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.
By Schiſm they're torn; and therefore, Brother,
Look you to one, and I'll ſecure the t'other.
Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us (to know. Pag. 98.

But

But the *immortal Matron, ſpotleſs White,*
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeneſs, Malice, Spite,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and ſaid *Good Night.*
Pag. 145 *Ten thouſand Watchmen waited* on this Mouſe,
With Bills and Halberds, to her Country-Houſe.

This laſt Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thouſand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and ſhe aſleep too, I'gad. ———

Johnſ. Come, let's ſee what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in ſuch haſt? You han't told me how you like it.

Johnſ. Oh, extremely well. Here Drawer.

State

State-Poems Continued.

The Man of HONOUR.

Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occaſion'd by a Poſtſcript to *Pen*'s Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Shou'd fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even Paſſions, and with ſettled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's falſe Embrace
Tho all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That Church-Magicians in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis Nations tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in Honours, fall.
For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly*'s Name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame;
Who firſt with ſteddy Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant Monarch boldly ſpoke.

Great

Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
Have we obey'd the Crown, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
Eſpous'd your Cauſe and Intereſt in Diſtreſs,
Your ſelf muſt witneſs, and our Foes confeſs.
Permit us then ill Fortune to accuſe,
That you at laſt unhappy Counſels uſe,
And ask the only thing we muſt refuſe.
Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe:
Honour, that Spark of the Celeſtial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With thirſt of Glory, and deſire of Fame;
The richeſt Treaſure of a generous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the reſt.
Wit, *Strength* and *Courage*, are wild dangerous Force,
Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their Courſe:
And would you rob us of the nobleſt part,
Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?
'Tis much beneath the Greatneſs of a Throne,
To take the Caſket when the Jewel's gone;
Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
And teach the Nobles to be falſe and baſe:
What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
Who, e'er they ſerve you, all their Value loſe?
Who once enſlave their Conſcience to their Luſt,
Have loſt the Reins, and can no more be juſt.
Of Honour, Men at firſt, like Women nice,
Raiſe Maiden-Scruples at unpractis'd Vice:
Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtrugling Flame,
And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with Shame.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſt forbidden Fruit and live,

They

They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift with every veering blaſt their Sails.
Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deſerted, and chang'd Sides before,
And wou'd to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the Way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
When the rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
Cou'd they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrent's Courſe?
Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.
Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the Way,
And was the *Phoſphorus* to th' dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boaſt:
So great their Fame, ſo numerous their Train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain.
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their Flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high, their Vertue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and ſurpaſſing Fame.
Riſe, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' impending Tempeſt fled:
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Diſgrace,
It had not giv'n ſuch Sons ſo brave a Race.

When for Deſtruction Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds:
Theſe Men wou'd prop a ſinking Nation's Weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe e'en Fate.
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil:
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint,
Let them excel; their Maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Vertue, which no Dangers can controul;
Exalt the Thought, a ſpeedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot ſhake, or Pleaſure bend:
Theſe are the *Engliſh* Arts, theſe we profeſs
To be the ſame in Mis'ry and Succeſs;
To teach Oppreſſors Law, aſſiſt the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and ſubdue the Proud:
Such are our Souls. But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Prieſts the Scale?
All Merit's light when they diſpoſe the Weight,
Who either wou'd embroil, or rule the State;
Defame thoſe Heroes who their Yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that Honeſty they cannot uſe;
The Strength and Safety of the Crown deſtroy,
And the King's Pow'r againſt himſelf imploy:
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the moſt in play
For being baſe, and of a coarſe Allay.
The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar Uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt Tin and Copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Buſineſs of the Nation's Turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn.

So ſhining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly their ſearching Light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh misjudging Sense
Increaſes the weak Meaſures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in Eaſe,
They ſtudy not his Good, but how to pleaſe;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the other ſhun:
Who ſlow to act, each Bus'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with Freedom, and with Care obey;
With Wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
Such have no Place where Prieſts and Women reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of thoſe I write appear
Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
So the ſmooth Lines in which thoſe Truths are told,
(Lines juſtly happy, as they're nobly bold)
With Right from humble Muſes hold Eſteem,
And ſhew my Verſe as diſtant as my Theme.
Forgive me ye Betrayers of your Land,
If I do ſcourge you with a wanting Hand;
My Will is good to give you all your due,
The Pope will pardon want of Pow'r in you.
Your Aid, my Muſe, this once I humbly ask;
Expoſing Villany's a noble Task:

When for Deſtruction Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds:
Theſe Men wou'd prop a ſinking Nation's Weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe e'en Fate.
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Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
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Who love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of thoſe I write appear
Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
So the ſmooth Lines in which thoſe Truths are told,
(Lines juſtly happy, as they're nobly bold)
With Right from humble Muſes hold Eſteem,
And ſhew my Verſe as diſtant as my Theme.
Forgive me ye Betrayers of your Land,
If I do ſcourge you with a wanting Hand;
My Will is good to give you all your due,
The Pope will pardon want of Pow'r in you.
Your Aid, my Muſe, this once I humbly ask;
Expoſing Villany's a noble Task:

Aſſiſt my Story with ſuch ample Phraſe,
It may find leave to live and ſee good Days.
Stamp an eternal Value on the Brave,
By drawing to the Life a ſneaking Knave;
Show him how juſtly he's expos'd by all,
And ſhow him time may come when he may fall;
Show him on what Foundation now he ſtands;
Show him, inſtead of Rocks, miſtaken Lands;
Show him it lately fail'd believing Man,
And will do ſo when time ſhall ſerve again.
When *Oxford* Prophecys were come to paſs,
And many a ſqueamiſh Church-man prov'd an Aſs;
Then blockiſh Honeſty was made give ground,
And fooliſh Knaves were much more uſeful found.
A Search throughout the Senate paſs'd for ſuch,
(Since Fools wou'd do, to find no more 'twas much)
Vile Int'reſt was oppos'd to Men of Senſe,
And many from that Hour did Rogues commence.
Beſides, with Gold the deſpicable Slaves
Were willingly thought Fools; they might be Knaves.
Of theſe the Chief a Conſultation call,
Where they ſhall ſtop, or whether ſtop at all:
Some faint Reſiſtance Conſcience wou'd have made,
And Honour wou'd have ſpoke, but was forbad;
Int'reſt with Impudence aſſum'd the Chair,
And thus addreſs'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there.
Of all Philoſophers that plagu'd the World,
And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,
None far'd ſo ill, and yet ſo juſtly far'd,
As thoſe preach'd Vertue for its own Reward;
More uſeful Doctrines ſprung from wiſer Schools,
They heard their Morals, and reſolv'd them Fools.
Mark thoſe who ſtrive the Multitude to pleaſe,
Nice of their Honour, laviſh of their Eaſe:

How

How in the gazing Croud they humbly ſtand,
With their perplexing Honeſty at hand,
They dare not uſe the Strength they may command.
They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
But he is great who can and dare controul:
You'll ſoar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
And with Contempt look down on rotten Praiſe;
[illegible] Notions of a glorious Name,
When Beggary's the Baſis of its Frame.
More uſeful Honour ſhall attend your Fate,
You ſerve a Power can make you rich and great,
Who ſcorns the Nations Love ſhall live above their Hate.
Permit no bugbear Thoughts againſt your Cauſe,
The loſs of your Religion and the Laws,
Trifles to thoſe who dare their God defy,
And can with copious Conſciences comply.
Contemn the fooliſh Threats of diſtant Time,
'Tis plain that Honeſty is yet a Crime;
If things hereafter turn another way,
You'l ſtill be right, for ſtill you can obey:
Ne'er fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
The beſt of Courts will ſtand in need of ſuch;
Fools oft grow uſeleſs, and are laid aſide,
But Knaves of Conduct always will abide:
Old Honeſty ſome poor Employ may get,
But he that ſticks at nothing ſhall be great,
The Villain wiſely thrives in every State.
Thus Int'reſt ſpoke, and merits juſt Applauſe,
The Judges firſt declar'd againſt the Laws;
Of *Levi*'s Tribe not many went aſtray,
(Much wonder'd at, ſince they procur'd this Day)
But Men of Conſcience oft in Judgment fail,
Miſtaken Loyalty did once prevail,
But ſuch Diſeaſes now no more they ail:

Become good Chriſtians by Affliction's Rod,
Their King they honour, but they fear their God.
Of thoſe that brand their Country with Diſgrace,
Noble in Title as in Practice baſe,
Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
That ſniveling Repreſenter of the reſt,
Who in their Names the Monarch thus addreſt:
Moſt glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues ſhine,
Where every Worth in one great Soul combine!
You for your gracious Deeds we come to bleſs,
But moſt of all your Conſtancy confeſs;
Safe by your Word, in Peace your People ſleep,
Your ſacred Word which you ſo nicely keep;
That Word ſo much throughout your Land renown'd
In which Equivocation ne'er was found.
On this it is ſo firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny.
As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Man to know,
Whate'er it pleaſeth to diſpenſe below,
Shall to Advantage of Believers tend,
And bleſs their blind Obedience in the end;
So we ſuch awful Thoughts of you receive,
Whate'er you'll do, we for our Good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to pleaſe,
We ne'er can want Repoſe while he's at eaſe.
When by Obedience we have giv'n you reſt,
And blaſted e'en the frightful Name of *Teſt*,
But ſmile upon us, and your Slaves are bleſt.
Thus ſpake the fawning Miniſter of State,
Poor in Eſteem, and deſpicably great:
The eaſy Monarch bleſt the Prieſthood's Skill,
Forſakes his Reaſon to perform his Will;
Deſerts his noble Friends for flatt'ring Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects while he favours Slaves.
Riſe up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's Cou
We know that's noble, when exempt from Force;

Spr

Spread your relenting Arms, embrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more noble Ends.
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force,
Serve God with ſpeed, annul th' unjuſt Divorce;
Then ſhall you ſtand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the mighty *Jove*.
Then ſhall your haughty Rival ceaſe to ſoar,
And tremble at the neighb'ring *Britiſh* Shore;
The Senate's Bounty ſhall preſerve you ſtill,
With chearful Tribute all your Coffers fill.
All Kings ſhall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own;
To gain your Smiles ſhall be their utmoſt Pride,
And happy he who neareſt is ally'd.
Belov'd by God and Men you ſhall remain,
Great without War, and undiſturb'd your Reign.
Then when the Remnant of your Days are done,
The Thred of glorious Life at length is ſpun,
Sincere in Grief your People all ſhall mourn,
Some goodly Fabrick ſhall your Grave adorn,
With this Inſcription, for Eternal Praiſe,
Here lies the only Prince who left all ſmil'd Ways.

The VISION.

'TWAS at an Hour when buſy Nature lay
Diſſolv'd in Slumbers from the noiſy Day,
When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms ſpread
A Darkneſs o'er the Univerſal Bed,
And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled;
My flutt'ring Fancy 'midſt the ſilent Peace,
Careleſs of Sleep, and unconcern'd with Eaſe,

Drew to my wandring Thoughts an Object near,
Strange in its Form, and in Appearance rare.
Methought (yet ſure it cou'd not be a Dream,
So real all its Imperfections ſeem)
With Princely Port a ſtately Monarch came,
Airy his Mien, and Noble was his Frame:
A ſullen Sorrow brooded on his Brow;
He ſeem'd beneath ſome weighty Fate to bow;
Diſtruſt and Grief upon his Eye-lids reſt,
And ſhow the ſtruggling Troubles of his Breaſt.
Upon his Head a nodding Crown he wore,
And in his Hand a yielding Scepter bore;
Forlorn and careleſs did his Strokes appear,
And e'ery Motion ſpoke a wild Deſpair.
This mournful Scene did all my Paſſions move,
And challeng'd both my Pity and my Love;
And yet I thought him, by the Ruins made,
Above my Pity, and beyond my Aid:
Long did he in a penſive Silence ſtand,
For ſure his Thoughts cou'd not his Words command:
Too big for Speech———
Till ſullen Murmurs from his Boſom flew,
And thus a Draught of his Diſorders drew.
Almighty Pow'rs! by whoſe Conſent alone
Ordain'd, I did aſcend the Regal Throne;
Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
I, as your great Vicegerent, did appear
Beneath my Charge, whilſt crouding Nations ſate,
And bow'd, and did admire my riſing Fate:
'Twas then my Laurels freſh and blooming grew,
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
My willing Subjects bleſs and clap the Day;
The braveſt and the beſt were all my Friends,
Whilſt Faction in Confuſion ſneak'd away;
At diſtance grin'd, but cou'd not reach their Ends.

Such Faith unto my Promiſes were ſhown,
My Word they took, for Oaths were uſeleſs grown:
My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all Serene appears:
Until my Fate revers'd did backwards reel,
Blur'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel.
Ye Gods! why did ye thus unconſtant prove?
Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
Or was this ſtately Majeſty but giv'n
To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry e'en of Heav'n?
Can ne'er a Saint implore Celeſtial Aid,
Nor yet the Virgin Goddeſs intercede?
'Twas for her Cauſe engag'd I ſuff'ring lie;
'Twas to advance her juſt Divinity:
Yes, I avow the Quarrel and the Cauſe,
'Twas for my Faith, and to out-cope the Laws.
I'd rather be forſaken and alone,
Than ſit a craving Monarch on a Throne:
Let all my cringing Slaves at diſtance ſtand,
Fawn on th' invading Foe, and kiſs his Hand;
Leave me their Prince, forſaken and forlorn,
Expos'd to all their Slights and publick Scorn.
Let after Ages judg the mighty Teſt,
~~Judg the~~ magnifick Grandeur of my Breaſt.
I ſaw my great Fore-father yet afore,
Seal all his ſacred Vows with martyr'd Gore;
His Royal Iſſue branded with Diſgrace,
Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' exclude the Race:
And yet theſe Terrors all I dare invade,
Thus Conſcience, thus Religion does perſuade.
I'll ſtand or fall by both thoſe Tenets ſtill,
And be the ſecond Martyr to my Will.
And then he ſtop'd; his fiery Eye-balls move,
And thus with his reſiſting Fate he ſtrove,
And ſtood, like *Capaneus*, defying *Jove*:

When

When ſtrait a Noiſe, from whence it came unknown,
Was heard to anſwer in an angry Tone:
Dye then unpity'd, Prince! for thus thy Fate
Long ſince, by its Decrees, did antedate.
To ſuch Perverſneſs, what regard is ſhown?
What Merit couldſt thou plead to mount a Throne?
To thy repeated Wiſhes Heav'n was kind,
And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind;
It put a Scepter in thy eager Hand,
Yet not t'oppoſe the Genius of the Land.
If Reaſon could not ſway thy Actions here,
Heaven's not oblig'd by Wonders to appear.
See how thy Creatures at a diſtance ſtand,
Sculk from thy Troubles to a ſafer Land;
Thoſe who their Being to thy Bounty own,
Forſake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
Thoſe who were Friends to thee and to thy Cauſe,
Bold for their Rights, and for their Country's Laws,
Thou from thy darker Counſels didſt remove,
And want their Aid, now they refuſe their Love.
Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
But Senſe return'd, and Day-light did appear,

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apoſtolick,
Deſcribe their Perſons, and their Shames,
And leave the World to gueſs their Names;
But ſoon I thought the ſcoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song too mean:

Their

Their Characters we'll then rehearſe
In Burleſque, or in Dogrel Verſe;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll ſing,
That chang'd their Faith to pleaſe their King.
The firſt an antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloth'd in Plaiſters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick:
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Out-lives his Senſe by ſixty Year;
And what an honeſt Man wou'd anger,
Out-lives the Fort he built at *Tangier*.
By Pox and Whores long ſince undone,
Yet loves it ſtill, and fumbles on.
Why he's a Favourite few can gueſs,
Some ſay it's for his Uglineſs;
For often Monſters (being rare)
Are valu'd equal to the Fair:
For in his Miſtreſſes, kind *James*
Loves Uglineſs in its Extremes.
But others ſay it's plainly ſeen,
'Tis for the choice he made o' th' Queen;
When he the King and Nation bleſt
With Off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Eſte*;
A Dame whoſe Affability
Equals her Generoſity.
Oh! well-match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the Aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues turn'd:
But 'twas not Conſcience, or Devotion,
The Hopes of Riches or Promotion,
That made his Lordſhip firſt to vary,
But 'twas to pleaſe his Daughter *Mary*;
And ſhe to make Retaliation,
Is full as leud in her Vocation.

The

The next a Caravaniſh Thief,
A lazy Maſs of damn'd Rump Beef;
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhynocerical,
Was marry'd e'er the Cub was lick'd,
And now not worthy to be kick'd;
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
To ſave his Coat, to *Italy*:
Where *Hains* and he, that vertuous Youth,
Equal in Honour, Senſe, and Truth;
By Reaſon and pure Conſcience urg'd,
Paſt Sins by Abjuration purg'd.
But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer;
The Scoundrel *Plebeian*'s ſwerving
Was to ſecure himſelf from ſtarving;
And that which made the Peer a Starter,
Was Hope for a long wiſh'd-for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who ſits at Helm,
And long has ſteer'd the giddy Realm,
With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
But a right Stateſman in Grimace;
The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns
The dully Grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
Promiſes all, but nought performs.
But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion;
With Taper Light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking ſoftly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
And for a Sinner make ſome room,
A Prodigal returned home.
Some ſay that in that very Hour,
Convert *Mall Meggs* arriv'd at Door;

So

So both with penitent Grimace,
Stateſman and Baud, with humble pace,
Enter'd, and were receiv'd to Grace.
The next a Knight of high Command,
'Twixt *London* Bridg, and *Dover* Sand;
A Man of ſtrict and holy Life,
Taking Example from his Wife;
He to a Nunnery ſent her packing,
Leſt they ſhou'd take each other napping.
Some ſay *L'E*—— did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit;
Good natur'd, as you may obſerve,
Letting his Tit'lar Father ſtarve:
A Man of Senſe and Parts, we know it,
But dare as well be damn'd as ſhow it;
Brib'd by himſelf, his truſty Servant,
At *King's-Bench* Bar appear'd moſt fervent
Againſt his Honour for the *Teſt*;
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jeſt.
Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous Store,
Whoſe beſt Example is, they're poor;
Merely drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap the Scandal for their Pains;
Half-ſtarv'd at Court with Expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Scotch* Station,
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by every Nation.
A paltry Knight not worth a Mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Penſion,
After upon true Proteſtant Whore
He 'ad ſpent a large Eſtate before.
A thick ſhort Colonel next does come,
With ſtradling Legs and maſſy Bum:
With many more of ſhameful Note,
Whoſe Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.
If theſe be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch;

If abler Men do not ſupport her Weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight.*

The humble Addreſs of your Majeſty's Poet Laureat, *and others your Catholick and Proteſtant Diſſenting Rhimers, with the reſt of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferior Verſifiers and Sonnetteers, of Your Majeſty's Antient Corporation of* Parnaſſus.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT we Your Majeſty's poor Slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves,
Being highly ſenſible how long
And dull dry Proſe addreſſing Throng,
Have daily vex'd your Royal Ears
With fulſom Speeches, canting Pray'rs;
Unanimouſly think it better
T' addreſs Your Majeſty in Meter.
Great Sir, Your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a baſe diſtemper'd Nation:
The Godly hug it for the Eaſe
It gives to ſqueamiſh Conſciences;
And by the Mammoniſts, 'tis made
The grand Encouragement of Trade:
But we muſt reckon it (in our Senſe)
A gracious Poetick Licence.

'Tis

'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
T' indulge Religion to a Frenſy;
And our Religion is our Fancy:
For which, we judg 'twou'd be a Crime,
Not to preſent our Thanks in Rhime.
We, with all Subjects of our Mind,
Do pay, like them, our Dues in kind:
That jealous Proteſtants wou'd greet
With Teſts and Laws your Royal Feet;
That all wou'd ſacrifice in courſe
Their ſtubborn Conſciences to yours;
That th' Academies wou'd oppoſe
On no Pretence your Royal Cauſe,
But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws:
That Corporations yield their Charters,
And no more grudg your Soldiers Quarters;
That Borough-Towns wou'd chuſe ſuch Men,
As you ſhan't need ſend home agen;
That all right Members take their Stations,
Such as Sir *R*—— and Sir *P*——
That your new Friends ſtand every where,
Of which we recommend one pair,
Honeſt *Will. Pen*, and *Harry Care.*
Diſſenters will with all their Heart-a
Vote for a Goſpel *Magna Charta*;
Your Judges too will over-awe
The poor dead Letter of the Law;
Your High-Commiſſioners, from whom
The obſtinate receive their doom,
For truſty Catholicks make room.
Only one reſty part o'th' Nation
Wou'd bound your Pow'r of Diſpenſation;
For which we'll bait the Rogues again,
With Second Part of *Hind* and *Pan*:
We'll rhime 'em into better Manners,
And make them low'r their Paper-Banners.

Nor

Nor is this all that we will do,
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bleſs you,
May *Juno* help your budding Iſſue;
May you attempt no Enemies
To skirmiſh with but Butterflies:
Nor exerciſe your Martial Arms,
But in mock Sieges, falſe Alarms.
May you have long and peaceful Days,
And may we live to ſing your Praiſe;
And after all, may you inherit
The over-plus of the Saints Merit.

The LAUREAT.

Jack Squabb, *his Hiſtory in little drawn*
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.

APPEAR thou mighty Bard, to open view;
Which yet we muſt confeſs you need not do:
The Labour to expoſe thee we may ſave,
Thou ſtand'ſt upon thy own Records a Knave;
Condemn'd to live in thy Apoſtate Rhimes,
The Curſe of ours, and Scoff of future Times.
Still tacking round with every Turn of State,
Reverſe to *Sh———ry*, thy curſed Fate
Is always at a Change to come too late:
To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare:

Wiſe Men alone cou'd gueſs at this Deſign,
And could but gueſs, the Thread was ſpun ſo fine:
But every purblind Fool may ſee thro thine.
Had *Dick* ſtill kept the Regal Diadem,
Thou hadſt been Poet Laureat to him,
And long e'er now, in lofty Verſe proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes fam'd:
Diffus'd his glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.
Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heav'ns ſevere Decree,
Been found, and murder'd in the Royal Tree,
Ev'n thou hadſt prais'd the Fact; his Father ſlain,
Thou call'dſt but gently breathing of a Vein:
Impious and villanous! to bleſs the Blow
That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
And gave the Royal Cauſe a fatal Overthrow.
What after this could we expect from Thee?
What could we hope for, but juſt what we ſee?
Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and ſold,
And mortgag'd Happineſs redeem'd for Gold.
Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you muſt allow;
Who ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou?
Ev'n thy own *Zimri* was more ſtedfaſt known;
He had but one Religion, or had none.
What Sect of Chriſtians is't thou haſt not known,
And at one time or other made thy own?
A briſtled *Baptiſt* bred; and then thy Strain
Immaculate, was free from ſinful Stain.
No Songs in thoſe bleſt times thou didſt produce,
To brand and ſham good Manners out of Uſe:
The Ladies then had not one baudy Bob,
For thou the Courtly Name of Poet *Squab*.
Next thy dull Muſe, an *Independent* Jade,
In Sacred Tyranny five *Stanza*'s made;

Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both Extremes did run,
To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
When *Charles* came in, thou didſt a Convert grow,
More by thy Int'reſt, than thy Nature ſo.
Under his livening Beams thy Laurels ſpread,
He firſt did place that Wreath about thy Head;
Kindly reliev'd thy Wants, and gave thee Bread.
Here 'twas thou mad'ſt the Bells of Fancy chime,
And choak'd the Town with ſuffocating Rhime.
Till Heroes form'd by thy creating Pen,
Were grown as cheap, and dull, as other Men.
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, full Gallery and Pit,
Thou braveſt all Mankind with want of Wit.
Nay, in ſhort time, wer't grown ſo proud a Ninny,
As ſcarce t'allow that *Ben* himſelf had any.
But when the Men of Senſe thy Error ſaw,
They check'd thy Muſe, and kept the Termagant in
(awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was addreſt,
Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the reſt:
Thoſe who the oftneſt did thy Wants ſupply,
Abus'd, traduc'd, without a Reaſon why.
Nay, ev'n the Royal Patron was not ſpar'd,
But an obſcene, a ſantring Wretch declar'd.
Thy Loyal Libel we can ſtill produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuſe.
O ſtrange return, to a forgiving King!
But the warm'd Viper wears the greateſt Sting.
Thy Penſion loſt, and juſtly without doubt;
When Servants ſnarl, we ought to kick 'em out.
They that diſdain their Benefactor's Bread,
No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
That loſt, the Vizor chang'd, you turn about,
And ſtrait a true blue Proteſtant crept out:
The *Frier* now was writ; and ſome will ſay,
They ſmell a Malecontent thro all the Play.

The Papiſt too was damn'd, unfit for Truſt,
Call'd treacherous, ſhameleſs, profligate, unjuſt,
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Luſt.
This laſted till thou didſt thy Penſion gain,
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy Strain.
If to write Contradictions Nonſenſe be,
Who has more Nonſenſe in their Works than thee?
We'll mention but thy *Layman's Faith*, and *Hind*,
Who'd think both theſe (ſuch claſhing do we find)
Could be the Product of one ſingle Mind?
Here thou wouldſt charitable fain appear,
Findſt fault that *Athanaſius* was ſevere:
Thy Pity ſtrait to Cruelty is rais'd,
And ev'n the pious Inquiſition prais'd,
And recommended to the preſent Reign:
" O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain!*
Have we not Cauſe, in thy own Words to ſay,
Let none believe what varies every day,
That never was, nor will be at a ſtay?
Once, Heathens might be ſav'd, you did allow;
But not, it ſeems, we greater Heathens now.
The Loyal Church, that buoys the kingly Line,
Damn'd with a Breath, but 'tis ſuch Breath as thine.
What Credit to thy Party can it be,
T'have gain'd ſo leud a Profligate as thee?
Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep;
We have but loſt what was Diſgrace to keep:
By them miſtruſted, and to us a Scorn;
For it is Weakneſs at the beſt to turn.
True, hadſt thou left us in the former Reign,
T'have prov'd it was not wholly done for Gain;
Now, the Meridian Sun is not ſo plain.
Gold is thy God; for a ſubſtantial Sum,
Thou to the *Turk* wouldſt run away from *Rome*,
And ſing his holy Expedition againſt *Chriſtendom*.

But to conclude, bluſh with a laſting Red,
(If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already ſaid)
To ſee thy Boars, Bears, Buzzards, Wolves and Owls,
And all thy other Beaſts, and other Fowls,
Routed by two poor Mice (unequal Fight!)
But eaſy 'tis to conquer in the Right.
See there a Youth (a ſhame to thy gray Hairs)
Make a mere Dunce of all thy threeſcore Years.
What in that tedious Poem haſt thou done,
But cram'd all *Æſop*'s Fables into one?
But why do I the precious minutes ſpend
On him, that wou'd much rather hang than mend?
No, Wretch, continue ſtill juſt as thou art,
Thou'rt now in this laſt Scene, that crowns thy part;
To purchaſe Favour, veer with every Gale,
And againſt Intereſt never ceaſe to rail;
Tho thou'rt the only proof how Intereſt can prevail.

On the Biſhops Confinement.

WHere is there Faith and Juſtice to be found?
Sure the World trembles, Nature's in a (Swound
To ſee her pious Sons deſign'd to fall
A Victim to Religion! Truth, and all
The Charms of Piety are no Defence
Againſt the new-found Power, that can diſpenſe
With Laws, to murder ſacred Innocence.
Surely, unleſs ſome pitying God look down,
And ſtem this Torrent, it will ſhortly drown
Divinity it ſelf———
The Biſhops Priſoners! Can we tamely ſee
Thoſe Reverend Prelates bow the Knee

To *Antichriſt?* No, mighty Monarch, no:
Tho we muſt pay to *Ceſar* what we owe,
There is a Power Supreme, by which you live;
Whoſe Arm is longer, and Prerogative
Larger by far than yours; whoſe very Word
Can blaſt your Hopes, and turn your two-edg'd Sword;
Can make his Secular Vicegerent know,
Vertue, like Palms depreſt, do higher grow.
Tho rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
Courtiers, like radiant Stars, about you wait:
'Midſt of your glorious Joys, when you put on
That awful Preſence which becomes a Throne;
Belſhazzar-like, three Words upon the Wall
Shall blaſt your Joys, and make your Glories fall.
His Holineſs, that Patriot of Strife,
Tho he can grant you Pardon, cannot Life.
Ariſe then, Mighty Sir, in God like Mien;
As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be ſeen:
Free from Miſtruſt, let all your Words be clear;
By Actions let your Promiſes appear:
Protect that Church which brought you to the Crown,
You know 'tis great and honourable to own
A Kindneſs done; but to reward with Death,
That happy Inſtrument that gave you Breath,
Is mean, and might a Cath'lick's Conſcience ſting,
To cut the Hand off that anoints you King.

Advice to the Prince of Orange, *and the Packet-Boat return'd.*

Adv. THE Year of Wonder now is come,
A Jubilee proclaim'd at *Rome*;
The Church has pregnant made the Womb.

Pac. No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that bloſſom do not bear.
Adv. *Orange*, give o'er your hopes of Crowns,
And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns,
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*.
Pac. We'l wait for Crowns, not Intereſt quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he can get;
And do not you proſcribe our Fleet.
Adv. Ye talk of eighty *Men* of *War*,
Well rigg'd and man'd you ſay they are;
'Twas joyful News when it came here.
Pac. Well may the ſound of eighty Sail,
Make *England*'s greateſt Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.
Adv. But we have ſome upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.
Pac. Talk not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, ſecure your Docks.
Adv. Beſides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army roam;
But you, they ſay, won't let them come.
Pac. Your Subjects in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with Proclamation greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.
Adv. Soldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.
Pac. Of Men and Arms never deſpair,
The civiliz'd wild *Iriſh* are
Courageous even to Maſſacre.
Adv. Now if you'd be victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounſlow* Maſquerade,
Advance your Honour and your Trade.

Pac.

Pac. Then take this Counſel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earneſt on the Main.
Adv. *Buda* we ſtorm'd, and took't with eaſe;
Do you the ſame upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you pleaſe.
Pac. The Storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-ſpring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.
Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at leaſt
Inſpire each neighbouring Monarch's Breaſt,
Till *Lewis* ſhall compleat the reſt.
Pac. Such Camp, ſuch Siege, and ſuch ſham Shows,
Make each ſmall State your Power oppoſe,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Noſe.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripos, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Juſtice, Treaſon's greateſt Awe!
Do thou decide the Nation's weighty Cauſe,
And judg between the Judges and the Laws.
So ſhall no guiltleſs Blood thy Timber e'er pollute,
But righteous Laws ſhall vouch all thou ſhalt execute.

Harry Care's *laſt Will and Teſtament.*

NOT Hell it ſelf, nor gloomy Fate can ſave
The leudeſt Sinner from his deſtin'd Grave:
But all the ſooty Surges once muſt try,
Old *Charon*'s Boat's a certain Deſtiny.

This *Harry* found, whoſe mouldring Corps did call
For Phyſick-props t'uphold the human Wall;
Thinking himſelf to *Ne plus ultra* come,
He thought of Winding-Sheet, and of his Tomb:
Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
To ſee his laſt, and his laſt Will to hear.
The weeping Croud the mournful Chambers fill,
While he in dying Accent makes his Will.

Imprimis, For my Soul (if ſuch I have)
I wiſh it bury'd with me in my Grave:
For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
Be real Verities of Heaven and Hell,
Down to the gloomy Shores I ſurely go;
The ſame I ſerv'd above, muſt ſerve below.

And next, for my dear Wife, who weeps my Fall,
And is chief Mourner at my Funeral;
My ſole Executrix I do here make,
And let her all my Goods and Chattels take:
Beſides, my Province too let her command,
That undiſcover'd lies in *Fairy-Land.*
To her my unſold Pamphlets I bequeath,
To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with:
And if ſhe do a Male or Stallion take,
I hope he'l uſe her kindly for my ſake;
With equal ſtrength the Marriage Yoke ſhe'l draw,
If he but drench her well with *Uſquebagh.*

My Daughter next, the Off-ſpring of my Bed,
I pour a double Portion on her Head:
The only Legacy I can beſtow,
And more than Heaven gave me here below:
May ſhe the *Iriſh* Witneſs wed, and raiſe
A Race of Evidences for our Cauſe.

And for thoſe kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains:
May they my little Artifices uſe,
To raiſe up Factions, and the Croud amuſe;

Till

Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpity'd, and unenvy'd, die.
Now to the num'rous Croud that does ſurvive,
I only can my dying Counſel give:
The *Weſtern* Emiſſaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.
I charge them to ſtand firm unto their Truſt,
Accounting what's their Intereſt to be juſt.
The Females I commend to Brother *Cox*,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox;
And may he ſtill the vigorous warmth retain,
T'impart to ſtroaling She in Street or Lane.
I've nothing more to give to all the reſt,
But leave ten thouſand Curſes on the Teſt:
And who do its Aboliſhing withſtand,
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.
And for the Penal-Laws they like ſo well,
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell:
And if damn'd *Pluto*'s Laws are like to theſe,
I'll quickly ſue him out a Writ of Eaſe.
I there will my Occurrence truly ſtate,
Whilſt ſome infernal *Larkin* prints the Cheat:
I Hell's black Tyrant will both ſooth and praiſe,
And ev'n in Sulph'rous *Styx* Sedition raiſe.

A New Catch in Praiſe of the Reverend Biſhops.

TRue *Engliſhmen*, drink a god Health to the *Mitre*,
Let our Church ever flouriſh tho her Enemies ſpite her:
May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.

Then remember the Seven which ſupported our Cauſe,
As ſtout as our Martyrs, and as juſt as our Laws.

Proteſtantiſm Reviv'd: *or the Perſecuted Church Triumphing.*

IN Sable Weeds I ſaw a Matron clad, (was ſad;
Whoſe Looks were grave, whoſe Countenance
Penſive with Care, ſhe muſing ſat alone,
Her State too, too unhappy to bemoan:
Deep bitter Pangs I ſaw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of Woe.
So wept *Deucalion*, when he ſaw the State,
And face of Nature chang'd, and deſolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while ſh'expreſt
The gloomy Sorrows of her troubl'd Breaſt.
Then heaving up her Head, ſhe ſilence broke,
And with a heavy Sigh dejected ſpoke.
Good God! what Grief ſurrounds my aged Head!
What new diſtracting Woes I daily wed,
Who am by ſpiteful Foes in Triumph led!
They pierce my Side with Wound, they break my reſt,
And ſnatch my ſucking Children from my Breaſt:
My elder Sons inhumanly they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they inſult, thus put me to Diſgrace,
And ſpit their frothy Venom in my Face:
My growing Sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a *Babyloniſh* Whore.
Put me to Death they can't, ſince Heaven decreed
I muſt not die, tho with my Saviour bleed,
But humbly ſhould in after Times ſucceed.

What moſt my anxious Soul tormented hath,
Is, he that ſhould defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Griefs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
Who e'er was curb'd by ſuch a Concubine?
Who ſo perplex'd? Was ever Grief like mine?
Then ſhe bow'd down her Head, and with her Tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when ſtrait appears
A Comforter by pitying Heaven ſent,
To raiſe her drooping Spirits almoſt ſpent;
Who when he had reſpectful Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently ſaid.
Mother, I know the Cauſe of all thy Grief,
I'm ſent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Pray'rs,
And graciouſly receiv'd thy flowing Tears:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
And uſual Joy ſhall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineerers bow,
And own their Lives they to my Bounty owe:
I've foil'd them all, I have diſarm'd them quite;
They have the Power to bark, but not to bite.
To eaſe your Pain, by th' God of Heav'n I'm ſent;
He acts, and I'm the honour'd Inſtrument.
Then ſhe aroſe, Joy ſmiling in her Eye,
And with a chearful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks gracious God, Thanks thou victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoice my Sons, and *Hallelujahs* ſing
To our great Saviour, our Triumphant King.

The Council.

To the Tune of *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and a *Nat*
In Council ſat,
To rig out a Thankſgiving,
And make a Prayer
For a thing in the Air,
That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *Eſt*,
As 'tis expreſs'd
In her late quaint Epiſtle,
Did to our Lady
Bequeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whiſtle.

III.

With this intent, ſhe to her ſent
Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
That to conceive
She might have leave;
And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale
To the Prince of *Wales*;
Tho ſome are of Opinion,
That when't comes out,
A double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to Senſe,
Do cavil at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their ſenſleſs Deities adore?
Did not Old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wiſeſt Monarchs did importune
From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
Did not the Speaking-Head, of late,
Of Matters learnedly debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wiſe Anſwers to his whiſp'ring Peers?
And ſhall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What tho the Bantling cannot ſpeak?
Yet like the Blockhead he may ſqueak;
Give Audience by Interpreter,
The wiſeſt Prince can do no more.
Then enters with a *Prince's Banner*,
Sir *Charles*, after the uſual manner.
Great Sir, *His Holineſs from* Rome
Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd *Mum.*
The conſecrated Pilch and Clout,
If you'l vouchſafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys, I'm come
To lay them at your ſacred Bum.
So young, yet ſuch a God-like Ray!
Phœbus, your *Dad*, was Prieſt *Dad-a.*
Great Prince, I have no more to ſay.

Con-

Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
To gratulate your lucky Fate,
That gives to *England*'s Throne new date.
We joy that any thing ſhould reign,
To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
The Youth, to ſee them thus beguil'd,
In token of his Favour ſmil'd:
But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright,
As ſhamm'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
Next, having paſs'd the inward Centry,
The doubtful *Monſieur* made his Entry:
The King, my Maſter, Sir, has ſent
Your *Royal Birth* to complement;
If you will make it but appear,
That you are *England*'s Lawful Heir.
Here Lady *Powis* took him ſhort,
Have you a King? Thank Maz'rine *for't!*
Fr. Man] *Whoe'er the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's *Q. (P—is) Who queſtions t'other?*
At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purſe,
And parting made his Peace with Nurſe.
The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
Come in with loud Congratulations.
Upon the *Swede*, ſo fam'd for Battle,
He caſt a Frown, and ſhook his Rattle.
And for the *Dane*, who took the part
Of good Prince *George*, he let a Fart.
This put him in a ſullen fit,
Nurſe ſcarce could dance him out of it:
When an Ambaſſador from *Poland*
Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*;
He crying ſuck'd, and ſucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace *Prince*, peace *Prince*, peace *pretty Prince*,
And let the *States* have Audience.

Dutch-

Dutch-man.] *From* Holland *I am hither ſent,*
To challenge, not to complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice four thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, *when your Sire contracted.*
The Name of *Holland* did affright,
And make th' young *Hero* ſcream outright.
But *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe, beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o'er no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *H*——— from Play,
Mov'd by Inſtinct, he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

An Epiſtle to Mr. Dryden.

D*Ryden*, thy Wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero*, *Lero*, is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff and ſet off our goodly Farce of State?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till firſt well warm'd with Biſhop *Talgol*'s Jig.
W——m cannot ſleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream ſome old *Treſilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er ſeen the like in Proſe or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, miſhapen to the *Mac*'s.

Such

Such Plot, and the Cataſtrophe is ſuch,
We muſt be either *Iriſh* all, or *Dutch*.
Our very Judges in *Weſtminſter-hall*,
Like their old Roof, were *Iriſh* Timber all.
And (bleſs us!) *Iriſh* Wolves are brought to keep
The Nation, grown now all ſuch ſilly Sheep;
Such errand Aſſes, errand Cattel made,
Or to be yok'd, or ſaddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
O Martyr's Son! thy Deſtiny is ſhown;
Such Props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
So *Juno*, in her Impotence of Rage,
By Heav'n deny'd, did Hell's black Pow'rs engage;
Yet ſped the Hero: *Jove* and Fate were ſtrong;
Religious Care! He took his Gods along.
But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
And ſhakes afar the *French* and *Britiſh* Shores:
One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies;
Lord! what they tell us of ſome Prince from *Frize*:
Arms, and the Man they ſing, no *French* Fineſs,
But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Addreſs.
Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen;
We riſe, and walk, all true erected Men.
The force of thoſe *Circæan* Cups ſubdu'd,
And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
And grubs the baſe Pretenders to his Stock.
But Oh! what Spirit of Deceit from far,
Poſſeſs'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar!
What Bane, what Miſchief on poor Mortals ſhed
By Vermin, from the Law's Corruption bred!
Tho to their *Iriſh* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below, what Strife and endleſs Toils they weave!
Wanting brave ſtrength to ſtrangle Men to death,
What Frauds they hide! what Venom underneath!
And when ſome ſhorter courſe to Murder's ſhown,
Cry, O that (luſcious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.

Sons

Sons of the Pulpit the ſame Meaſures keep,
And of that ſame ſtumm'd Cup have drunk as deep:
Agog for ſome odd Tranſubſtantiate Thing,
Chimera Reign, or Metaphyſick King:
Sublim'd to School-Divinity Extremes,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
So high from ſolid honeſt Wiſdom blown,
They'd have ſome *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne:
Not Law-ordain'd, but by ſome God appointed;
Not Lay-elected, but by Prieſt anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Prieſtcraft Prince;
Give us a King *Divine*, by Law and Senſe.
Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons are ſport,
Their Cauſe is carry'd to the laſt Effort.
Princes in more compendious Method teach,
Force is their way; let old Apoſtles preach.
What's ſtabliſh'd Law, where ſtanding Armies come,
Or who'l talk Goſpel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppreſs,
The ſeveral Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly Violence broke;
So People freed from triple *Geryon*'s Yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna*-Lough that bred,
That loll'd and hiſs'd to death, at every Head;
Nemean Lion, *Erimanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
All by his God-like Proweſs done away,
Their lawleſs Rule, and that Gigantick Sway.
In vain whilſt this high Vertue Nations ſought,
The *Naſſau*-Houſe were never yet without:
Nor is confin'd to Provinces their Care,
Their gen'rous Labour neighb'ring Kingdoms ſhare.
Here the fould Herd flee from his lifted Hand,
That long had made a Stable of the Land:
The Monſter of the Lough, new *Lerna* Plague,
(But ſcarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*:

The rav'nous Kind, the Harpies ſharp for Prey,
With Birds obſcene, and uncouth to the Day:
No Den, no Ditch, no rouſting for them more,
Now, now is come our *Hercules* aſhore:
Vile *Fraud* diſpel'd, and ſuperſtitious Miſts;
He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Prieſts.
Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet ſhown,
To Coffee-*Dick* bequeaths his ruſty Gown.
O *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
How would his Club, and *Atlas*-Shoulders ſhine!
How wouldſt thou all the Maids of Honour fright,
With naughty Tale, of Fifty in a Night!
Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
No Miracle to forty thouſand Men.
When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
Why then the Marvel that a Poet ſings.

The DREAM.

WEary'd with Bus'neſs, and with Cares oppreſt,
My Faculties were doz'd, and fond of Reſt
An unuſual Heavineſs did on me creep,
My Soul indulg'd it, yet I could not ſleep:
Dreams ſhort and frightful vex'd me all the night,
I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light.
The firſt ſuch Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almoſt thought them true:
Methought I ſaw great *Julius* ſadly lie,
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by;
Th' ungrateful *Brutus* whom he doted on,
With meagre *Caſſius* pleas'd with what he'ad done,
Crying, *The World and* Brutus *are my own.*

I near

I nearer drew, to view the ghaſtly Trunk,
But Oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæſar* was ſunk;
'Twas *Charles* the Second who lay mangled there,
The ſacrificing Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Caſſius*, *York* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, graſp'd his Brother by the hand,
I heard him ſighing ſay, Within my Land
A faithful pious Mother thou'lt command,
Who in the utmoſt of Extremity,
When all but her, and much upbraided I,
Would from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy Baniſhment maintain thy Cauſe;
Paſſive Obedience thou haſt much in ſtore,
But do not urge it to thy utmoſt pow'r.
James to preſerve her moſt devoutly ſwore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* diſcharg'd his Oath next hour.
ſaw the Prieſts flock in, the Biſhops out,
aw *Petre* cram the Wafer down his Throat;
ho dead, it ſav'd the Heretick, no doubt.
ſaw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight!
o me it ſeem'd a Funeral in diſguiſe,
r fear his Creditors ſhould his Body ſeize:
ſaw him ſhewn for Two-pence in a Cheſt,
ke *Monk*, old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the reſt;
nd if the Figure anſwer'd its intent,
ten Years time 'twould buy a Monument.
y Fancy brought me back again to Court,
here only Fools adviſe, and Knaves reſort,
r Kingdom's Curſe, and other Nations Sport.
eard the Jeſuits in a grand Cabal,
ſolve to root out Hereſy, or fall.
ch his particular Opinion gave;
ey cry'd, An opportunity we have
fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.

Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to ſuppreſs it by a forward Fool;
A bawling blundering ſenſeleſs Tool:
Whoſe Mouthing at *White-Chappel* firſt began,
Who regularly to his Greatneſs ran
Thro all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now uſurps the Court of Equity.
He ſaid, If you would bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commiſſion from the Crown,
And for Diſpenſing Law let me alone.
They hug'd their Bubble, and the Deed was done.
Petre grew fat, and with *Mandamus*'s
Canker'd the Worthy *Univerſities*.
The Seats of Learning *Blockheads* might command,
Yet the King's Promiſe to the Church doth ſtand.
Next, *Liberty of Conſcience* was ordain'd;
The *Biſhops* for *Contempt* were then arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons cloſetted,
The *Penal* Laws muſt be aboliſhed:
If you refuſe, your *Principles* are baſe,
Diſloyal, and you loſe our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependences his Place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* ſtarv'd;
Each that forſook his God, his Monarch ſerv'd:
Somerſet loſt his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was ſtrip'd: So *Scarſdal*, and *Lumley*;
And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in Safety, *James*, thou now doſt ſit.
When thou perceiv'dſt no Comfort from this Wild,
Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child;
The Princeſs at the *Bath* when it was born,
The Biſhops in the Tower, yet had he ſworn
The Church of England never ſhould be wrong'd:
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd Papiſts throng'd.
I wak'd, and as I on my Dream reflected,
My reaſonable Notions thus projected:

O Kin

O King, I cry'd, thy Meaſures run too faſt,
And thou wilt find the Curſe of it at laſt:
Why doſt thou wrong thy Country, ſhame thy Life,
To pleaſe falſe Prieſts, and an ungrateful Wife;
A Wife, whoſe Character has always been
A fawning Dutcheſs, and a ſaucy Queen?
How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre*'s Inſolence,
Who only makes a Harveſt of his Prince;
A Slave, to rule three Kingdoms, govern thee,
Yet ne'er was Maſter of a Family?
This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe Wilfulneſs
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradiſe.
Diſcerning *Hallifax* thy Fall foreſaw,
And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw:
He needs no pardon for th' Advice he gave,
Which ſhows him honeſter than ſome that have.
Under the Roſe Men uſe their Mind to tell,
But now *Myne-Heer*, 'tis under the Broad-Seal.
O *Naſſau*! with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:
Thy Wife ſhall young *Octavia*'s Place ſupply,
And thoſe that have betray'd our Country fly;
Unleſs the King, to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lion's Den preſent his Son;
And if the Royal Brute do not deſtroy
The Infant, *By Chriſt it is his nown Joy.*

Over the Lord Dover's *Door*, 1686.

UNhappier Age who're ſaw,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon;
Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
And Coxcomb's Senſe for Reaſon?

Religion's made a Bawd of State,
To ſerve the Pimps and Panders;
Our Liberty a Priſon-Gate,
And *Iriſh-men* Commanders.

O wretched is our Fate!
What dangers do we run!
We muſt be wicked to be Great,
And to be Juſt, undone.

'Tis thus our Sov'reign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation great;
To *Iriſh-men* he truſts the Sword,
To *Jeſuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's *Door*, 1686.

IF *Cecil* the Wiſe
From his Grave ſhould ariſe,
And look the fat B——t in the face;
He'd take him from Maſs,
And turn him to Graſs,
And ſwear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking Head.

I'M come my future Fate to ſeek,
Speak then, Celeſtial Blockhead, ſpeak.

Anſwer.

Hadſt thou not conſulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
Thou needſt not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come,
To ſeek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom.

The

The Hearts of all thy Friends are loſt and gone;
Gazing they ſtand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And ſcarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son.

Thoſe whom thou favoureſt, merit not thy Grace,
They to their Intereſt ſacrifice thy Peace,
And will in ſorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On Force or Fraud; why ſhouldſt thou, Monarch, why
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die?

Eſſay written over his Door, upon an Inſtitution and Induction.

I.

'TIS a ſtrange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Should ſo baſely ſubmit,
Without Honour or VVit,
To the Reading the Declaration.

II.

VVhoever takes Order
From this *Satan* Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine;
Will find it a folly,
To expect the Ghoſt Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

The Fable of the Pot *and* Kettle, *as it was told by Colonel* Titus *the Night before he kiſs'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Braſs Kettle flow'd,
The heavy Caldron, ſinking and diſtreſs'd
By its own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppreſs'd,
Slily beſpoke the lighter Veſſel's Aid,
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly ſaid:
Come, Brother, why ſhould we divided loſe
The Strength of Union, and our ſelves expoſe
To the Inſults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can ſtem?
Tho different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this new Friendſhip underſtood,
And made this Anſwer: Tho I wiſh for Eaſe
And Safety, this Alliance does not pleaſe;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Conſtitution is too rough for me:
If by the Waves I againſt you am toſt,
Or you to me, I equally am loſt;
And fear more Miſchief from your hardned ſide,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide.
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and ſerve your end,
To periſh by the Rigor of my Friend.

The

The Moral.

LEarn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor truſt their Friendſhip who would make you Tools:
While empty Praiſes and ſmooth Flatt'ries ſerve,
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd Smiles deſerve:
But let not the Alliance farther paſs;
For know that you are Clay, and they are Braſs.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Diſſenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any or himſelf agreed;
But rather than want Subjects to his Spite,
Would Snake-like turn, and his own Tail would bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faſter ſide;
But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven ſoon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
Thence, *Settle*-like, he to recanting fell
Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well.
Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and march'd off to the Devil.

A Lenten PROLOGUE *refus'd by the Players*, 1682.

OUR Prologue-Wit grows flat, the Nap's worn off;
And howſoe'er we turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloſs is gone, that look'd at firſt ſo gaudy;
'Tis now no Jeſt to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots and Parties give new matter birth,
And State-Diſtractions ſerve you here for mirth.
At *England's* coſt Poets now purchaſe Fame,
While factious Heats deſtroy us without ſhame,
Theſe wanton *Nero's* fiddle to the Flame.
The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum:
Here Poets beat their brains for Volunteers,
And take faſt hold of Aſſes by their Ears:
Their gingling Rhime for Reaſon here you ſwallow;
Like *Orpheus* Muſick which makes Beaſts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread?
How can it change a *Libeller's Heart*, and clear a *Laureat's Head!*
Open his Eyes till the mad Prophet ſee *Medal*,
Plots working in a future Power to be. p. 41.
Traitors unform'd to 's *Second Sight* are clear;
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;
Rebellion is the Burden of the *Seer.*
To *Bays* in Viſion were of late reveal'd
Whig Armies, that at Knightsbridg *lay conceal'd:*
And tho no mortal Eye could ſee't before, *Reh. Com.*
The Battel was juſt entring at the door! p. 31.
A dangerous *Aſſociation*—ſign'd by none! *Reh. Com.*
The Joiner's Plot to ſeize the King alone! p. 52.
Stephen with *Colledge* made his dire Compact;
The watchful *Iriſh* took 'em in the Fact——
Of riding arm'd: O Traitorous Overt-Act!

With

With each of 'em an antient Piſtol ſided,
Againſt the Statute in that caſe provided.
But why was ſuch a Hoſt of Swearers preſt?
Their Succour was ill Husbandry at beſt.
Bays's crown'd Muſe by ſov'reign Right of Satyr,
Without Deſert can dub a Man a Traitor;
And Tories, without troubling Law or Reaſon,
By loyal Inſtinct can find Plots and Treaſon.
But here's our Comfort; tho they never ſcan
The Merits of the Cauſe, but of the Man,
Our gracious Stateſmen vow not to forſake
Law——that is made by Judges whom they make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with eaſe
They turn thoſe pliant Puppets as they pleaſe;
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such ſhall be ſure to meet——but when there's need;
When a ſick State, and ſinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories moſt of all abhor 'em:
Then Pray'r, that Chriſtian Weapon of Defence,
Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
If it dare ſpeak th' untamper'd Nation's Senſe.
Nay, Paper's Tumult, when our Senate's ceaſe,
And ſome Mens Names alone can break the Peace;
Petitioning diſturbs the Kingdom's Quiet,
As chuſing honeſt Sheriffs makes a Riot.
To puniſh Raſcals, and bring *France* to Reaſon,
Is to be hot, and preſs things out of ſeaſon;
And to damn Popery, is *Iriſh* Treaſon.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot againſt the State:
To skreen his Perſon from a Popiſh Gun,
Has all the Miſchief in't of *Forty One.*
To ſave our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tories deep inditing,
The very beſt they have——but Oaths and Fighting.

Let

Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
And *Roger* vapour o'er us in Effigy.
Let 'em in Ballads give their Folly vent,
And ſing up Nonſenſe to their Hearts content.
If for the King (as All's pretended) they
Do here drink Healths, and curſe, ſure we may pray;
Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
Safe from old Foes—but moſt from his new Friends!
Such Proteſtants as prop a *Popiſh* Cauſe,
And Loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!
Whoſe Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
And when they've ſcarce left him a Cruſt of Bread,
Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow,
Cheat ev'n of Scraps, and that laſt Sop would ſwallow.
French Fetters may this Iſle no more endure;
Spite of *Rome*'s Art ſtand *England*'s Church ſecure,
Not from ſuch Brothers as deſire to mend it,
But falſe Sons, who deſigning worſe to rend it,
With leud Lives and no Fortunes would defend it.

On Eaſter-day 87. *this was found fix'd on the King's Chappel-Door.*

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
That glorious ſhining Place he Heaven nam'd;
And when the firſt Rebellious Angels fell,
He doom'd them to a certain Place, call'd Hell.
Here's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd by Sacred Story,
But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory;
That cleanſing-place which of late Years is found,
For ſinning Souls to flux in till they're ſound:
The Prieſt form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
Our Maker never thought of ſuch a Place.

Oh *Rome!* we'll own thee for a learn'd wiſe Nation,
To add a Place wanting in God's Creation.

Upon K. James's Piſtolling a Maſtiff Dog at Banbury, *in his laſt Progreſs.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to pleaſe us,
Of mighty *Perſeus*, *Hercules*, and *Theſeus*;
And ſeveral other gallant Heroes too,
Who ev'ry one their ſeveral Monſters ſlew.
The *Minotaur* did *Theſeus* bravely ſlaughter,
And then as bravely ſw—d the King's own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Hercules* did choak,
And of his Skin made him a laſting Cloak.
The far-fam'd *Perſeus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t'enjoy *Andromeda*'s brown Tail.
Hiſtorians all the Great St. *George* admire,
For murd'ring horrid Dragon that ſpit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of theſe Heroes ſlew the Dog of Hell.
Renown'd Attempts (you'l all confeſs) if true!
But our great J—s did more than this (*Morbleu:*)
He who before, t'immortalize his Name,
Loſt dreaded *England* all her Naval Fame;
He who return'd from *Belgick* Lion's Roar,
When *Sandwich* ſunk in ſight of *Southwold* Shore:
He who two Summers but of late ſat down
With all his Forces before *Hounſlow Town*,
And nothing elſe but bare Diſhonour won:
He, when he ſaw his Loving Friend aſſail'd
By furious Maſtiff-Cur, Ear-ſnip'd, bob-tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo*'s fierce,
Ready to ſeize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horſe:

'Tis

'Tis true, quoth he, to ſhew that wondrous Might,
Which I have long conceal'd from human Sight.
With furious Tone purſuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
(He cry'd) *for know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho ſharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lord's Anointed.
To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
And ſcorn'd to call an earthly Monarch, Dread:
I am no Dog (quoth he) *to fawn and flatter,*
But I addreſs according to my Nature:
However, know I am a Dog of Senſe,
That's more than may be ſaid of many a Prince.
With this the mighty J—— a Piſtol drew,
Diſcharg'd, and ſhot the Maſtiff thro and thro.
Some ſay that *Vulcan*-like he riv'd his Brain,
No matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane;
By Royal Hand for ſaucy Language ſlain,
And both got honour, Dog and Sovereign:
The Sov'reign had the honour Dog to kill;
The Maſtiff, that a Prince his Gore did ſpill.
Now then, come down from Heav'n (ye Cur) come down,
Thou whom the ſultry Summers ſo renown!
Reſign that place of thine, more juſtly due
To this ſame Dog, whom God's Vicegerent ſlew;
Surely a Dog ſo dignify'd in Story,
Is th' only Dog with Conſtellation's Glory.
And you, who in your Signs St. *George* advance,
Trampling o'er Dragon's Jaws, pierc'd thro with Lance;
Alter your Painting, and ſet up in place
The braveſt Hero of the *Scotiſh* Race,
Diſcharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
And Maſtiff proſtrate in a goary Puddle:
So ſhall you Truth advance o'er fabulous Toys,
And Dog and Monarch both immortalize.

The Metamorphoſis.

HAD the late fam'd Lord *Rocheſter* ſurviv'd,
We'ad been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd;
Authors and Actors we had long ſince ſeen,
In ſharpeſt Satyrs they'ad recorded been,
Tho Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K—g or Q— n:
His bold and daring Muſe had ſoar'd on high,
And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky.
He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
While Prieſts pretend they dare not be ſo bold;
Tho they're Heaven's Meſſengers, its Livery wear,
Receive its bounteous Salary, yet they dare
Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear,
Connive at what's directly oppoſite,
And e'er they'l give offence, each turn a Proſelyte:
Witneſs the diſmal Change that now is come,
Long ſince expected by the Church of *Rome*.
The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
And *Jeroboam* worſhips in the Croud;
Our upſtart Stateſmen turn with every Wind
That blows from *Rome*, to Senſe and Truth are blind.
But yet, tho ten of our twelve Tribes ſhould fall,
And worſhip *Dagon*, *Aſhtaroth*, and *Baal*;
A Remnant will remain, who firm will ſtand
To God, Religion, and their native Land;
Who will not bow themſelves to th' *Romiſh* Yoke,
Tho they ſhare *Sydney*'s or brave *Ruſſel*'s Stroke.
Nor can this *Egypt*'s Darkneſs long remain,
A Star of *Jeſſe* will once ſhine out again;
Scotch Vermin, *Iriſh* Frogs, *French* Locuſts, all
That ſwarm both at *St. James's* and *Whitehall*;
Tho now advanc'd to all Truſt, all Command,
All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,

Shall

Shall, when this Sun doth ſet, no more appear
Within the Confines of our Hemiſphere.
A Princely Branch remains will on us ſmile,
And ſpread its goodly Boughs quite o'er the Iſle;
Confirm our ſtaggering Hopes, remove our Fears,
And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears:
The Church and State ſhall nouriſh as before,
Juſt Judges to the needful Bench reſtore;
And thorowly purge the Judgment-Seat from thoſe
Who make the Laws themſelves, the Laws oppoſe.
For ſuch there are, and in the higheſt Place,
Who their Profeſſion do ſo much diſgrace;
That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
Where Law and Conſcience both are bought and ſold.
Our Pulpits too ſhall be adorn'd with thoſe
Who turn not with each Blaſt of Wind that blows;
Who dare teach Truth, and dare that Truth maintain,
Not mov'd by Threatnings, Frowns, Favour, or Gain;
That dare declare againſt the Sins o'th' Nation,
While others of that Tribe embrace the Faſhion.
Nor henceforth ſhall thoſe Black-coat Vipers come,
Who here are daily diſembogu'd from *Rome*;
Where Sins of all kinds, and of all degrees,
(The Church-Revenues, and the Office-Fees
Being diſcharg'd) religiouſly are done,
Tho't be to murder Father, Brother, Son;
Raviſh a Siſter, with a Daughter do
What Nature has a juſt Abhorrence to:
For which, if Purgatory or Hell you'l ſhun,
Fee the Prieſts largely, and your Work is done:
They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
For he, as God, in Heav'n and Earth has Pow'r
To crown, and to uncrown in the ſame Hour;

Un-

Unmake and make, create and uncreate,
To Torments after Death can give a Date;
From him proceeds inevitable Fate.
Theſe Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
And hope e'er long Churches and Bells to hallow;
To teach you how to worſhip to the *Eaſt*,
Preſcribe us Faſts, while they themſelves do feaſt;
Whole Loads of Relicks they have got together,
Ay, and St. *Peter*'s Shadows gliding hither;
In th' Abby ſhortly will be kept a Fair,
Where you may buy ſuch conſecrated Ware,
As *England* has not ſeen this hundred Year.
For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
That can the thouſandth Part of Saints contain;
For Saints, by Canonizing, do become,
By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
Not only Omnipreſent, but beſide,
One into twenty thouſand they divide:
The like with other Relicks they can do,
Joſeph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary*'s Shoe;
St. *Peter*'s Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear;
The Hoofs o' th' ſilly Aſs which Chriſt did bear;
The right Eye of *John Baptiſt*, and the Apoſtle
St. *Thomas*'s Shoulder Blade-bone, with the Griſtle;
The Virgin *Mary*'s Milk ſold by the Quart;
Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from *Jeſus* Heart
Was by a Soldier let out with a Spear,
By Miracle kept 'bove ſixteen hundred Year:
Beſides all this, more Nails to ſhew there be,
That fix'd our Saviour *Chriſt* unto the Tree,
Than twenty Smiths in a whole Day can make;
Yet all theſe for the ſame the Church does take.
Bleſs me, thought I, good Heaven! What does this mean?
Such Trumpery by me ſhall ne'er be ſeen;

No, nor the Monſters, that were nam'd before,
Altho a Trumpet ſtood before the Door,
And, after diſmal ſound on *Ludgate-Hill*,
Where Porcupine of you did caſt his Quill;
Where Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
With other Prodigies are daily ſhown;
Invite me in, I wou'd not ſtir, I ſwear,
To ſee thoſe more Prodigious——there.

Cæſar's *Ghoſt*.

'TWAS ſtill low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemiſphere;
But all around in horrid Darkneſs mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;
When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro the ſolid Darkneſs of the Night:
In diſmal Silence Nature ſeem'd to ſleep,
And all the Winds were bury'd in the deep;
No whiſpering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below;
No falling Waters daſh'd, no Rivers purl'd;
But all conſpir'd to huſh the drowſy World.
When on my Couch in thoughtleſs Slumbers wrapt,
I lay repos'd;——My very Soul too ſlept
In peaceful Dulneſs, ſilent and ſerene,
Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
Methought I ſaw a dark and diſmal Vault,
Whoſe Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
And ſeem'd by ſome Infernal Magick wrought:
So vaſt and ſo perplexing intricate,
As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate;

And yet of Kings the great Repoſiter,
And only Royal Duſt lies mouldring here.
Amongſt theſe Monuments of Sacred Fame,
Great *Ceſar* ſtood; *Ceſar*, whoſe deathleſs Name,
When Shrines decay, triumphant ſhall remain,
While Senſe, good Nature, Wit, and Love ſhall reign.
While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
Humble Oblations to the Mighty Dead,
Methought the ſweating Marble did uncloſe,
And from Death's Manſion the dead Monarch roſe:
His Eyes o'er all ſcatter'd a ſullen Light,
Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
By whoſe faint Rays the Object I diſcern'd
All pale ——— with ghaſtly Majeſty adorn'd.
His ſtiffen'd Loins a purple Mantle bore,
His Brows a Wreath of wither'd Laurels wore,
Such as had flouriſh'd there in Life before.
Now forth he ſtalks, ſilent as Shadows glide,
Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide;
As quick as Thought the faithleſs Town he paſt,
And tow'rds the Camp of wondrous Fame does haſt;
While Midnight Fogs ſurround his awful Head,
And down his Locks their baneful Poiſon ſhed.
The wand'ring airy *Demons* at the View,
And all the *Ignis Fatuus*'s withdrew;
Hecate let fall her charm-preparing Weeds, (treads,
Wond'ring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
Which more than that which ſhe invokes, ſhe dreads.
She flies all frighted with erected Hair,
And ſcarce her Broomſtaff bears her thro the Air;
From his dread Preſence every Evil ran,
Except that more exalted Evil, Man:
Not the firſt Race of leſs corrupted Fiends,
Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd Sins.
Thrice with Majeſtick pace he walks the round,
Surveying the Pavilions utmoſt bound,
And uſeleſs Grandeur every where he found.

Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharſalian* Field,
Did not more Signs of Glorious Action yield;
But this was all for Show, not Terror made,
'Twas *Hounſlow* Farce, a Siege in Maſquerade.
More near he views it yet, and found within
All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Alſatia's Sink into this Common-Shore
Did all its vile and naſty Nuſance pour;
Fat Sharpers, broken Cuckolds, Gameſters, Cheats;
What *Newgate* diſembogues, find here retreats;
The Groom and Footman from their Liv'ry ſtrip'd,
With Scarf, gay Feather, and Command equip'd.
Promotion gives to Saucineſs Pretence,
And Greatneſs is miſtook for Inſolence;
And to evince their Valour every Hour,
Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
Yet to the Country Ladies theſe appear
So novel, witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
That ſcarce a tender Heart is left behind,
Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!
The Phantom to that Quarter firſt reſorts,
Where the Illuſtrious Gen'rals keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever*—— the foremoſt of the Crew,
Whoſe Uncle *Turene* well cou'd fight we know.
He who ſo often does repeat the Jeſt,
How he ſubdu'd the Monarch of the *Weſt*,
(Or wou'd have done had he not been undreſs'd.)
This rough ſtern Hero of the *Britiſh* War
To neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Chur—l* recommend,
Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend:
Love, all his active Youth, his Bus'neſs was,
Love that beſt ſutes his handſom Shape and Face.

But Armies are like Verſe, whoſe doggrel Lines
Are here for Senſe, aand there for jingling Rhimes.
(Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
And learns to be more charming Company,
Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do:)
Some few for fighting are, but moſt for Show;
Where rich embroider'd Cloaks *a la Campagne*
So often ſhine, unleſs it chance to rain.
Then Lord how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling!
Undone, 'tis ſpoil'd, e'er ſhown before the King;
In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
As fine young Birds on *Perſian* Carpets tread,
That o'er the ſpacious Floor in wanton Pride are ſpread.
Like feaſting Gods luxurious, and, they ſay,
As arrant Fornicators too as they.
None come amiſs when Luſt their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the ſweet-fac'd *Ganymede*;
And, like thoſe Gods, they all are giv'n to love,
But none we hear e'er thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit*'s Arms,
And calls his Paſſions out in warlike Terms,
Tells of ſoft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
And how at the firſt Onſet he gave ground:
He who ne'er yet did to a Conqueror bow,
Yet kiſſes and adores his Fetters now:
While all the Batteries ever he aſſay'd,
Have been againſt ſome Female fortleſs Maid.
But *Love-it*, who has leſs of Love than Pride,
Being with gilt Coach and Country-houſe ſupply'd,
Makes that atone for all Defects beſide.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
Who this Campaign was by his Miſtreſs left;

A nauſeous Strumpet, inſolent and loud,
Falſe and deſtructive, baſely born, and proud.
Oh bubbl'd Fool, thou that hadſt ſeen the Fate
Of Cully *B--ſhe*'s quickly ſpent Eſtate;
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more
For an old common o'er-grown flabby Whore,
Whoſe Baſtard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
A Trader twenty Years upon the Stage:
What from th' expenſive Folly couldſt thou ſee
But ſhameful Ruin, laugh'd-at Infamy?
Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
But ſtill the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
Debas'd thy noble Spirits to her Rule,
And turn'd thy once fair Fame to Ridicule;
Debauch'd thy Senſe with Converſation baſe,
Whores, Eating-Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race:
While thou the treating Cully art deſpis'd,
And Cuckold by the Slaves thou gormandiz'd.
Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
The Ruin of the firſt was cauſe of thine:
They ſay thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
And we'll believe thou canſt be braver yet:
Thou'ſt yet a nobler Race of Life to run,
Leave *Her* — *d* to her now to be undone:
But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangier* he beheld,
More maul'd by Love than e'er he was in Field;
Yet wondrous amorous ſtill, and wondrous gay,
Old *January* dizen'd up in *May*:
His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces,
But all adorn'd with many Looking-Glaſſes,
In which he practiſes *Bon Mein* and Faces;
How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
He ſhou'd maintain, when Cock, when friſk his Hair;

Col. Sac--t.

What

What Affectation beſt wou'd Youth expreſs,
And leaſt the Ruins of his Age confeſs;
Half-chok'd with monſtrous Crevat-ſtring, diſputes
What Colour beſt to his Complexion ſutes;
And all in middle Gallery to pore,
And claim, which is his Joy, ſome low-priz'd Whore.
Vain ſelf-admiring Fop, tho every day
Thou doſt thy antiquated Form ſurvey!
But to be well deceiv'd, ceaſe playing the Aſs
Six Hours each Morn before a Looking-Glaſs,
And truſt the wiſer Valet with thy Dreſs:
For whilſt thou doſt not thy ag'd Face behold,
Thy Dreſs may flatter thee thou art not old.

VI.

Cbett—— that Scoundrel, he whom Nature made
An arrant Fool, altho a Rogue by Trade,
Which he induſtriouſly improv'd ſo well,
He does in niceſt Villany excel,
And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel;
Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
His Morals are as odious as his Face:
Tho Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
He has one Vertue recommends him yet;
A Paſſive Valour that can kicking bear,
A Caution that ſecur'd him in his Fear
Behind the Cannon in the *Weſtern* War.
And farther to this Honour has pretence,
Can cheat his Men with matchleſs Impudence:
But that's the gen'ral Cry, while no bold Tongue
Is found to tell *Auguſtus* of their Wrong.

VII.

Next a *Gabreſious Allonier*, who ſat
Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in Drunken-State,
With all his mellow Gang encompaſs'd round,
In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry drown'd.

VIII.

That Monſter *G — dy* of prodigious ſize,
A Body fitted to his beaſtly Vice;
A Face to all more formidable far
Than *Gorgon*'s Head, or to that Coward *War*;
In Youth mean Cheats and rooking with his Trade,
Now (ſtarving) got Command—for Drink — not Bread.

IX.

V — our new *Troy*'s Hector, and its Hope,
Prefer'd from Tail of Coach to Head of Troop;
'Twas no true Valour got him firſt a Name,
But ſome *Welſh* Fury did his Blood inflame,
And ſure he never fought when he was ta'en.'
No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerine*
E'er treated Slaves ſo ill as his have been;
As if to him Authority were new,
It is but damn the Raſcal, and a Blow.
For they ſo oft falſe Muſters do obſerve,
Rather than follow him the Rogues will ſtarve;
And wou'd, if e'er indeed there came a War,
Be juſtly ſhot like wry-neck'd *Chevalier*,
By ſome of his own Soldiers in the Rear.
But *V — — n*'s not alone, more of his Stamp,
That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

Among this Crew *M — — ll* that Fornicator,
Incamp'd with Grandam *Doxy* and her Daughter;
The good old Soul he loves becauſe ſhe's handy,
Can joke and ſmoak, and hold him tack with Brandy;
Full threeſcore Years in wiſe Experience bred,
Prefer'd from drawing Ale to *M — ll*'s Bed.
She's old enough to witch, and by her Art
Has ſtruck ſome crooked Pin quite thro his Heart;
Or has ſome damn'd Infirmity unſeen,
That makes him dote on ſuch a rival'd Queen.

XI.

XI.

Among this Drunken-Club was Beau Sir *Tom*,
Dub'd for his Brother's Merits not his own;
From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
Right Worſhipful, in Place of High-Degree,
But knew not how to manage Quality;
And thought the neareſt way was to be leud,
While all Degrees the Debauchee purſu'd:
But like true Cit did always over-do,
As well in Leudneſs as in Faſhions too;
Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
That pumps his duller Inclination in;
Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.
By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there
To make them ſport, for 'twas not yet the Fair;
With many more too ſcandalous to name,
Whoſe Talents are to Swear, Whore, Drink and Game.
At a large Table they were ſeated ronnd,
With Bottles, Snuſh, foul Pipes and Glaſſes crown'd,
Boxes and Dice —— but whether falſe or true,
I leave it to the Fools that Night ſhall rue;
For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
That came to ſee the Show, look'd to by Bully;
Where bubbled of their Coin, they healed are
Ala Campagne,—— that is, with Cheat entire:
Damme, cries *Grab*, *each Prig his Buttock bring*,
And let us forthwith fall to managing;
When I am boozing, *clear old* Dudgeon's *Droliſh*,
Then let my Natural be a Jump, *a Poliſh*,
I ſink her down—— Then makes ſome naſty Jeſt,
And crowns it with a Bumper to the Beſt;
(And calls for Link-boy, ſwears his Pego's nice,
And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
Then to the height of Leudneſs they retire,
And *Venus* muſt extinguiſh *Bacchus* Fire.

Thus

Thus 'tis when Men forſake an honeſt Trade;
How much the better Pedant thou hadſt made,
Or (bilking ſharp) hadſt bully'd up and down,
And ſcar'd the trembling Mortals of the Town?
This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere;
Yet ſtill this Part of thee remains while here,
That thou canſt cheat, oppreſs, and domineer.
Tho thus much by thy Foes muſt be confeſs'd,
Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the beſt.

The reſt ſuch Cowards, Sots, ſuch harden'd Rogues,
Blaſphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines, and Dogs,
Have newer Sins than were to *Sodom* known;
And if juſt Heav'n ſhou'd ſend its Vengeance down,
There's not one *Lot* to ſave a ſinking Town.

But numberleſs and endleſs 'twere to tell
All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
All which the Phantom does in haſt ſurvey,
He ſcents the Morning-Air and muſt away,
And on the *Eaſtern* Hill he views the breaking Day.
Yet e'er he goes with a Remorſe extreme,
Looks back and ſighs o'er his *Jeruſalem*;
Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
In whiſpering our pronounc'd thrice----Wo, wo, wo;
And then methought I heard a hollow Sound,
Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
And thus it ſpake—*Full five and twenty Years*
I reign'd, without the Noiſe or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignitys of Factious Power,
And ſaw my Life in danger every Hour;
Yet rather had reſign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to ſuch Brutes as theſe,
At beſt a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and ſcarce one will fight.
Ah, Great Auguſtus! *thou deſerv'd an Hoſt*
Of Heroes, ſuch as antient Rome *produc'd*;

When each Commander ſhou'd like Scipio *be,*
Or rather like the yet more God-like Thee,
Brave, temperate, prudent to the laſt degree.
The common Rout all Sceva's *in the Field,*
Who bore a thouſand Arrows in his Shield.
At leaſt they ſhou'd have Souls to be inſpir'd,
And by the great Example to be fir'd;
Thy Conſtancy and Valour imitate,
And raiſe at once thy Glory and the State.
This ſaid, and parting with a pitying Look,
Tow'rds his Eternal Hope his way he took,
And bleſt his Fate he cou'd again return
To the bleſt Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau *to* W. K. 1687.

BElieve me, *Will*, that thoſe who have leaſt Senſe,
Think they to Wiſdom have the ſole Pretence;
And that thoſe Wretches who in *Bedlam* are,
Deſerve it leſs than thoſe who put them there.
The haughty Pedant, ſwoln with frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Claſſick Fame;
A thouſand Books read o'er and o'er again,
Does word for word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain:
Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigeſted Maſs
Does very often prove an arrant Aſs;
Believes all Knowledg is to Books confin'd,
That reading only can inform the Mind;
That Senſe muſt err, and Reaſon ramble wide,
If Sacred *Ariſtotle* ben't their Guide.

While,

While, on the other hand, a flutt'ring thing,
With a full Roll, and three-pil'd Crevat-String,
Whose Life's a Visit, who alone takes care
To say fine Things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
Calls the learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
For well-bred Person, or a Man of Wit;
Names proper only to the Sparks o' th' Town,
And damns his Scholar to his College-Gown.
The Bigot fierce, who vainly does believe
His bant'ring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crow does blind,
And the Jilt Villain damns all Humane kind.
While the wild Libertine, the Beast of Prey,
Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
Ranges o'er all, and takes his savage fill
In the wild Forest of a boundless Will:
Swears that Heav'n, *Jove*'s, and Hell's eternal Pain,
Are the sick Dreams of a distemper'd Brain,
Tales fit for Children, a mere holy Jest,
To starve the People, and to glut the Priest.
The sharpest Satyrist with Poetick Rage
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
Laughs at the Fool, and at the Villain rails:
Yet Folly reigns, and Villany prevails;
While the crack'd Skull shows all that has been said,
Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
For partial Man try'd by himself alone,
Protesting every Sentence but his own;
Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.
The sordid Miser, a mere lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man, e'er from its gross Allay
It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;

Whose

Whoſe Thirſt of Wealth encreaſes with his Store,
And to ſpend leſs, does covet to have more;
Who *Midas* like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in th' Enjoyment of a golden Wiſh;
Thinks himſelf wiſe, boaſts of being provident,
And downright Scraping calls good Management.
The Love of Wealth is Madneſs, and I hate
The very Trouble of a great Eſtate:
'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal;
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has ſpent all,
The beggar'd Fool calls himſelf Liberal.
Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two ſeems the moſt prudent Man:
The Gameſter ſwears both ſhou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddeſt of the three,
Whoſe Life, whoſe Soul, whoſe very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away;
Who every Moment waits his Deſtiny
From the uncertain running of a Die;
And, if he chance to loſe, then how he ſtares!
Then how the Fury, with his briſtled Hairs,
Curſes his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he ſtorms the Skies.
I cou'd name thouſands more; but to draw all
The Shapes of this falſe reaſoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury*:
Or ſay, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
The old Man's Wealth, has wiſh'd him in his Grave:
A Drudgery ſo great my Pen declines,
Content to ſum up all in theſe four Lines:
Greece boaſts ſeven Sages, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'er ſaw one truly wiſe:
All Men are mad; and the ſole difference
Lies in the more or the leſs want of Senſe.

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highneſs the Prince of Orange's *coming into* England.

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

OUR Glorious Realm, o'er all the Earth renown'd,
Once with the nobleſt Government was crown'd;
By which all foreign Tyrannys were aw'd,
Eaſy we were at home, and terrible abroad.
All our wiſe Laws of Empire were deſign'd,
Not for the Luſt of one, but good of all Mankind;
The great Prerogative was underſtood
A vaſt unbounded Pow'r of doing Good:
From doing Ill, by Laws it was confin'd,
If Sanctions, Pacts or Oaths cou'd Princes bind.
By Antient Uſages and Laws they ſway'd,
Which both were by the choice of Subjects made.
Old Cuſtoms grew to Laws by long Conſent,
And to each Written Law of Parliament;
Freedom in Boroughs, and in Land Freehold,
Gave all, who had them, Voices, uncontrol'd:
But few new Rights were by new Laws obtain'd,
Only ſome raviſh'd Libertys regain'd.
Who had no Voices, yet alike were bound
By the Protection, which from Laws they found;
For every one in thoſe had equal Right,
And no great Man cou'd injure, or affright.
Where Subjects in the Laws can claim no ſhare,
'Twixt them and Cattle no Diſtinctions are.
This was the Conſtitution of our State,
And true Religion flouriſh'd in its height:
From lying Legends, falſe Traditions free,
From Monkiſh Ignorance, Schoolmens Frippery,
From Idols, and from Papal Tyranny.

Their

Their Building made of Stubble, and of Hay,
Was by our wiſe Reformers ſwept away.
Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union
Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
Hers and the Peoples Int'reſts were thought one.
She, and the Realm, with mutual Kindneſs ſtrove,
Great its Obedience, and as great her Love;
Long might ſuch Happineſs have been enjoy'd,
Had it not been b' ambitious Prieſts deſtroy'd.
Thoſe haughty Prieſts cou'd not contented be
With what remain'd from Popiſh Dignity,
But wou'd their Hierarchy have greater made,
With caſt-off Rights the Laity they invade,
And call in *Jus Divinum* to their Aid.
With that inviſible Commiſſion arm'd
Our Kings, with Sov'reign and Inherent charm'd,
With Sacred Perſon, Power without a Bound,
Prerogative unlimited, no ground
Whereof is in our Conſtitution found.
Thus they, by Eccleſiaſtick Flattery,
Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves the Free:
Theſe furious Fools yet wiſe Divines contemn'd,
And their raſh Doctrines privately condemn'd:
None dare in publick ſay they were unſound,
But Fines, and Pillorys, and Brands were found.
For now commiſſion'd from above the Sky,
Kings ſoon were deem'd for Laws and Oaths too high;
Hotly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths,
Becauſe no Pow'r above them to impoſe.
'Twas now no Kingly Office, nor a Truſt,
No Laws to rule by but their Sov'reign Luſt;
And all the Land for their Eſtate they own'd,
The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
Leud Knaves in Quoifs yield the Diſpenſing Power,
Which never Tyrant here had claim'd before.

The

The Scandals of the Bar muſt now be found
To give the Government this mortal Wound;
Which at one Blow took all its Strength away,
And down in pieces daſh'd, the noble Structure lay.
Ruin and Rubbiſh cover'd all the Ground,
And no Remains were of the Buildings found.
Monſters of *Roman* and *Hibernian* Race,
With Phangs and Claws infect the waſted Place:
With one of *Britiſh* kind, who ſwallow'd more
Than any other bloody Beaſt of Pow'r;
Fiercely he goggled, his Jaws open'd wide,
Louder he roar'd than all the Beaſts beſide.
Some like Jackals, before him prey'd for Blood,
And to his rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd:
Againſt the Rapine of theſe Beaſts of Prey,
Firſt *London*'s noble Prelate ſtood at Bay;
One fit t'atone for all the Clergies Blots,
For three vile *Engliſh* Biſhops, and twelve *Scots*.
Then valiant *Fairfax*, and brave *Hough* made head,
But by theſe Monſters were diſcomfited;
And now the trembling Church began to reel,
And the effects of Non-reſiſtance feel;
Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their ſide,
They ſtrove to ſtop the fierce impetuous Tide.
Seven ſuffering Heroes gave it ſuch a Shock,
It ſeem'd to daſh its Surges on a Rock;
But Show'rs of Locuſts came with thickeſt Fogs,
From *Tyber*'s Marſhes, and from *Shannon*'s Bogs:
Vaſt Clouds of Vermin haſten to their Aid,
And intercepting Light, thick Darkneſs made;
All clouded was our ſullen Hemiſphere,
But lo! the Glorious *Orange* does appear!
And by his univerſal Influence,
Does to our drooping Land new Life diſpenſe;
His Heat ferments that Lump was dead before,
Which now in every part exerts its Pow'r;

To purge it ſelf, that it may clean become,
The Fermentation ſoon throws off the Scum.
And ev'ry part does tow'rds Perfection move,
Tow'rds Strength and Soundneſs, Harmony and Love.
When Earth oppreſs'd, with Darkneſs overſpread,
From filthy boggy Exhalations bred;
The Sun with noiſeleſs Marches of his Light,
Diſcuſſes Vapours, and diſpels the Night:
With equal ſilence in his glorious Race,
Our noiſom Fogs does the brave *Orange* chaſe;
Does all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs put to flight,
And the infernal Miniſters of Night;
The guilty Spirits ſhun th' approach of Light.
When undiſtinguiſh'd in the mighty Maſs,
And in Stagnation Univerſal Matter was,
Huddled in heaps the diff'ring Atoms lay
Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey:
Th'Eternal Mover threw the Ferment in,
The ſolid Atoms did their Courſe begin:
The quickning Maſs moves now in ev'ry part,
And does its Plaſtick Faculties exert.
The jarring Atoms move into a peace,
And all Confuſion and Diſorders ceaſe:
The ugly undigeſted Lump became
The perfect, glorious, and well-order'd Frame.
Let there be Light, th' Almighty *Fiat* run;
No ſooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done.
Inſpir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* ſaid,
Let there be Liberty, and was obey'd.
Vaſt Wonders Heav'n's great Miniſter has brought,
From our dark *Chaos*, beauteous Order brought:
H' invaded us with Force to make us free,
And in another's Realm could meet no Enemy.
Hail Great Aſſertor of the greateſt Cauſe,
Man's Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws:

Heav'n greater Wonders has for Thee design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind!

A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen Mary, *upon her Arrival in* England. *By* Thomas Shadwel.

MADAM,

IMmur'd with Rocks of Ice, no Wretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged Bear,
Where but one Day and Night in all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting Joy could meet
The dawning Day, as your Approach we greet.
Your Beams reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore,
Which now our long-lov'd Princess does restore:
What could make us so rich, or them so poor?
The World nought equal to our Joy can find,
But the despairing Grief you left behind.
We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
Than by our Aid they ever got before,
When the great *Vere*'s and *Sidney*'s won such Fame,
That each of them immortaliz'd his Name.
Not *Alva*'s Rage would have distress'd them so,
As, Madam, we have done, recalling You.
Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
Is home to us with mighty Int'rest sent:
For we, with her, have won the Great *Nassau*,
Whose Sword shall keep the Papal World in awe.
She comes, she comes, the Fair, the Good, the Wise
With loudest Acclamations rend the Skies;
Rock all the Steeples, kindle ev'ry Street,
Thunder ye Cannons from each Fort and Fleet.

To all the neighb'ring Lands ſound out your Joys,
And let *France* ſhake at the Triumphant Noiſe.
Bleſs'd be the riſing Waves, the murm'ring Gales,
Suſtain'd the mighty Cargo, ſwell'd the Sails.
Bleſs'd be the Veſſel, as that was which bore
The Sacred Remnant, when there was no Shore.
Not the returning Dove they welcom'd ſo,
As we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too;
That only promis'd Safety to their Lives,
This our loſt Peace and Liberty revives.
Bleſs'd, bleſs'd be his Invaſion, which made way
For this moſt happy and illuſtrious Day.
So brave an Action, ſo renown'd a Name,
Was ne'er yet written in the Book of Fame.
Let *Paraſites* call Princes Wiſe, and Brave,
Who bear inglorious Arms, but to inſlave. (bind:
Our Prince will break thoſe Chains wherewith they
'Tis his true Glory to enlarge Mankind.
In any Land you would Dominion gain;
And MADAM, in each Commonwealth would reign.
Where'er your God-like PRINCE from us ſhould go,
They would, like us, ſubmit without a Blow.
In his ſhort Sway more Wiſdom he has ſhown,
Than here before in Ages has been known.
The Name of KING adds nothing to his Fame,
But his great Vertues dignify that Name.
What Land can boaſt of ſuch a matchleſs Pair,
Like Him ſo wiſe, ſo brave; like You ſo wiſe, ſo fair?
Where'er ſo many ſacred Vertues join,
They to a Scepter ſhew a Right Divine.
Who are approv'd ſo Valiant, Wiſe and Juſt,
Have the beſt Titles to the higheſt Truſt.
Tho from the Loins of greateſt Kings deriv'd,
That Title's not ſo ſtrong, nor ſo long-liv'd;
For Princes more of ſolid Glory gain,
Who are thought fit, than who are born to reign.

The OBSERVATOR.

Or the History of Hodge, *as reported by ſome;*
From his ſiding with Noll, *to's ſcribling for* Rome.

STAND forth thou grand Impoſtor of our Time,
The Nation's Scandal, Puniſhment and Crime;
Unjuſt Uſurper of ill-gotten Praiſe,
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud *Brother Bayes*;
How well have you your ſev'ral Gallants choſe,
Damnably to plague the World in Verſe and Proſe?
Like two *Twin Comets*; when you do appear,
We juſtly may ſuſpect ſome Danger near.
He lately did under Correction paſs,
Honour'd by that great Hand that gave the Laſh;
A Doom too glorious for that curſed Head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he led.
But you are to a viler Fate deſign'd,
To ſuffer by a vulgar Hand like mine.
We'll tear your Vizard, and unmask your Shame,
And at each Corner Gibbet up your Name:
Expoſe you to the Scorn of all you meet;
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under uſurping *Noll* you firſt began
To rear your Head, and ſhew your ſelf a Man;
Unpitying ſaw the Royal Party fall,
And danc'd and fiddl'd to the Funeral:
Diſclaim'd their Int'reſt, and renounc'd their Side,
And with the Independent ſtrait comply'd:
Officious in their Service, wrote for Hire;
A brisk Crowdero in the factious Quire.

Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run;
The Horoſcope ſtill opens to the Sun.
There 'twas in thoſe unhappy Days,
You laid Foundation for deſigned Praiſe;
By diſreſpect ignobly purchas'd Shame,
And damn'd your Soul to ſcandalize your Name.
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about, and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary Strings,
Began to play Divinity of Kings:
Your former Maſter ſtraitways is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief, Murderer, what not?
Such Recompence he doth deſerve to have,
Who for his Intereſt durſt employ a Knave.
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your Eaſe,
After ſuch great Exploits perform'd as theſe:
Applauding to your ſelf your own Deſerts,
You ſtrait ſet up for a vain Aſs of Parts;
Reſolving that the Ladies too ſhould know
What other Tricks and Gambols you could do.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town,
Or private Baudy-houſe to you unknown?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;
To do both Drudgeries you alike content.
But ill Succeſs you had with Madam *C—k*,
Whom in the very Act her Husband took:
Strong *Baſtinado* o'er your Shoulders laid,
Made you a while ſurceaſe that lecherous Trade;
Till growing old in cuſtomary Sin,
You with a chaſter Lady did begin:
Whom when you found ſhe all Aſſaults refus'd,
And would not yield her ſelf to be abus'd;
Down on your Knees you preſently was laid,
And thus (O righteous Heaven!) devoutly pray'd;
Since you diſdain the kind Requeſt to grant,
Dear Madam, let me lay my Hand upon't.

This is the Man whoſe whole Diſcourſe and Tone,
Is Honour, Juſtice, Truth, Religion;
Was ſuch a godly Raſcal ever known?
But now reform'd by Indigence of Gold,
Your former wanton Courſe grew ſlack and cold,
For 'twas at firſt indeed too hot to hold.
Now new Expedients muſt employ your Brain,
And other Methods for advance of Gain:
Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
Which made you timely think of a Retreat:
Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
A guilty Conſcience has quick-ſighted Eyes.
When you return'd you fell to work amain,
And took up your old Scribling Trade again;
Some ſorry Scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
And viler Canting upon Forty one,
You thought ſufficient to oblige the Crown;
Then who but you, the World was all your own.
Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
A witty zealous Proteſtant appear;
Your ſecret Spies and Emiſſaries uſe,
To pay for falſe Intelligence and News.
When nam'd in two Diurnals you diſpenſe,
Equally void of Reaſon, Truth, and Senſe.
The Guineas now from every Quarter came,
To pay reſpect to your encreaſing Fame,
While you at *Sam*'s like a grave Doctor ſat,
Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate;
Who lickt your Spittle up, and then came down,
And ſhed the naſty Drivel o'er the Town.
Ay, theſe were bleſſed Times, and happy Days,
When all the World conſpired to your Praiſe.
He who refus'd and would no Token ſend,
Muſt be traduc'd as the Diſſenters Friend:
And that your Greatneſs no regard might lack,
You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.

But ſomething now has ſtopt that rapid Stream,
And you have nothing more to ſay for them.
Your piercing Eye diſcovers from afar
The glittering Glory of ſome further Star,
Which bids you pay your Adoration there.
Inconſtant Rover, whither doſt thou tend?
When will thy tedious Villanies have an end?
Whither at laſt doſt thou intend to go?
Unto which Party wilt thou e'er prove true,
To *Turk* or *Pope*, or *Proteſtant* or *Jew*?
Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
To what a mighty Sum do they amount?
Thy Solemn Proteſtations, Oaths and Lies,
Devices, Shams, Evaſions, Perjuries;
My Paper to a Volume would exceed,
Of greater bulk than *Hollingſhed* and *Speed*.
For thou art now ſo ſcandalouſly known,
And ſo remarkable in Vice alone,
That every one can find a Stone to throw
At ſuch a ſnarling pimping Cur as thou.
But Wretch! if ſtill thou art not paſt all Grace,
And wholeſom Counſel can with thee find place:
If thou at laſt ſincerely would'ſt atone,
And expiate thy former Miſchiefs done,
Like dying *Judas* render back thy Pelf,
Recant thy Books, and then go hang thy ſelf.

The Miracle; How the Dutcheſs of Modena *(being in Heaven) pray'd the* B. Virgin *that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady ſent the Angel* Gabriel *with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.*

To the Tune of *O Youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd at Nurſe. In* Bartholomew Fair.

I.

YOu Catholick Stateſmen and Churchmen rejoice,
And praiſe Heaven's Goodneſs with Heart and with Voice:
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than ſhe,
Some ſay ſhe's as good as the beſt of the Three.
Her Miracles bold
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told;
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,
Had not heard on't before the laſt day of Thankſgiving.

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutcheſs
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clutches
When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.
On her Knees ſhe fell down
Before the bright Throne,
And beg'd that God's Mother would grant her one Boon
Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Noſe out of Joint.

III. A

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtrait gave Commiſſion;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulders Divine*,
And charg'd him to haſten to *England*'s fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame,
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work ſuch a Wonder,
Shall keep the moſt inſolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my beſt Son) his part of the matter
Muſt be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand,
Then let him go travel to viſit the Land:
And the Spirit of Love
Shall come from above,
Tho not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he ſhall come in ſome likeneſs or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Meſſage with Hearts full of Faith was receiv'd,
And the next News we heard was Q. *M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones converted, poor cheated Diſſenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Biſhops, and Commons, Conſenters,
You Commiſſioners all,
Eccleſiaſtical,
From *M*——— the dutiful, to *C*——— the tall;
Pray Heav'n to ſtrengthen her Majeſty's Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

Dialogue

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Woman's Patience vex'd?
Your ſpurious Iſſue grow and thrive,
While mine are dead e'er well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days Wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And ſtrait accuſe my Chaſtity
For your damn'd Inſufficiency!
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble Fire:
Tho I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear, he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt;
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and me are mixt:
Confuſedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he prays and reads.
I travel'd farther for your Love
Than *Sheba*'s Queen, I'l fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis ſaid, did rome,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the difference does ariſe:
Tho equally we ſought the Prize,
What that great Queen deſir'd ſhe gain'd,
But I ſoon found your Treaſury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis ſad Experience tells this Truth;
Tho I had Caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.
J. Pray, Madam, let me ſilence break;
As I have you, now hear me ſpeak.

These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.
But, if you'l smooth your Brow awhile,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.
I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse;
No Dowry could your Parents give,
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Astonishment, but no Temptation.
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an am'rous Flame;
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid such Service as was due,
Worthy my self, and worthy you:
Caress'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
When soon I found your haughty Mind
Was unto Sov'reignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny;
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took such measures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolve your Course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.

Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply;
To Mother Church you take recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.
When mounted to the place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your proſpect ſtood,
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood;
Which to your proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are obey'd,
While all the fault on me is laid.
Now you was quiet for a while,
As flatt'ring Weather ſeems to ſmile:
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found freſh matter for your Spite;
And ſet to work your buſy Brain,
Which took fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wiſe, ſome Valiant you remove,
'Cauſe they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their ſtead ſuch Creatures place,
Which to th' Employments bring Diſgrace:
While whatſoe'er you do I own,
And ſtill the Dirt on me is thrown.
Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;
A Goal-Delivery now muſt be,
All tender Conſciences ſet free;
Not out of Zeal, but pure deſign
To make Diſſenters with us join,
To pull down Teſt and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cauſe.
The ſly Diſſenters laugh the while,
They ſee where lurks the Serpent's Guile;

And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Proteſtant Cauſe
We did confine, tho 'gainſt the Laws:
But ſoon was glad to ſet 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.
Now all is turning upſide down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets againſt us come:
The Proteſtants do laugh the while,
And the Diſſenters ſneer and ſmile;
But no Aſſiſtance either ſends,
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.
Now pray conclude what muſt be done,
Conſult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind be ſure they come.

On the Univerſity of Cambridge's *burning the D. of* Monmouth's *Picture*, 1685. *who was formerly their Chancellor.—In Anſwer to this Queſtion,*

In turba ſemper ſequitur fortunam & odit damnatos.

By Mr. *Stepney.*

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applauſe you once receiv'd his Grace,
And beg'd a Copy of his God-like Face;
But when the ſage Vice-Chancellor was ſure
The Original in Limbo lay ſecure,
As greaſy as himſelf he ſends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.

The Beadle's Wife endeavours all ſhe can
To ſave the Image of the tall young Man,
Which ſhe ſo oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with ſtrong Thoughts ſhe might improve her Race;
But all in vain, ſince the wiſe Houſe conſpire
To damn the Canvaſs Traitor to the Fire,
Leſt it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythmen next Harveſt to renew the Fight:
Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledg,
He'l ſubſcribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
But the Man of *Clareball* that Proffer refuſes,
'Snigs, he'l be beholden to none but the Muſes:
And orders ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more ſtuff
On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads, leſt he get all the Profit to himſelf
(Too greedy of Honour, too laviſh of Pelf)
This Motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return it;
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonefire together,
As they club for a Cheeſe in the Pariſh of *Chedder*;
Confuſedly croud on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townſmen, their Wives and the (in all,
Proctors,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries
Come to quaff his Confuſion in Bumpers of Stale.
But *Roſalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her Abſence their Folly rebuke.
The tender Creature could not ſee his Fate,
With whom ſhe had danc'd a Minute ſo late.
The Heads, who never could hope for ſuch Frames,
Out of Envy condemn'd Sixſcore Pounds to the Flames;
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiſs,
As if being a Traitor had alter'd his Phiz:

So

So the Rabble of *Rome*, whoſe Favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Braſs Kettles.

Nulla manere diu neque vivere carmina poſſunt, quæ ſcribuntur aquæ notoribus.

By Mr. *Ayloffe*, *T. C. C.*

HE that firſt ſaid it, knew the worth of Wit,
Lov'd well his Glaſs, and as he drank he writ:
Vaſt was his Soul, and ſparkling was the Wine,
Which ſtrangely did inſpire each mighty Line.
The watry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
Fit for dull Freſhmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
Not Flood of *Cam*, or Well of *Ariſtotle*,
Yield half the Pleaſure of the charming Bottle:
Poor Scriblers then that Bread and Water uſe,
The ſlender Diet of a *Bridewel* Muſe.
As eaſily may Water Poets make,
As Coffee Politicians does create,
The two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State.
When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roaſted,
Poets the Strength of Waters might have boaſted;
And might have made their frozen Verſe to paſs,
As well as he that put out Ice for Glaſs:
Tho our good Proctor otherwiſe does think,
Our Mother *Cambridg* kindly bids us drink;
She holds the Candle and the ſacred Cup,
And as the one waſtes, cries, drink t'other up.
'Twas drinking got our Anceſtors Renown,
And Claret firſt that dy'd the Scarlet Gown.
As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight,
As *Engliſh* Poets without Claret write.
Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees
Are of themſelves ſufficient for Degrees:

Wine,

Wine, and the Supper, muſt the Act compleat,
And he does beſt diſpute who beſt does treat:
'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
This day, and next, while Wine and Wit run high.
And the forty days
Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
But Poets ſure did never write in Lent.
Now in the Name of Dulneſs and ſmall Beer,
Ye *Northern* Wits of fam'd *St. John*'s appear,
That ſcarce taſte Wine or Wit throout the Year.
Had ſhe who by the pow'rful Charms of Wine
Transform'd *Ulyſſes* Men to gruntling Swine;
Had ſhe and you th' Experiment try'd again,
By contrary Effects ye had Poets been.
Next the pert Fops by Title dignify'd,
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all beſide;
Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
Blockiſh and dull beyond the pow'r of Wine;
Who after the firſt Bottle ſtill the ſame,
Can never higher riſe than Anagram,
Or at moſt quibble on their Dowdy's Name.
When *Whig* Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns;
When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwel* Whores tur
Nuns;
When Curat's rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
When Scholars trick, and Townſmen cheat no more
When am'rous Fops leave hunting handſom Faces,
When craving Beadle begs no more for Places:
Hopkins and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes,
Shall pleaſe us now, and take with future Times:
And *Water-drinkers* then ſhall famous grow,
Settle the Poet to my Lord Mayor's Show
Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley*, and our *Duke* outgo.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. *By Mr.* P---r.

WHEN crowding Folks, with ſtrange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places;
And ſome with Patents, ſome with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord *D*———*t*'s Spirit:
Sneaking, I ſtood among the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited, while the Clock ſtruck thrice,
And Footman brought out fifty Lyes;
Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-poſt to ſend a Letter.
Now, if you miſs of this Epiſtle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My Buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little Place:
And fair Pretenſions I have for't,
Much Need, and very ſmall Deſert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle;
Ask'd for me, from my Lord, Things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting:
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at Six and Seven,
As *S*———*d* has left *Mun. St*——*n.*
No Family that takes a Whelp,
When firſt he laps and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
When he's grown up to Dog's Eſtate:

Nor Pariſh, if they once adopt
The ſpurious Barns that Strollers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up luſty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
No thank 'em for their Love, that's worſe,
Than if they'd throttled them at Nurſe.
My Unkle, reſt his Soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with Syder to repleniſh
My Fatts, or ebbing Tide of Rheniſh.
So when for Hock I drew prickt white-Wine,
Swear't had the Flavour, and was right Wine:
Or ſent me with ten Pounds to *Furui-Val*'s-Inn, to ſome good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds and cheating,
I'd had ſome handſom ways of getting.
All this you made me quit to follow
That ſneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*;
Sent me among a fidling Crew
Of Folks, I'd never ſeen or knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
In common Juſtice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtian People,
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.
The Sum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome way,
And your Petitioner ſhall pray——
There's one thing more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well in Poſt-ſcript;
My Friend *C——s M——ue*'s prefer'd,
Nor wou'd I have it long obſerv'd,
That one Mouſe eats while t'other's ſtarv'd.

The true and genuine Explanation Of one King James's *Declaration.*

J. R.

WHEREAS by Miſrepreſentation
(Of which Our ſelf was the Occaſion)
We loſt Our Royal Reputation,
And much againſt Our Expectation,
Laid the moſt Tragical Foundation
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication:
After mature Deliberation
We now reſolve to ſham the Nation
Into another Reſtauration;
Promiſing, in Our wonted Faſhion,
Without the leaſt Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuſe to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination;
For whom we always ſhew'd a Paſſion.
And when again they take occaſion
To want a King of Our Perſuaſion,
We'll ſoon appear to take Our Station,
With the enſuing Declaration.
All ſhall be ſafe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in *J. R.*

J. R.

WHEN we reflect what Deſolation
Our Abſence cauſes to the Nation,
We wou'd not hold Our ſelf exempted
From any thing to be attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be reconcil'd.

Be all aſſur'd, both Whig and Tory,
If for paſt Faults you can be ſorry,
You ne'er ſhall know what we'll do for you.
For 'tis our noble Reſolution
To do more for your Conſtitution,
Than e'er we'll put in Execution.
Tho ſome before us made a pother,
England has never ſuch another,
No not our own Renown'd Dear Brother.
We have it ſet before our Eyes,
That our main Intereſt wholly lies
In managing with ſuch Diſguiſe,
As leaves no room for Jealouſys.
And to encourage Foes and Friends
With Hearts and Hands to ſerve Our Ends,
We hereby publiſh and declare
(And this We do becauſe We dare)
That to evince We are not ſullen,
We'll bury all paſt Faults in Woollen;
By which you may perceive We draw
Our wiſe Reſolves from Statute-Law:
And therefore by this Declaration
We promiſe Pardon to the Nation,
Excepting only whom We pleaſe,
Whether they be on Land or Seas.
And farther Bloodſhed to prevent,
We here declare Our ſelf content
To heap as large Rewards on all
That help to bring Us to *Whitehall*,
As ever did Our Brother Dear
At his Return on Cavalier:
Or We, to Our immortal Glory,
Confer'd on non-reſiſting Tory.
Then be aſſur'd the firſt fair Weather
We'll call a Parliament together,
(Chuſe Right or Wrong no matter whether)

Where with United Inclination
We'll bring the Intereſt of the Nation
Under Our own Adjudication:
With their Concurrence We'll redreſs
What We Our ſelf think Grievances;
All ſhall be firm as Words can make it,
And if We promiſe, what can ſhake it?
As for the Church, We'll ſtill defend it,
Or if you pleaſe, the Pope ſhall mend it:
Your Chappels, Colleges, and Schools
Shall be ſupply'd with your own Fools:
But if We live another Summer,
We'll then relieve them from St. *Omer*.
Next for a Liberty of Conſcience,
With which We bit the Nation long ſince,
We'll ſettle it as firm and ſteddy,
Perhaps as that you have already.
We'll never violate the Teſt,
Till 'tis Our Royal Intereſt,
Or till We think it ſo at leaſt;
But there We muſt conſult the Prieſt.
And as for the Diſpenſing Power
(Of Princes Crown the ſweeteſt Flower)
That Parliament ſhall ſo explain it,
As We in Peace may ſtill maintain it.
If other Acts ſhall be preſented,
We'll paſs 'em all, and be contented.
Let *Harley*, *Whitlock*, and old *Clarges*
Draw Bills enough to load three Barges,
We'll give them Thanks, and bear their Charges:
Whether they be for Partial Trial,
Dull Judges Pride, or Self-Denial,
For Royal Mines, or Triennial,
Whatever Laws receiv'd their Faſhion
Under the preſent Uſurpation,

Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided ſtill we ſee Occaſion.
Our Brother's *Iriſh* ſettling Act
(Which we 'tis true repeal'd in Fact)
We'll be contented to reſtore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your ſelves ſhall have the Glory,
To re-eſtabliſh wandring Tory.
But now you have ſo fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you ſhou'd conſider
What Funds are proper to ſupply Us
For that, and what your Hearths ſave by Us:
Therefore conſult your *Polyhymne*
To find another Rhime to Chimny,
Or if I bleed the Devil's in me.
And leſt a Project in its Prime
Shou'd be deſtroy'd for want of Time,
We'll ſoon refer the whole Amount
To your Commiſſion of Account.
Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a Draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H*——*ton*,
Wiſe *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D*——
And, of all Ranks, ſome Fifty One,
Who have adjuſted for Our coming
All Gimcracks fit for ſuch a mumming,
And 'tis their Buſineſs, to perſuade you
We come to ſuccour, not invade you.
But after this we think it Nonſenſe
(Beſides it is againſt our Conſcience)
To trouble you with a Relation
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burdens that oppreſs the Nation;
Since you can make the beſt Conſtruction
Of what may turn to your Deſtruction.

But ſince our Enemys wou'd fright you,
Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty,
As poſitively we aſſure you,
As if we were before a Jury,
That he expects no Compenſation
For helping in our Reſtauration,
But what he gains in Reputation:
And all muſt own that know his Story
How far his Int'reſt ſtoops to Glory;
Whoſe Generoſity is ſuch,
We doubt not he'll out-do the *Dutch*.
We only add, that we are come
By Trumpets ſound and beat of Drum,
For our juſt Title's Vindication,
And Liberty's Corroboration.
So may we ever find Succeſs,
As we intend you nothing leſs
Than what you owe to old Queen *Beſs*.

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Cutts.

SHE's gone! The Beauty of our Iſle is fled;
Our Joy cut off, the Great *MARIA* dead.
We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
Waft not our Sorrow to a foreign Shore;
Leſt *Albion*'s Enemys with impious Breath
Profane our Sighs, and triumph in her Death.
Tears are too mean for her; our Grief ſhould be
Dumb as the Grave, and black as Deſtiny.
For ſuch a Loſs let univerſal Nature mourn,
And all things to their firſt Diſorder turn.
Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sovereign walk'd,
Serenely ſmil'd, and profitably talk'd,

Be gay no more; but wild and barren lie,
That all your blooming Sweets with hers may die;
Sweets that crown'd Love, and ſoften'd Majeſty.
Bleſt Princeſs! How diſtinguiſh'd, how ador'd!
How much above e'en Her own Sphere ſhe ſoar'd!
Whilſt other Monarchs glory in their State,
In Wealth and Power contented to be Great;
She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
Purſu'd a Greatneſs of another kind;
A brighter Diadem than Earth cou'd give,
A glorious Name that ſhou'd for ever live.
And with unweary'd Vertue preſſing on,
Gave Luſtre to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth,
So graceful and ſo lovely; ne'er was ſeen
A finer Woman or more awful Queen:
The gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
And reverenc'd the Ground whereon ſhe trod.
Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
And help'd to fill the Brightneſs of Her State;
Mourn over your dead Miſtreſs, ſpeechleſs mourn,
Watch Her dear Aſhes, and attend Her Urn.
She cheriſh'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
Preventing ſtill the fearful Mother's Cares;
Whilſt all with ſhining Gold and Purple grac'd,
Your Beautys in the faireſt Light were plac'd.
How Majeſty is fall'n! As if the Great
Were deſtin'd to ſhort Days, and ſudden Fate.
O Empire! Thou deceitful treacherous Good!
How falſe thy Smiles, tho hard to be withſtood!
What ſtormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals,
And what uncommon Strokes a Monarch feels!
See where the glorious *Naſſau* fainting lies;
The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dies.

O Sir! return, to *Albion*'s Help return;
Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.
If you forſake us, we are loſt indeed;
Your Subjects now lament, but then muſt bleed.
Think what a Task your Vertue has begun,
And be not weary e'er your Race is run.
That Power that form'd you in the tender Womb,
Then laid the Scenes of all your Toils to come,
Decreed that you ſhou'd *Europe*'s Saviour be,
And from fierce Monſters purge the Earth and Sea;
Monſters of Tyrants that oppreſs Mankind,
And ſet no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.
Succeſs and Honour wait upon your Arms;
Heav'n guide your Heart, and guard you ſtill from Harms.
MARIA has the Crown of Glory won;
And may you late arrive where ſhe is gone.

Tun-

Tunbridgialia: *Or the Pleaſures of* Tunbridge. *In a Letter to a Friend.*

By Mr. Peter Cauſton, *Merchant.*

THOU beſt of Poets, and thou beſt of Friends,
Beſt of that Liſt which thy great Race commends;
By *Tunbridge* noble Spring, much pleas'd, I lay,
At Truce with Care paſſing the Summer's-day,
When the rich Preſent came in ſhining Verſe;
Ye Gods! how ſhall I half my Joy rehearſe?
I once was thinking to return the ſame
In Lines that might expreſs an equal Flame.
I try'd in vain; my long-neglected Muſe,
Like Women paſt their Childing, did refuſe,
And cou'd not, to my mind, one Hint produce:
For I was ne'er, you know, my Friend, at beſt,
With a rich Vein by peeviſh Nature bleſt;
I made my Court to the coy Nymphs in vain,
And bleſt the Bards that cou'd their Loves obtain.
Howe'er, at call of Friendſhip's ſacred Name,
The faint Remains of my decaying Flame
Exalt their Head, ambitious now to try
One Blaze, before they quite extinguiſh'd die.
May your good Humour overlook Miſtakes,
And pardon all the Faults which Friendſhip makes:
This Fountain then ſhall the fam'd Spring out-do,
And *Tunbridge* for *Caſtalian* Waters go.
You fain wou'd know how we employ the Day,
Which of it ſelf makes too much haſte away;

What

What Arts we uſe to keep our Grief and Care,
(Thoſe Flies which in our Cup ſtill bold Intruders are)
With what Receits and Helps prepar'd we come
To looſe the Thought of Familys at home.
Aſſiſt me, gentle Muſe, to anſwer theſe
In Lines that may my ſelf and others pleaſe.
Refreſh'd with Sleep, which Nature's Loſs repairs,
Soon as the Day on the ſtreak'd Hills appears,
Up with the Sun we mount and travel, we
To the fam'd Spring, he to the Weſtern Sea.
Tobacco makes the Journey ſtrangely ſlide,
Ever the beſt Companion, walk or ride.
Having now reach'd the Spring, a Country Laſs
Stands ready to preſent you with a Glaſs:
Such Water tho nor *Rome* nor *Greece* can ſhow,
Tho here the Poets boaſted Spring does flow;
Impregnate with ſuch Virtues it does come,
As to add Heat to the cold barren Womb.
To an expiring Houſe it gives an Heir,
And wretched helpleſs Women here repair,
Who joyful Mothers prove within the Year.
It cures the raging Fever's Calenture,
And keeps that Purple Flood from running o'er.
The ſad Siſyphian Task, the Stone, which ſtill
Rolls back again, and mocks the Artiſt's Skill;
It carrys off with far leſs Pains and Coſt,
Than *Hannibal* with his Quack Arts cou'd boaſt:
It ſteeps your Cares beyond the Power of Wine,
And does the Brain for thinking fit refine:
Clouds of the Head, like thoſe above we find,
Diſſolv'd in Water, both are at an end.
An ugly numerous Rout of feveriſh Pains,
Had ſeiz'd at once my Liver, Heart and Veins,
And made ſuch fierce and quick Attacks, that I,
Juſt on ſurrendring, thought I now muſt die.

I ſought the Sons of Art, who try'd in vain
To raiſe the Siege, and force the preſſing Pain.
Whatever Virtues, Herbs and Drugs can boaſt,
They found, alas, on me were merely loſt.
The proud Diſeaſe became more rampant ſtill,
And laugh'd at all their baffled Art and Skill.
'Twas here I found Eaſe for my mighty Grief;
And where Art fail'd, kind Nature gave Relief:
This Fountain prov'd to me a *Well of Life.*
Bleſt Spring! what Praiſe and Honour can we give,
Worthy the Favours we from thee receive?
Thy laſting Name (if Time's impartial hand
But ſpare theſe Lines) in Poetry ſhall ſtand,
And round the learned World ſhall largely ſpread,
With the fam'd Springs of old together read.
In the mean time, after we've drunk a Glaſs
Or two, to make the Waters better paſs,
We take a Turn i'th' Walks——
Here in ſuch Crowds the Ladies paſs, you'd ſwear
The *Cyprian* Goddeſs and her Nymphs were there:
Hung round with all the Riches that the *Eaſt*
Or *Weſt* ſends here, brisk, jaunty and well dreſs'd;
With what a Mein and charming Air they move,
Creating Wonder, and inſpiring Love!
Such was the beauteous *Helen*'s ſhining Train,
When ſhe was courted by the *Phrygian* Swain.
And all the while, to entertain the Ear,
Muſick and Voices mixt, their Parts do bear.
Next for the Chappel, by the Fountain rais'd,
Where its great Author is devoutly prais'd;
And after Prayers, a Pipe can do no harm
In drinking, good to keep the Stomach warm.
For this Deſign appointed Places are,
Leſt Smoking on the Walks offend the fair,
And now we ſit, after a careleſs rate,
Over a Diſh of Tea, and fall to chat:

Here one forſooth, plays the Philoſopher
Upon the Wells, deſcribes the ſecret Power
Of Spaws and Mineral-Waters, how they come,
With Steel impregnate, thro the Earth's cold Womb;
Whence ſprings their Force, that they ſo nearly can
Make clean this foul *Augean* Stable, Man;
How firſt found out, and when the Mode began.
Another turns the Talk to *Weſtminſter*,
And asks how Matters paſs'd laſt Term at Bar?
What Judges likely are to riſe or fall? (bawl?
What Lawyers hang the beſt, and who the beſt can
Warmly, a third takes up Religion's Cauſe,
Gravely debates the *Teſt* and *Penal Laws*.
Another tells a Tale, or breaks a Jeſt,
Inquires the Hour, or what comes uppermoſt;
How do your Waters paſs? O bravely, Sir.
What News from *London?* How do things ſtand
I hear Sir *John* — is likely to be Mayor. (there?
Are the Particulars yet come by the Poſt?
What Priſoners ta'en? how many Men were loſt
On the *Turks* ſide? and what the Victory coſt?
What, are the *Pole* and *Muſcovite* aſleep,
Idely to let ſuch fair Occaſions ſlip?
How do the *India* Actions riſe? What Ships
On the Plate-Expedition go with *Phipps?*
Follow'd by all the forward Youth of *Greece*,
Thus *Jaſon* brought in Triumph home the Golden
But what before was mere Romance and Lye, (Fleece:
Shall henceforth paſs for current Hiſtory.
This and Tobacco paſs the time away;
Others there are that rather fancy Play:
But me from Play, my better Stars preſerve,
The fatal Box devouring as the Grave;
Into *Charybdis* Mouth as ſoon I'd flie,
As venture my Eſtate upon a Dye.

Having

Having by this time fed the Eye and Ear,
Next for the Belly is our greateſt Care:
There's nothing at our Lodgings to be got,
Here we muſt cater both for Spit and Pot.
Cloſe by the Wells upon a ſpacious Plain,
(Where Rows of Trees make a delightful Lane)
A noble Market's daily kept, well ſtor'd
With all the Countrys round about afford.
Freſh Fiſh a neighbouring River does ſupply,
Soals, Oiſters, and the like, are brought from *Rye*.
Of Fleſh and Fowl, no where more plenty's found;
In Veal, Lamb, Pork, and Beef, we much abound;
And *Tunbridge* Mutton, fam'd above the reſt.
Of Fowl we have good ſtore, and of the beſt;
As well cram'd Chickens, Pigeons, Ducks and Geeſe,
With Teal and Partridge, nicer Taſts to pleaſe;
The Swan and Peacock you may add to theſe,
On which tho we but ſmall eſteem do place,
The latter did an Emperor's Table grace. [*Vitellius.*
In ſhort then, not to ſwell the Bill of Fare,
St. *Peter*'s Sheet, and *Noah*'s Ark are here;
Whatever kinds the *Britiſh* World does ſee
Of Beaſts, Fiſh, Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or flie;
Fruits, Spice, and *Indian* Pepper too we boaſt,
That here we hardly fancy *Bantam* loſt;
Sugar from *Mevis* and *Barbadoes* brought,
By wondrous Art to ſuch Perfection wrought:
Italy ſends us Oil, *Virginia* Smoke,
A better ſort *J——rys* himſelf ne'er took.
And after all, to crown the Work, the *Rhine*,
France, *Florence*, the *Canaries* find us Wine.
London, that noble Mart, can't furniſh more;
London, for choice, compar'd with us, is poor.
Were that Imperial Glutton now at hand, [*Vitellius.*
Who a Year's Tax wou'd at one Supper ſpend,

Who

Who made each Land, and every diſtant Sea,
Club to maintain his raving Luxury,
On eaſier Terms he here ſupply'd might be.
This for the Belly; and for other Ware
Of every ſort, we challenge *Sturbridge*-Fair.

Having now drunk our Morning's Doſe, and Cheer
Provided, homewards we directly ſteer.
After a whiff of the fam'd *Indian* Weed,
By way of Whet to Dinner we proceed;
Tho, betwixt Friends, we ſeldom need a Whet,
Or any Arts to raiſe the Appetite:
'Tis the freſh Earth that makes the Plow-man feed,
Water in us does the ſame Sharpneſs breed.
Now with a Friend, a Jeſt, and cheering Glaſs
Of bleſt *Bourdeaux*, how glibly Victuals paſs!
The Camp once victual'd, then the Sport begins,
Whether your Fancy leads to Bowls or Pins.
Here's choice of Bowling-places to be ſeen,
But *Ruſthall* is by much the fineſt Green;
All curious Carpet-ground: You know the Play,
One with a Jack, a ſmall Bowl, leads the way:
By throwing of a Dye who firſt muſt go,
And who and who's together, ſtrait we know.
Come, pray Sir, bowl away, this Ground's your Guide;
That Caſt is narrow, this as much too wide:
Not home! for want of Strength your Caſt you ſpoil;
Oh rub a thouſand, now you're gone a Mile.
Here's three; to make us up, one more we lack:
Thank you for that, dear Sir, you kiſs the Jack.
The fineſt Archer's Bow, or Fowler's Piece,
As ſoon may fail, as a good Bowler miſs.
Are you for Cards? here you may find enow
Diſpos'd for Cribbidge, Gleek, or Lantre-lieu.
A Game at Cards! a perfect Fight, you'd ſwear,
Maintain'd with all the Stratagems of War:

Here's

Here's ambuſcading, routing, rallying Men,
And every thing but Wounds and Dying ſeen.
After a long Diſpute, with reſtleſs Pains,
One ſide beſure a bloodleſs Victory gains.
But if my Counſel in the Caſe might ſway,
Beware how you become a Slave to Play.
Some ſit whole Nights together at the Sport,
For which their Families and Lands muſt ſmart:
Not that I blame any that undertake
It more for Pleaſure, than for Lucre ſake;
But playing deep, and ſquandring ſo much time,
Is that in Carding I account a Crime.
If this don't pleaſe, we have another Game
Call'd Cheſs, at which the Gentry paſs their time.
Into the checquer'd Field two Kings deſcend,
On each a Queen and Biſhops two attend;
On either ſide two Knights their Poſt maintain,
Two Rooks and Pawns twice four compleat the Train.
The Signal given, both the Armies join
To take the adverſe King, the chief Deſign:
For this both Sides in furious Charges meet,
Proud of a Death before their Sovereigns Feet;
That is a Law peculiar to the Play,
The King muſt firſt be took, before you win the Day.
Are you diſpos'd to read a Poet? then
Our old Acquaintance *Horace* is the Man;
He'll pleaſe, which way ſoe'er your Humour lean;
Does it to Mirth and Gallantry incline?
His charming Odes are full of Love and Wine.
He can be grave, not only pleaſe, but teach,
As well as any *Grecian* Maſter preach.
His Rules of Poetry the means impart
How the beſt Genius may be help'd by Art.
Here you may learn correctly how to write,
To a true Edge your Style and Judgment ſet.

His Satyr, form'd above the common ſize,
Lays Railing by, and jeers you out of Vice.
But if your Thoughts are more devoutly ſet,
Than for a Page or two in Sacred Writ,
This little Book does at one view contain
What *Grecian* Sages blindly ſought in vain,
The World's Creation, and the Fall of Man;
And how the Tincture of his Sin could be
Deriv'd on his unborn Poſterity:
How he entail'd a double Death on Man,
VVhence Phyſick and Divinity began:
How after ſeveral rolling Periods paſt,
VVith an incarnate God the VVorld was bleſt;
VVho to poor Man Bowels of Mercy bore,
And Death diſarm'd of all its Sting and Power;
Redeem'd the captive VVretch from Sin and Hell,
And plac'd him higher than whence at firſt he fell:
Remov'd his Seat from Earth to Heaven, with power
Of never ſinning, never falling more.
VVith watchful Providence our gracious Lord,
From Foes of every ſort, his Church does guard.
Heaven han't indeed thought fit that we ſhould be
From Sin, much leſs from Error, wholly free;
Leſt we, on diſappearance of a Foe,
Throw by our Arms, careleſs of Danger grow.
Thus vanquiſht *Carthage* 'twas thought fit to ſpare,
To keep *Rome*'s Martial Spirits ſtill in fear.
But if a Friend comes in, the Book's thrown by;
A Bottle better ſutes in Company.
Boy, reach that Flask here: Come, Sir, if you pleaſe,
Here's to the King, and both the Princeſſes.
Another Health to the Eſtabliſh'd Church;
Hang him who does that or his Liquor lurch.
Bleſs me! it warms, I feel the potent Juice,
Its winged fires thro every Vein diffuſe.

What Magick in the Grape, what Charms in Wine,
That to ſuch various Humours Men incline!
Pander to Luſt, Midwife to Mirth and Wit,
Thou mak'ſt old Friends fall out, and Cowards fight.
The Captive full of Thee, forgets his Chains;
With Thee the Beggar fluſht, in Fancy reigns.
The *Dutch* at Sea, Death in the Face will ſtare,
Their Senſes ſteep'd in *Nants* and Gunpowder.
The Sun by this a good way on his Road,
The cool and lengthen'd Shades invite abroad.
Whether we ride or walk, thro Woods or Plains,
The winged Choir divert us with their Strains.
Here Sights to Cits unknown, the time beguile,
Viewing the various kinds of Rural Toil:
For one's a Haying, with unwearied Pains,
Amidſt a jolly Crew of Sun-burnt Swains:
Another plies the Plough for Grain and Food;
Some diſtance off a third's a felling Wood.
The pretty painful Bee, by nature bleſt
With Foreſight, is as buſy as the beſt;
Along the Fields in Bands they take their flight,
Returning home laden with Spoils at Night.
Here's one, i'th' School of Patience thro'ly try'd,
Thoughtfully Angling by a River ſide;
After ſix tedious Hours, loſe or get,
He ſtill keeps on, half ſtarv'd and thorow wet.
Fiſhing, he'll tell you, is its own Reward;
Give him but Bites, Fiſh is his leaſt regard.
But now a Pack of Dogs alarm our Ears,
Muſick, that Hunters ſay, exceeds the Spheres;
O'er Hill and Dale, with full-mouth'd Cry they run,
To the known ſound of Hollow or of Horn.
And Deer no Safety in their Coverts find,
And *Reynolds* ſtands to rights before the Wind.
As for the timorous Hare, away ſhe flings
Before the Dogs, 'twas Fear firſt gave her Wings.

From this Diverſion ſtrait we're call'd aſide
To view the ſoaring Hawk's delightful Pride.
How thro that Sea of Air the Bird of Prey,
With Wings inſtead of Sails, divides his way:
The leſſer Birds clap on more ſail, and fly;
It looks juſt like a running Fight at Sea.
At this mean Prize he makes his humble ſtoop,
Like *Algerine* at ſome poor Pink or Sloop.
Beſides all this, to cloſe the lovely Scene,
Each Night there's conſtant dancing on the Green:
Perſons of higheſt Rank ſtick round the Ring,
Luſtre and Grace to the Diverſion bring:
Whilſt Lads and Laſſes forth in Pairs advance,
Muſick keeps time to the well-meaſur'd Dance:
Not finer Virgins flockt to thoſe feign'd Games,
When *Rome*'s bold Youth ſo roughly woo'd the *Sabian*
(Dames.
Tir'd, but not cloy'd, with this and ſuch like Sport,
Home to our Reſt and Lodgings we reſort;
And here we lie free from the diſmal Noiſe
Of Coaches, Midnight Fires, and Bellman's Voice:
Here we in ſafe Security are bleſt,
And nought but Conſcience to diſturb our Reſt.
Refreſh'd with ſleep, next Morn away we rig,
Nothing remains of Yeſterday's Fatigue.
Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care we purge our
(Head,
In ſuch a conſtant Round of Pleaſures tread,
That *Mecca*'s Prophet, in his Paradiſe,
Has hardly paſt his word for more than this.
But Oh, my Muſe, Oh whither wilt thou lead?
Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
Thus ſchooling me with a cenſorious Frown:
Free of the *Hamburgh* or the *Guinea* Trade,
You ought not yet the Poet's Rights invade;

Whoſe jealous Company no more allows
Of Interlopers, than the *India* Houſe.
The *Toleration* Tradeſmen may admit
For the high Calling of a Preacher fit;
But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
Who from a Merchant ſtrait an upſtart Author grows.
Go home, fond Man, and mind a better Game
Than trading thus to the wild Coaſts of Fame;
Go, count your Caſh, your Merchandize purſue,
At once bid Poetry and Friends adieu.

An Eſſay on Writing, and the Art and Myſtery of Printing. A Tranſlation out of the Anthology.

WOrthy that Man to ſcape Mortality, (lie
And leap that Ditch where all muſt plunging
Who found out Letters firſt, and did impart,
With dextrous Skill, Writing's myſterious Art,
In Characters, to hold Intelligence,
And to expreſs the Mind's moſt hidden Senſe.
The *Indian* Slave, I'm ſure, might wonder well
How the dumb Papers cou'd his Theft reveal.
The ſtupid World admir'd the ſecret Cauſe
Of the Tongue's Commerce without help of Voice;
That merely by a Pen it could reveal,
And all the Soul's abſtruſeſt Notions tell:
The Pen, like Plowſhare on the Paper's Face,
With Black and Magick Tracks its way does trace,
Aſſiſted only by that uſeful Quill,
Pluck'd from the Geeſe that ſav'd the *Capitol*.
First, Writing-Tables Paper's place ſupply'd,
Till Parchment and Nilotick Reeds were try'd.
Parchment, the Skin of Beaſts, well ſcrap'd and dreſ
By theſe poor Helps of old, the Mind expreſt:

B

But After-times a better way did go,
A laſting ſort of Paper, white as Snow,
Compos'd of Rags well pounded in a Mill,
Proof againſt all but Fire, and the Moth's Spoil.
What poor Beginnings theſe! The Silk-worm there
Had nought to do, no Silken Threds were here;
But Rags, from Doors pick'd part, from Dung-hils
Maſht in a Mill, gave riſe to this fine Art; (part,
Which in an inſtant gives a ſpeedy birth
To *Virgil*'s Books, the rareſt Work on Earth.
But ſtill an Art from Heaven was to come,
(From thence it came) this Matter to conſume;
Which could tranſcribe whole Books without a hand:
Behold the Preſs! ſee how the Squadrons ſtand!
In all his Fights the *Roman* Parricide,
With half the Skill ne'er did his Troops divide;
Nor *Philip*'s Son, who with his Force o'er-run,
And mow'd the Countries of the Riſing Morn:
Not the leaſt motion from their Poſt, but all
Work hard, and wait the welcome Signal's Call;
The Letters all turn'd Mutes, in Iron bound,
Never prove Vocal, till in Ink they're drown'd;
The lab'ring Engine their ſtill ſilence breaks,
And ſtrait they render up their Charge, and ſpeak:
Now drunk with the *Caſtalian* Flood, they ſing,
Arma Virumque Gods, and God-like Kings;
Six hundred Lines of *Maro*'s, quick as Thought,
Beyond the nimbleſt Running-hand are wrought:
Much fairer too the Characters do ſhow;
For Grace, fam'd *Cocker*'s Pen, its Head muſt bow.
Three thouſand Births at once, you ſee, which ſoon
O'er ev'ry Country ſcatter'd are, and thrown,
In every Tongue with which Fame ſpeaks are known.
Theſe Types immortalize where'er they come,
And give learn'd Writers a more laſting Doom.

Court Rites, *Galenick* Precepts, *Moſes* Rules,
Are printed off, the Guides of learned Schools:
What Wonders wou'd Antiquity have try'd,
Had they the dawn of the Invention ſpy'd?
The *Offices* of *Tully* were the firſt
That came abroad in this new-faſhion'd Dreſs.
Imperial *Metz* her ſelf would Author prove;
And *Venice* cries ſhe did the Art improve;
Not Antient Cities more for *Homer* ſtrove.
Goddeſs! Preſerver from the Teeth of Time,
Who keeps our Names ſtill freſh in Youthful prime;
What Man was he whom thus the Gods have grac'd,
Worthy among the Stars to have a Place!
Like Head of *Nile* unknown, thy bubbling Riſe
Is hid, for ever hid, from mortal Eyes.

Prologue, by the E. of R——r.

GENTLE Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but deſpiſe us while we but complain:
Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong ſide;
A weak Reſiſtance ſtill provokes their Pride,
And cannot ſtem the fierceneſs of the Tide.
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Croud
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Inſult in every Corner: Want of Senſe,
Confirm'd with an outlandiſh Impudence,
Among the rude Diſturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and falſe Wit;
To boaſt their Leudneſs here young Scourers meet,
And all the vile Companions of a Street
Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
Who beat the Baud laſt night, who bilkt the Whore:
They ſnarl, but neither fight nor pay a Farthing,
A Play-houſe is become a mere Bear-Garden;

Where

Where every one with Inſolence enjoys
His Liberty and Property of Noiſe.
Should true Senſe, with revengeful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants ten Men to ſave the Town:
Each Pariſh is infected, to be clear
We muſt loſe more than when the Plague was here:
While every little thing perks up ſo ſoon,
That at fourteen it hectors up and down, (Town;
With the beſt Cheats and the worſt Whores i' th'
Swears at a Play, who ſhould be whip'd at School:
The Foplings muſt in time grow up to rule,
The Faſhion muſt prevail to be a Fool.
Some powerful Muſe, inſpir'd for our defence,
Ariſe, and ſave a little common Senſe:
In ſuch a Cauſe let thy keen Satyr bite,
Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:
Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
And ſingle out the Beaſt and hunt him down;
Hang up his mangl'd Carcaſe on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On Melting down the Plate: Or, the Piſs-pot's Farewel, 1697.

MAids need no more their Silver Piſs-pots ſcour,
They now muſt jog like Traitors to the Tower.
A quick diſpatch! no ſooner are they come,
But ev'ry Veſſel there receives its Doom:
By Law condemn'd to take their fiery Trial,
A Sentence that admits of no Denial.
Preſumptuous Piſs-pot! How didſt thou offend?
Compelling Females on their Hams to bend?
To Kings and Queens we humbly bow the Knee,
But Queens themſelves are forc'd to ſtoop to thee.

To thee they cringe, and with a ſtraining Face,
They cure their Grief by opening of their Caſe.
In times of need thy help they did implore,
And oft to eaſe their Ailments made thee roar.
Under their Bed thou ſtill hadſt been conceal'd,
And ne'er but on Neceſſity reveal'd;
When over-charg'd, and in Extremity,
Their deareſt Secrets they diſclos'd to thee.
Long haſt thou been a Priſoner cloſe confin'd,
But Liberty is now for thee deſign'd;
Thou, whom ſo many Beauties have enjoy'd,
Now in another uſe ſhall be employ'd:
And with delight be handled ev'ry day,
And oftner occupied a better way.
But crafty Workman firſt muſt thee refine,
To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine.
When thou, transform'd into another ſhape,
Shalt make the World rejoice at thy Eſcape;
And from the Mint in Triumph ſhall be ſent,
New coin'd and mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
Bearing the Paſsport of a Royal Stamp;
And paſs as current, pleaſant, and as free,
As that which hath ſo oft paſs'd into thee.

On Content.

I.

BLEST He that with a mighty Hand
Does bravely his own Fate command;
Whom threatning Ills, and flattering Pleaſures find
Safe in the Empire of a conſtant Mind:
Who from the peaceful Bench deſcries
Repining Man in the World's Ocean toſt,

And

And with a chearful Smile defies
The Storm in which the diſcontented's loſt.

II.

Content thou beſt of Friends, for thou
In our Neceſſities art ſo;
Mid'ſt all our Ills, a Bleſſing ſtill in ſtore;
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
Thou Chymick Good, that canſt alone,
From Fate's moſt poiſonous Drugs, rich Cordials raiſe:
Thou trueſt Philoſophick Stone,
That turn'ſt Life's melancholy Droſs to golden Days.

III.

Content the good, the golden mean,
The ſafe Eſtate that ſits between
The ſordid Poor, and miſerable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.
In vain we Wealth and Treaſure heap;
He 'midſt his thouſand Kingdoms ſtill is poor,
That for another Crown does weep;
'Tis only he is rich, that wiſhes for no more.

IV.

Hence Titles, Mannors and Eſtate,
Content alone can make us great;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beſide:
While the *French* Hero with inſatiate Pride,
A ſingle Empire does diſdain:
While, ſtill he's great, and ſtill wou'd greater be,
On the leaſt ſpot of Earth I reign
A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with juſt Deſires,
What Need, not Luxury requires;
Give me with ſparing Hands, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour, and enough of Health;
Life from the buſy City free,
Near ſhady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd;

A faithful Friend, a pleasing she,
And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.
Thus *Horace* for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cesar*'s shining Court refuse;
And in himself compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistriss, and a Muse.

Tunbridge-Wells. *By the Earl of* Rochester, *June* 30. 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phœbus* rais'd his Head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendevouz of Fools, Buffoons and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores. Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose it was prescrib'd:
But turning Head, a cursed sudden Crew
That innocent Provision overthrew,
And without drinking, made me purge and spue.
From Coach and Six, a Thing unweildy roll'd,
Whom lumber Cart more decently would hold:
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a mere Sir *Nicholas Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet
He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.

To make him more ridiculous in Spite,
Nature contriv'd the Fool ſhould be a Knight:
" How wiſe is Nature when ſhe does diſpenſe
" A large Eſtate to cover want of Senſe?
" The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
" For he's a mighty Wit, with thoſe that flatter;
" But a *poor Blockhead*, is a wretched Creature.
Tho he alone was diſmal Sight enough,
His Train contributed to ſet him off;
All of his Shape, all of the ſelf-ſame Stuff.
No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown,
Nature has done the buſineſs of Lampoon,
And in their Looks their Characters are ſhown.
Endeavouring this irkſom ſight to baulk,
And a more irkſom noiſe, their ſilly talk;
I ſilently ſhrunk down to th' lower Walk.
But often when we would *Charibdis* ſhun,
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run;
For here it was my curſed luck to find
As great a Fop, tho of another kind:
A tall ſtiff Fool, that walk'd in Spaniſh Guiſe,
The Buckram Puppet never ſtir'd his Eyes,
But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wiſe.
He ſcorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
And ſpeaks all Proverbs, Sentences, Adage;
Can with as great Solemnity buy Eggs,
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
Maſter o'th' Ceremonies, yet can diſpenſe
With the Formality of talking Senſe.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
A Tribe of Curates, Prieſts, Canonical Elves,
Were Company for none beſides themſelves:
They got together, each his Diſtemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; and ſome were bold

To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
But none there were so modest to complain
Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
The general Diseases of that Train.
These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
Saucily pretending a Commission given:
But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command
Seldom extends t'above ten Miles of Land;
Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassage,
He'd find but small effect from such a Message.
Listning, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
Was pert * *Bayes*, with Importance comfortable:
He being rais'd to an Archdeaconry, * *Parker.*
By trampling on religious Liberty;
Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
Not being disturb'd with care and melancholy,
Tho *Marvel* has enough expos'd his Folly.
He drank to carry off some old Remains,
His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins;
Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood
Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
Or make his Nature or his Manners good.
Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew
Of silly *Macks* were offer'd to my View;
The things they talk, but hearing what they said,
I hid my self, the Kindness to evade.
Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile, as they were born.
Amidst the Croud, next I my self convey'd,
For now there comes (White-wash and Paint being laid)
Mother and Daughter, Mistriss and the Maid,
And Squire with Wig and Pantaloons display'd:
But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medly, with his Herd compare.

Here

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Counteſſes,
Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempſtreſſes,
Were mixt together; nor did they agree
More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, young Damſel ſtood,
Leaning on Cane, and muffl'd up in Hood:
The would-be-Wit——whoſe buſineſs 'twas to woo,
With Ha, remov'd, and ſolemn ſcrape of Shoo;
Bowing advanc'd, and then he gently ſhrugs,
And ruffled Foretop he in order tugs;
And thus accoſts her, " Madam, methinks the Weather
" Is grown much more ſerene ſince you came hither:
" You influence the Heavens; and ſhould the Sun
" Withdraw himſelf to ſee his Rays out-done,
" Your Luminaries would ſupply the Morn,
" And make a Day, before the Day be born.
With Mouth ſcrew'd up, and aukward winking Eyes,
And Breaſt thruſt forward; Lord, Sir, ſhe replies:
It is my Goodneſs, and not your Deſerts,
Which makes you ſhew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to diſplay
The ſparkling Ring, and think what next to ſay.
And thus breaks out a freſh: Madam, I'gad,
Your Luck, laſt Night, at Cards was mighty bad
At Cribbidge; Fifty nine, and the next Shew,
To make your Game, and yet to want thoſe two:
G—d——me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life I ſaw the like before.
To Pedler's Hall he drags her ſoon, and ſays
The ſame dull ſtuff a thouſand different ways;
And then more ſmartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a *Scotch* Fiddle.
Quite tir'd with this moſt diſmal Stuff, I ran
Where were two Wives, and Girl juſt fit for Man,
Short was her Breath, Looks pale, and Viſage wan.

Some

Some Curtiſy's paſt, and the old Compliment,
Of being glad to ſee each other, ſpent;
With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the Talk.
I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
No Rudeneſs, what Cauſe was it hither brought
Your Ladiſhip? She ſoon replying ſmil'd,
We have a good Eſtate, but ne'er a Child;
And I'm inform'd theſe Wells will make a barren
Woman, as fruitful as a Conny-warren.
The firſt return'd; for this Cauſe I am come,
For I can have no Quietneſs at home.
My Husband grumbles tho we've gotten one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
And this diſturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and yet had never *Thoſe.*
She anſwer'd ſtrait, Get her a Husband, Madam;
I marry'd at that Age, and never had 'em;
Was juſt like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
And ten to one, but they themſelves will try
The ſame way to encreaſe their Family.
Poor ſilly Fribble, who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, trueſt Friend to Lechery;
Perſuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife occaſion to enlarge
Thy ſilly Head. Some here walk, cuff and kick
With brawny Back and Legs and potent ——
Who more ſubſtantially will cure thy Wife,
And to her half dead Womb reſtore new Life.
From theſe the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Aſſiſtance unto Generation.
Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
With Hair ty'd back, ſinging a bawdy Song:
Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew.

They

They were Cadets, that ſeldom did appear,
Damn'd to the ſtint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
With Hawk on Fiſt, or Greyhound led in hand,
They Dog and Foot-boy ſometimes do command;
But now having trim'd a Leaſh of ſpavin'd Horſe,
With three hard pincht-for Guineas in their Purſe,
Two ruſty Piſtols, Scarf about their Arſe——
Coat lin'd with Red, they here preſum'd to ſwell;
This goes for Captain, that for Colonel:
Ev'n ſo Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
No longer is a Jackanapes accounted;
But is, by virtue of his Trumpery, then
Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
Bleſs me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that thus
In all his Shapes, he is ridiculous.
Our ſelves with noiſe of Reaſon we do pleaſe
In vain, Humanity's our worſt Diſeaſe:
Thrice happy Beaſts are, who, becauſe they be
Of Reaſon void, are ſo of Foppery.

In Memory of Joſeph Waſhington, *Eſq; late of the Middle Temple, an Elegy. Written by* N. Tate, *Servant to their Majeſties.*

CAN Learning's Orb, when ſuch a Star expires,
No notice take of its extinguiſh'd Fires?
Can *Waſhington* from *Britain*'s Arms be torn,
And not one *Britiſh* Muſe his Hearſe adorn?
Since abler Bards his Obſequies decline,
And they whom Art inſpires deſert his Shrine,
I'll truſt my Grief his Fun'ral to breathe;
I'll crown his Tomb, tho with a fading Wreath.
Nor ſhall the boaſting Fates have this to ſay,
That unobſerv'd they ſtole ſuch Worth away.

No——

No ——— ſince Mankind a Loſs in him ſuſtain,
We'll of that Wrong to all Mankind complain.
O whither tend the famiſh'd Hopes of Wit,
That does whole Years in brooding Study ſit!
From early Dawn, till Day forſakes the Sky,
And Midnight Lamps the abſent Sun ſupply;
Why ſhould the Learn'd, with Chymiſt Patience, wait
Their Work's *Projection*, never gain'd till late?
If, ſoon as got, Fate's rigid Law muſt doom
Them, and their rich Diſcov'ry to one Tomb!
Why ſhould we antient Arts ſteep Ruins climb,
And backward trace the painful Steps of Time?
Why moil and ranſack, for a Golden Mite,
Paſt Ages rubbiſh till we loſe our Sight?
If baffl'd, from the ſearch we muſt retire,
Or, having ſeiz'd it, o'er the Prize expire.
In vain does friendly Nature too combine,
And with her Induſtry her Forces join;
In vain her ableſt Faculties are brought,
Quick Fancy, Judgment to Perfection wrought,
And Memory, the Magazine of Thought;
Convincing Reaſon, charming Eloquence,
All theſe ſhe did to him we mourn diſpenſe:
To him who lies in Death's cold Arms enclos'd,
And leaves his ſacred Fame ———
To ſuch an artleſs Song as mine expos'd.
O for a *Mauſolæum!* no leſs Tomb
Can for his Merits Hiſtory have Room:
Then let ſome Angel from the Realms of Light
Deſcend, the ſhining Epitaph to write!
No Mortal Wit his Character may give;
Our Verſe can only on his Marble live.
His Genius rival'd *Rome*'s and *Athens* Fame,
Breath'd *Virgil*'s Majeſty, and *Homer*'s Flame;
Touch'd the *Horatian* Lyre with equal Eaſe,
Sail'd with Succeſs on *Tully*'s flowing Seas.

In

In Language his Knowledg was ſublime,
From Modern to the Speech of Infant-time.
Thus from the ſacred Oracles he drew
Thoſe Truths, which ſcarce the Patriarchs better knew.
The Sages by Antiquity admir'd,
(Who juſtly to the Name of *Wiſe* aſpir'd)
In Speculation ne'er cou'd ſoar ſo high,
Nor Contemplation to ſuch Uſe apply;
For he, his Life adjuſting to his Thought,
Practis'd more Vertue than thoſe Maſters taught.
His Soul of e'ery Science was the Sphere,
Yet *Artleſs Honeſty* ſat Regent there;
Bright Learning's Charms none better underſtood,
Yet leſs he ſtudy'd to be learn'd, than good.
No *Truth*, in Notion, as in Practice, juſt,
Ne'er ſervily his Knowledg took on truſt;
Nor held for Sacred *Cuſtoms* doting Dreams;
Diſdain'd to drink *Tradition*'s muddy Streams:
But to clear Principles had ſtill recourſe,
Nor reſted, till he found the happy Source:
And then, with gen'rous Charity poſſeſt,
His Country with the rich Diſcov'ry bleſt.
His Skill in Laws was leſs for private Gain
Employ'd, than publick Freedom to maintain;
While Mercenaries with the Current ſteer'd,
His Country's conſtant Patron he appear'd.
With *Roman* Vertue at the needful Hour,
Oppos'd encroaching Tides of Lawleſs Power.
His brandiſh'd Pen, in Liberty's Support,
Cou'd Lightning on th' aſtoniſh'd Foe retort.
Scarcely in *Marvel*'s keen Remarks we find
Such Energy of Wit and Reaſon join'd.
Great *Milton*'s Shade with Pleaſure oft look'd down,
A Genius to applaud ſo like his own.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

WHEN Souls unite, in generous Friendſhip join'd,
By a reciprocal Exchange of Hearts:
The Cement which does the Contexture bind,
Ariſes from a Sympathy in Parts.

II.

'Tis not the Work of Intereſt, or Force,
But Nature all things to their like does move:
Love is true Friendſhip, Origin and Source;
Similitude the trueſt Cauſe of Love.

III.

Soon as each Object does it ſelf diſplay,
At the firſt View ſuch mutual Charms appear;
Tho Diſtance, or Diſaſters ſtop the way,
Yet ſtill they wiſh and covet to be near.

IV.

Their Motions and Deſires are the ſame:
This, no Deſign to that unknown, does move.
Both their Affections ſhine with equal Flame,
By Nature kindled, and ſupply'd by Love.

V.

A pair of Souls, in ſweet Conjunction One!
Safe in each other's Boſom they confide:
Have neither Joy nor Grief that's ſingly known;
But both alike the common Care divide.

IV.

Friendſhip on ſuch a Baſis built ſhall grow,
And like the Eagle ſtill its Youth renew:
Time in the Building no Defect can ſhow,
Nor Wit or Malice the ſtrong Knot undo.

Thus

VII.

Thus ſturdy Oaks from ſmall Beginnings grow,
  Which when in Earth have deeply taken Root,
Play with thoſe Winds that weaker Trees o'erthrow,
  Whilſt up to Heaven the lofty Branches ſhoot.

The WISH.

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down,
  Are ſcorch'd and ſhrivel'd by the Sun;
Or Lillys which the Virgins crop,
Contract their Beauty, die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I ſtrait am with a Lightning ſtruck;
But if I gaze a while and ſtay,
I melt inſenſibly away.

II.

But then as ſoft and gentle Showers
Renew old Life in dying Flowers;
Or Dew ſhed on the Womb of Earth,
Does give the early Bloſſoms Birth:
So if *Dorinda* ſheds a Tear,
New Strength and Motion does appear;
But if ſhe balmy Kiſſes gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore, my Dear, ſince Life and Death
Depend at once upon your Breath;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kiſſes heal and do revive:
Kill and deſtroy me as you pleaſe,
For only then my Mind's at eaſe;
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often die and live.

The Deliverance.

I.

CELIA, now my Heart has broke
The Bands of your ungentle Yoke;
Diſſolv'd the Fetters of that Chain,
With which it ſtrove ſo long in vain;
The Devil take me if I e'er
Am trap'd again within your Snare.

II.

In vain you ſpread the treacherous Net,
In vain your ſecret Toils are ſet;
The Bird can now your Arts eſpy,
And wing'd with Caution from 'em fly.
Some heedleſs Heart your Prey may be,
But, Faith, you're too well known to me.

III.

I now can with Contempt deſpiſe
The feeble Witchcraft of your Eyes;
Without Concern can ſit and hear
You prattle Nonſenſe half a Year;
And go away as little mov'd,
As you was lately when I lov'd.

IV.

I wonder what the Devil 'twas
That made me ſuch a ſtupid Aſs,
To fancy ſuch a charming Grace
In your Language. Mein and Face;
Since now I nothing more can find,
Than what I ſee in all your kind.

V.

Thus when the drouzy God of Sleep
Does o'er our weary Senſes creep;

Some curious Piece of Imag'ry,
By Fancy wrought, deludes the Eye:
But when we wake, th' Approach of Day
Scares the airy Form away.

Song ex Tempore.

THEY talk of Raptures, Flames and Darts,
Of burning Fevers in their Hearts;
Of Gods of Love in Womens Eyes,
Which pleaſe, and raviſh, and ſurprize:
How they admire, love, adore,
With thouſand other Wonders more.
But I could ne'er in Woman-kind
Thoſe dazling Charms and Luſtre find;
Which ſhould in ſpite of Reaſon prove
Sufficient to engage my Love.
Whilſt kind, I love; but when untrue,
I leave 'em, Faith, and grow ſo too.
When once they coy and fooliſh be,
They may go hang themſelves for me:
I love my Bottle and my Friend,
Nor other Love I underſtand.

Of Solitude.

O *Solitude!* my ſweeteſt Choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from Tumult, and from Noiſe,
How you my reſtleſs Thoughts delight!

O Heavens! what Content is mine,
To ſee thoſe Trees which have appear'd
From the Nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have rever'd,
To look to Day as freſh and green
As when their Beauties firſt were ſeen?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them ſo,
And with ſuch amorous Breath enfold,
That we by nothing elſe can know,
But by their Height, that they are old.
Hither the Demi-Gods did fly
To ſeek a Sanctuary; when
Diſpleaſed *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
To pour a Deluge upon Men,
And on theſe Boughs themſelves did ſave,
Whence they could hardly ſee a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
So curiouſly by *Flora* dreſs'd,
In melting Notes, her Caſe forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confeſs'd.
O! how agreeable a Sight
Theſe hanging Mountains do appear,
Which the Unhappy wou'd invite
To finiſh all their Sorrows here,
When their hard Fate makes them endure
Such Woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Deſolations make
Theſe Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
Who in vaſt Heaps their Spring forſake,
This ſolitary Vale to pierce?
Then ſliding juſt as Serpents do
Under the Foot of every Tree,

Themſelves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein ſome ſtately *Nayade*,
As in her native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Chryſtal Throne.

V.

This Den beſet with River Plants,
O! how it does my Senſes charm:
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the ſharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
May with ſuch Diſtaffs furniſh'd be,
As Flags and Ruſhes can prepare;
Where we the nimble Frogs may ſee,
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching Man they ſpy.

VI.

Here Water-Fowl repoſe enjoy,
Without the interrupting Care,
Leſt Fortune ſhou'd their Bliſs deſtroy
By the malicious Fowler's Snare.
Some raviſh'd with ſo bright a Day,
Their Feathers finely prune and deck;
Others their amorous Heat allay,
Which yet the Waters cou'd not check:
All take their innocent Content
In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold Approach,
This Stream did never entertain;
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach,
Whilſt either Seaſon did remain.
No thirſty Traveller came near,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup;
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeleſs Life reſigned up.

Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the ſight
Of theſe old ruin'd Caſtle-Walls,
In which the utmoſt Rage and Spite
Of Time's worſt Inſurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious Sport appear,
Our Senſes both t' afflict and cheat.
And here within a thouſand Holes,
Are Neſts of Adders, and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his diſmal Cries,
That mortal Augury of Fate,
Thoſe ghaſtly Goblins gratifies,
Which in theſe gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
A Carcaſe, which did once belong
To one that hang'd himſelf for Love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong:
Who tho ſhe ſaw his Love and Truth,
With one Look would not ſave the Youth.

X.

But Heaven, which judgeth equally,
And its own Laws will ſtill maintain,
Rewarded ſoon her Cruelty
With a deſerv'd and mighty Pain:
About this ſqualid heap of Bones,
Her wandring and condemning Shade
Laments in long and piercing Groans
The Deſtiny her Rigour made;
And farther to augment her Fright,
Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

XI.

There upon antick Marble trac'd,
Devices of Paſtimes we ſee:
Here Age has almoſt quite defac'd
What Lovers carv'd on every Tree:
The Cellar, here, the higheſt Room,
Receives when its Rafters fail,
Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam
Of the ſly Spider and Snail:
And th' Ivy in the Chimney we
Find ſhaded by a Walnut-Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is ſo dark a Grot,
That ſhould the Sun himſelf deſcend,
I think he could not ſee a jot.
Here Sleep within a heavy lid,
In quiet Sadneſs locks up Senſe,
And every Care he does forbid,
Whilſt in the Arms of Negligence,
Lazily on his Back he's ſpread,
And ſheaves of Poppey are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it ſelf might turn to Ice,
Poor Eccho ceaſes not to rave
On her *Narciſſus* wild and nice:
Hither I ſoftly ſteal a Thought,
And by the ſofter Muſick made,
With a ſweet Lute in Charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her ſad ſhade;
Whilſt of my Chords I make ſuch choice,
To ſerve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from theſe Ruins I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,

Whoſe

Whoſe lofty Brow ſeems to enquire
Of what Materials Miſts are made:
From thence deſcending leiſurely,
Under the Brow of this ſteep Hill,
It with great Pleaſure I deſcry,
By Waters undermin'd, until
They to *Palæmon*'s Seat did climb,
Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Ocean's Shore,
When ſhe begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce Billows ceaſe to roar!
And when the hairy *Tritons* are
Riding upon the ſhaken Wave,
With what ſtrange Sound they ſtrike the Air,
Of their Trumpets hoarſe and brave,
Whoſe ſhrill Report does every Wind
Unto his due Submiſſion bind!

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea diſpels the Sand,
Trembling and murmuring in the Bay;
And rolls it ſelf upon the Shells,
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes expoſes on the Strand,
Th' Effects of *Neptune*'s Rage and Scorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monſters caſt on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempeſts torn,
With Diamonds and Amber-greece,
And many more ſuch things as theſe.

XVII.

Sometimes ſo ſweetly ſhe does ſmile,
A floating Mirror ſhe might be,
And you wou'd fancy all that while
New Heavens in her Face to ſee:

The Sun himſelf is drawn ſo well,
When there he wou'd his Picture view,
That our Eyes can hardly tell
Which is the falſe Sun, which the true;
And leſt we give our Senſe the Lye,
We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres! for whoſe beloved ſake
My Thoughts are at a noble Strife;
This my fantaſtick Landskip take,
Which I have copied to the Life.
I only ſeek the Deſarts rough,
Where all alone I lov'd to walk;
And with Diſcourſe refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muſes talk.
But the Converſe moſt truly mine,
Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou mayſt in this Poem find,
So full of Liberty and Heat,
What illuſtrious Rays have ſhin'd,
To enlighten my Conceit:
Sometimes penſive, ſometimes gay,
Juſt as that Fury does controul,
And as the Object I ſurvey,
The Notions grow up in my Soul;
And are as unconfin'd and free,
As the Flame which tranſported me.

XX.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of nobleſt Wit,
Where I have learn'd *Apollo*'s Lore,
Without the Pains to ſtudy it:
For thy ſake I in Love am grown,
With what thy Fancy does purſue;

But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reaſon too,
Becauſe it needs muſt hinder me
From ſeeing, and from ſerving thee.

A Satyr againſt Brandy.

FArewel thou *Stygean* Juice, which does bewitch,
From the Court Baud, down to the Country (Bitch!
Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire;
Or if you rather chuſe to ſettle nigher,
Deſcend to the dull Clime from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame;
Where they carouſe in their *Veſuvian* Bowls,
To cruſh the Quagmire of their ſpungy Souls.
Had *Dives* for thy ſcorching Moiſture cry'd,
Abrahan in pity had his Suit deny'd;
Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyr's Flood
Had ceas'd in thee, and ſav'd the Nation Wood.
Eſſence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
With all its native Sparkles floating in't;
Sure the black Chymiſt, with his Cloven Foot,
All *Ætna*'s Simples in his Lymbeck put;
And doubly ſtill'd, nay quintiſcenc'd thy Juice,
To charcoal Mortals for his future uſe.
Fireſhip to Nature, who doſt doubly wound;
For they who grapple thee, are burnt and drown'd.
So when Heav'n preſs'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
A ſcorching Storm on curſed *Sodom* fell;
And when its ſingle Plague could not prevail,
Egypt was ſcall'd with kindled Rain and Hail:
So Nature's Feuds are reconcil'd to Thee,
Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy.

God's

God's paſt and future Judgment breathe in you,
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.
View yonder Sot, I don't mean *S*——
Grill'd all o'er with thee from Head to Foot:
His greaſy Eye-lids ſhow'd above their pitch,
His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies rich:
His Skulls inſtead of Brains, ſupply'd with Cinder;
His Noſe turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder:
His feeble Head ſcarce heaves the Liquor in
His Nerves all crackle in his Parchment-Skin:
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food;
His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.
His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels Salamanders breed.
He breathes like a Smith's Forge, and wets the Fire,
Not to allay the Flame, but raiſe it higher.
He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
And ſteps as tho he walk'd with *Pindar*'s Staff.
The moving Glaſs-Houſe lightens in his Eyes,
Singes his Clothes, and all his Marrow fries;
Glows for a while, and then in Aſhes dies.
But hold, leſt I the Saints dire Anger merit,
By ſtinting theſe Auxiliary Spirits:
I hear of late, whate'er the wicked think,
Thou art reform'd, and turn'd a Godly Drink:
For ſince the publick Faith, for Plate did wimble,
And ſanctify'd thy Girl with *Hannah*'s Thimble;
Thou leftſt thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The ſwearing Porters, and the drunken Car-men;
And the leud Drivers of the Hackny-Coaches,
And now tak'ſt up with ſage diſcreet Debauches:
Thou freely dropſt upon Gold-Chains and Furr,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
No more ſhalt thou foment an Ale-houſe Brawl,
But the more ſober Riots of *Guild-Hall*.

Where,

Where, by the Spirit's fallible Direction,
The Reprobates ſtood polling for Election.
Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
Add Flame to Flame, and their ſtiff Tempers heal,
Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weal.
Yet one word more, now we are out of hearing,
Many have dy'd with drinking, ſome with ſwearing.
If theſe two Ills ſhou'd in Conjunction meet,
The Graſs wou'd quickly grow in every Street:
Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
And keep thy Fire from *Salamanca* T. O.

A Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Mounfort, *after he came from the Army, and acted on the Stage.*

AS reading of Romances did inſpire
The fierce *Don Quixot* with a Martial Fire;
So ſome do think by acting *Alexander*,
Gave me the Whim of being a Commander.
But then reflecting that I had left behind me
An Audience rudely, that had us'd me kindly;
My Conſcience of Ingratitude accus'd me,
Bid me return, where you too well had us'd me,
Ask pardon, and it ſhou'd not be refus'd me.
Thus relying on your Mercy, I am come,
Leaving *Dundalk*, to act with you at home.
Forgive me then, and in return I'll ſwear
Ever to be your moſt obedient Player.

On

On the Infanta *of* Portugal.

I.

HOW cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate,
To fix his Love ſo high;
That he muſt periſh for her Hate,
Or for her Kindneſs die?

II.

Tortur'd and mangl'd, cut and maim'd,
I'th' midſt of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better than Diſdain.

III.

The gentle Nymph long ſince deſign'd
For the proud Monſieur's Bed;
Now to a holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence;
If Love be ſuch a thing,
What can be Innocence?

Pindarick. By the Lord R——r.

1.

LET Antients boaſt no more
Their leud Imperial Whore,
Whoſe everlaſting Luſt
Surviv'd her Body's lately Thruſt;
And when that tranſitory Duſt
Had no more Vigour left in ſtore,
Was ſtill as freſh and active as before.

2. Her

2.

Her Glory muſt give place
To one of Modern *Britiſh* Race;
Whoſe every daily Act exceeds
The other's moſt tranſcendent Deeds:
She has at length made good,
That there is Humane Fleſh and Blood,
Even able to out-do
All that their looſeſt Wiſhes prompt them to.

3.

When ſhe has jaded quite
Her almoſt boundleſs Appetite;
Cloy'd with the choiceſt Banquets of Delight,
She'll ſtill drudge on in taſtleſs Vice,
(As if ſhe ſin'd for Exerciſe)
Diſabling ſtouteſt Stallions every hour:
And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of door.

4.

Mon——th and *Ca——h* droop,
As firſt did *Henning——m* and *Scroope:*
Nay ſcabby *Ned* looks thin and pale,
And ſturdy *Frank* himſelf begins to fail:
But Wo betide him if he does,
She'll ſet her *Jockey* on his Toes,
And he ſhall end the Quarrel without Blows.

5.

Now tell me all you Pow'rs,
Who e'er cou'd equal this leud Dame of ours:
Lais her ſelf muſt yield,
And vanquiſh'd *Julia* quit the Field;
Nor can that Princeſs, one Day fam'd,
As Wonder of the Earth,
For *Minotaurus* glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be nam'd.
Theſe Puny Heroins of Hiſtory,
Eclips'd by her, ſhall all forgotten be,
Whilſt her great Name confronts Eternity.

On

On the Return of K. Charles *II.*

This ſhould have been put next after the Poems on Oliver, *but was miſplac'd.*

JURE & Amore tui modo ſpes, nunc gloria regni
Qui regnando refers Numen, & eſſe probas.
Laudibus & titulis major, majorque ſuperbis
Principibus, ſolo denique Patre minor.
Maximè Rex, ſed adhuc vir major : en accipe honores
Quos tu regales accipiendo facis.
Regna patent, & corda patent ; ſed latius iſta :
Omnia tu, præter gaudia noſtra, regis.
Sol novus exoriens quàm claro mane refulges,
Occaſu rubuit dum prior ille ſuo.
Rex uni genti, ſed donum miſſus es orbi,
Hinc in tam multis gentibus exul eras.
Sors tua te Gallos diviſit, & inter Iberos :
Pluribus ut regnis te, populiſque daret.
Dum ſe interpoſuit regnum quinquenne Neronis,
Oppoſitâ ornabat proximitate tuum.
Sanguinei, tua grata magis, poſt ſceptra Tyranni
Sic infert feſtos litera rubra dies.
Quæ rerum facies ! viduam dum *Carolus* urbem
Intrat, ſplendoris pars quota Pompa fuit !
O quàm plena dies lachrymis ſine luctibus ! illum
Sole videnſe quidem, non faciente diem.
Quis ſine cæde prius tot ſtrictos viderat enſes ?
Quiſve ſine effuſo ſanguine Victor erat ?
Cum modo utramq; manum comitanti fratre venires,
Carole, viſa mihi eſt utraque dextra manus.
Mercurium & Martem medio Jove vidimus ; Omen
Gerna ſolent fauſtum ſydera juncta dare.

Dicitur Alcides bis ſubiiſſe labores
  Exul: totque annos *Carolus* exul agit.
Jamque duodecimum peragit feliciter annum,
  Ultimus huic pariter ſit precor iſte labor.
Exilii ſpatiis regnum menſuret: & exul
  Quem modo luſtrabat, jam regat ille globum.

R. South, A. M. ex Æde Chriſti.

Thus Tranſlated.

GOD's and thy Right made thee our Hope before,
  And now conjoin'd our happy State reſtore:
Thy glorious Reign two mighty Works can do,
It proves a God, and repreſents him too.
Proud Kings will to thy nobler Stile ſubmit,
Only thy Father muſt above Thee ſit.
Great King, but greater Man! our Wreaths allow,
Which may Imperial by Acceptance grow.
Large are the Realms, our Hearts more large; thy Hand
May thoſe, but not our boundleſs Joys, command.
What chearful Beams our riſing *Phœbus* crown,
Tho yeſterday's in bloody Clouds went down.
One Nation's King, to all a Bleſſing ſent,
His wandring Courſe thro various Nations ſpent.
While thee their Gueſt, both *French* and *Spaniards* made,
More Realms, more Tribes thy gentler Beams ſurvey'd.
Nero our Lord five tedious Years would be,
Only that he might prove a Foil to Thee.
His bloody Reign makes thine delightful all,
As our Red Letters ſhew a Feſtival.
How ſmil'd the Town when *Charles* his Entrance made!
More great himſelf than all the Cavalcade.
Then griefleſs Tears within our Eyes could play,
While *Phœbus* view'd, but never made the Day.

Then

Then firſt drawn Swords from Murders free we view'd,
And ſaw a Conqueror never ſtain'd with Blood.
When, *Charles*, your Royal Brothers clos'd thy ſide,
Nature no more could Left and Right decide.
So *Mars* and *Mercury* round their Father move,
And happy their Divine Conjunctions prove.
Twelve Labours baniſh'd *Hercules* ſuſtain'd,
Twelve tedious Years great *Charles* in Exile reign'd:
The twelfth is now with lucky Omens paſt,
O may it be of all thy Cares the laſt!
Vaſt may thy Empire as thy Wandrings be,
And the wide Globe ſurvey'd ſubmit it ſelf to Thee.

On the late Invention of the New Lights.

——Velut inter Ignes
Luna minores.——Hor.

IN Dogrel Rhimes we ſeldom uſe
To ſtay for any God or Muſe:
But in ſo nice a caſe as this
I think it cannot do amiſs;
For all the Link-Boys round the Town,
Have ſwore, I hear, to run 'em down.
The Men of Tallow, Wieck, and Cotten,
The Tin-men too the Cry have gotten.
Whom, let me ſee, ſhall we retain?
Phœbus, for once, ſhall be the Man.
Great God of Lights! we thee invoke,
If not by t'other ſide beſpoke;
The Stars above, to Men below,
But like your Farthing-Candles ſhow:
Whilſt thou with glorious Luſtre crown'd,
Doſt hang like one of Six i'th' pound.

Thou, who'rt all Eye, caſt half an one
Down on this *New Invention.*
'Tis new indeed to us below,
But known in Heaven long ago:
The Stars in juſt ſuch Chryſtal Spheres,
Have burnt above Five Thouſand Years;
They fear no Storms by Day or Night,
But thus hang Wind and Weather tight;
And ſo they'l hang till Day of Doom,
By that time they'l their Oyl conſume:
And then their Glaſſes breaking round us,
In Flames they'l fall, and ſo confound us.
Nay, we can prove the *Milky way*
(For all Sir *Sydrophel* can ſay)
Is but a Street of ſome ſuch Lights,
To guide the Heavenly Folk a nights.
The Council-Chamber up above,
Is hung with ſuch, and *Jove*'s Alcove.
The ſacred *Ram* can't furniſh Horn,
For all the Lights that there are ſhown;
Horners they've none, and I dare ſwear
There's ne'er a *Tallow-Chandler* there.
Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)
Upon a Viſit hither came;
And lik'd the thing ſo wondrous well,
He ſtrait upon the Trial fell:
But whether (as ſome Authors ſay)
The *Tallow-Chandlers* ſhew'd foul play,
Or Link-Boys us'd to break his Glaſſes,
(For variouſly the Story paſſes)
The Project fail'd, and he ran mad,
Such Luck the *Virtuoſo* had;
There is a Bird, as Poets ſay,
Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.
May more propitious Fates attend
Our preſent Art-improving Friend!

Were

Were this Deſign but underſtood,
'Twould be of univerſal Good.
The Stars might go to ſleep a nights,
And leave their Work to the *New Lights.*
The Midwife Moon might mind her Calling,
And noiſy Light-man leave his Bawling.
Men may pull in their Horns, and be
From *Officers* ahd *Summons* free.
Nay, with ſuch potent Influence
Their ſtreaming Rays they do diſpenſe,
That if the Sun ſhould lie too long,
Here he might have his Bus'neſs done:
He might indulge in *Thetis* Lap,
And while theſe burn, take t'other Nap.
Oh! had you been the other Night
In *Cheapſide* at th' amazing ſight,
Where with their Sawcer-Eyes they hung,
And gather'd their admiring Throng!
The ſcatt'ring Light gilt all the gaudy way,
Some People roſe and thought it day.
The plying Punks crept into Holes,
Who walk'd the Streets before by ſhoals;
The Night could now no longer skreen
The Tavern Sots from being ſeen.
The Light-Men, they began to rally,
Who bluſh'd, and ſneak'd down *Grocers-Ally.*
The *Tempeſt* you have ſeen, no doubt,
Juſt ſo the Candles all went out;
Thoſe ſilly Tools no more could burn,
Than Kitchin-fires before the Sun.
The Quaker, with up-lifted Hands,
By *Yea* and *Nay* the Rogue commends;
Of all their boaſted Lights he ſaid,
Theſe never enter'd once their Head.
When we compare our times with thoſe are paſt,
We cry, this Age of greater *Light* can boaſt:

I'll ſay ſo too, if this Invention hit,
Elſe ſwear, our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

On the late Invention of the Penny-Poſt, *by Mr.* Dockwra.

Volvitur & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

WHAT Fools are they, who uſe to cry,
Nature's grown crazy, old, and dry!
No new Inventions now can boaſt
For that vaſt ſtore of old was loſt.
We know this is an Age of Light,
Our Grandſires all were under Night:
The ſacred Story tells us, that
Our Fathers Boys and Girls begat
At nine hundred, ſo does too
Paſt five thouſand Nature now.
Imperial Ink, and dying Purple were
Counted of old Inventions rare,
With Napkins of peculiar Stuff,
That could the Force of Fire rebuff;
Throw 'em into't, they took no hurt on't,
Hot-brain'd *Nero* had a Shirt on't.
Theſe with others fill the Roll,
Writ by learned *Pancirol.*
The modern Ages can produce
Inventions too of wondrous uſe,
By which Dame Nature now may boaſt
Her prolifick Force not loſt.
Printing, the Compaſs, and the Gun,
And that loſt Art which Marble run,

Lacker

Lacker, mill'd Lead, the ſailing Car,
And the New Lights ſurprizing are.
All theſe have had their juſt Applauſe,
Have made throout the World a Noiſe.
What God, what Man ſhall we accoſt;
Great Patron of the *Penny-Poſt!*
Worthy, fam'd *Pancirol*, to ſtand
Firſt in that Liſt drawn by thy Hand.
Mercury, thou Poſt of Heav'n,
To thee the weighty Charge is given:
Thou long ago didſt found a Poſt
All along the heav'nly Coaſt,
And daily thence thy Journey tak'ſt
O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Floods and Lakes:
Wings at thy Head, and at thy Heels,
Thou like a Pigeon-Carrier ſail'ſt,
Sometimes charg'd with Love and News,
Sometimes from *Jove* with *Billet Deux*;
Sometimes with Baskets, Boxes, Tickets,
Thy Mail is moſt ſtuft with Love-Pacquets;
The Clouds give way as thou doſt go,
And full-charg'd Thunder makes a Bow.
Ah! thou, who with a charming Rod
Canſt controul the ſleepy God,
Vouchſafe to thy poor Foot-poſt Race,
That when the Day's Fatigue is paſt,
Into ſweet Sleep they may be caſt.
To give the way let no Man ſcorn,
Altho they carry ne'er a Horn.
Their Task is greater than the Sun's,
He goes to Bed when he has done,
They only reſt an Hour at Noon.
As in the Soul of Man we find
Several fair Chambers are deſign'd;
The Heart, the Liver, and the Brain,
The lovely Gueſt to entertain.

Five Port-hole Senſes too were made,
By which all Objects are convey'd.
So that whate'er abroad was done,
Is within as quickly known:
Whate'er is ſmelt, ſeen, felt, or heard,
As ſwift as flying Thought it runs,
Thro winding Paths and ſecret Turns,
And to the Soul's Apartment ſtrait repair'd.
This way great *Dockwra* forth did chalk,
As a Parterre from the Grand Walk,
Leads many ways his nimble Men,
After their Round, return and meet again.
For twenty Miles theſe nimble *Mercuries*
Do carefully convey Advice.
Not Letters grav'd on Sculls, or Pigeons-Poſt,
Of greater Secrecy can boaſt.
Hail mighty *Dockwra*, Son of Art,
With *Flavio*, *Middleton* or *Swart!*
In the foremoſt Rank of Fame,
Thou ſhalt fix thy laſting Name.
Nor new Invention Fate thee hurt,
To be damn'd or beggar'd for't.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM

Fle—— She——

O Vos qui de ſalute veſtrâ ſecuri eſtis,
Orate pro Animâ miſerrimi Peccatoris,
Fle—— She—— etiamnum viventis,
Et, ubicunque eſt, peccantis:
Qui fide exiguâ, & tamen ſpe impudentiſſimâ
Optat & ſpectat quam non meruit,
Felicem Reſurrectionem.
Anno Religionis & Libertatis reſtauratæ, Tertio,
Rerum potientibus fortiſſimo *Wilhelmo*,
Et formoſiſſima *Maria*.

ALIUD.

Per * Amicum *Fle—— She——* *T. *Bro—*

STA, Viator, ſive tu *Veneri*, ſive *Baccho* vixeris *Idoneus*;
Et ſiquando à Scottis vel Poculis vacat,
Reminiſcere defuncti in *Baccho* & *Venere* fratris
Fle—— She——
Qui vitiis, & (quod in ipſo vitioſiſſimum erat)
Ingenio piè renunciavit.
Apolline jam nullo, *Venere* nullâ,
Et quod magis dolendum, *Baccho* nullo:
Fortitudine & Sobrietate pari:
Quippe qui nulli hoſti bellum unquam indixerit,
Si excipias Sitim

Qui

Qui Comiti *Dorſ*—— à Riſu,
Cubiculario Regio à ſanctioribus * Bibulos, **Bibliis.*
Et Poetarum *Mæcenati* à Dactylis & Spondæis.
Nihil unquam facetè dixit, quod ſalvo Pudore,
Nec liberè, quod ſalvo Religione,
Dici potuit.
Promiſſorum uſque & uſque profuſus,
Montes aureas pollicetur:
At ubi bonæ fidei hominem ſperabis,
Poetam, ſed ſolâ illâ vice, verum induit.
Qui, ut mensâ alienâ ſemper vixerit,
Sic jocis alienis, non ſuis, inclaruit.
Nec alium edidit jocum, niſi quem
Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit:
Inter Aulicos Theologum,
Inter Theologos Aulicum,
Inter Magnates Literatum
Profitetur:
Et, quæ magna hominis modeſtia eſt,
Inter Literatos nihil.
Anno publicæ Paupertatis,
(Et, ſi Paupertate Poëſis ſemper à tergo adhæreat,
Anno publicæ Poëſeos reſtauratæ) Tertio,
Cum de bicipite noſtro Parnaſſo certaret
Hinc bifrons Drydenus,
Inde bicornis Shadwellius;
Quorum hic de Facto, ille de Jure
Archipoëta cluit.

A Prophecy by Sir F. S.

WHEN * *Tewksbury* Muſtard ſhall travel abroad, **Lord* C.
And dye in a Ditch without Magpy or Toad;
When the Sauce of the Veal joining three to one Lion,
Shall devour the Fiſh the Pad-Nag to †*Arion*, †*Dolphin*.
Then the Lillies ſhall try to ſwim over the Ferry,
And all ſhall be met with and drown'd by the Cherry;
The Children of *France* with Famine oppreſt,
Shall complain that their Mother has never a Breaſt.

An Anſwer to the Prophecy.

WHEN the laſt of all Knights, and the worſt of all Knaves,
And the beſt of all P--mps is the worſt of all Braves;
When a lubberly Clown is prefer'd for his Breeding,
And a Mock Hero dubb'd not for fighting but feeding;
When a Medal and Chain is beſtow'd on a Dog,
That better deſerves a Rope than a Clog:
Then *England* beware of the Conduct of *France*,
The Dolphin ſhall lead the Lion a Dance,
And the Children ſhall laugh that their Breaſts are ſo full,
Whilſt the proud Navy Royal's a ſucking a Bull.

On the penitent Death of the Lord Roch——r.

SEraphick Lord, whom Heaven for Wonder meant,
The earlieſt Wit and the moſt ſudden Saint!
What tho the Vulgar may traduce thy Ways,
And ſeek to rob thee of immortal Praiſe;

If

If with thy Rival *Solomon*'s Intent,
Thou find'ſt a little for Experiment,
Or to maintain a Paradox, that none
Had Wit to anſwer but thy ſelf alone;
Now Lechers who the Pox cou'd ne'er convert,
Know where to fix a reſtleſs rambling Heart.
Drunkards whoſe Souls next their ſick Maws love Drink,
Confound their Glaſſes and begin to ſhrink;
The Atheiſt now has nothing left to ſay,
His Arguments were lent for Sport, not Prey;
A Declaration ſo well tim'd has gain'd
More Proſelytes than e'er thy Wildneſs feign'd.
Satan rejoic'd to ſee thee take his part,
His Malice not ſo proſp'rous as thy Art:
He took thee for his Pilot, to convey
Thoſe eaſy Souls he ſpirited away:
But to his great Confuſion ſaw thee ſhift
Thy ſwelling Sails, and take another Drift,
With an illuſtrious Train reputed his,
To the bright Regions of Eternal Bliſs.
So have I ſeen a prudent General act,
Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
A hated League, fight, vote, adhere, obey,
Own'd the old Cauſe as zealouſly as they,
Surpriſe the Royal Side, and pull all down,
With unreſiſted Force, that prop'd the Crown;
But when he found out a propitious Hour,
To quit his Mask and own his Prince's Power,
Boldly aſſerted his great Sovereign's Cauſe,
And brought three Kingdoms to his Maſter's Laws.

*

On

On the Lord Rocheſter's *Death.* *By Mr.* Flatman.

AS on his Death-bed graſping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the Wonder of the Plains,
The nobleſt of the *Arcadian* Swains,
Strephon the bold, the witty and the gay;
With many a Sigh and many a Tear, he ſaid,
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead;
Ye trifling Glories of the World adieu,
And vain Applauſes of the Age!
For when we quit this mortal Stage,
Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true,
The Pleaſures which from vertuous Deeds we have,
Create the ſweeteſt Slumbers in the Grave;
And ſure their fatal Hour will come,
Surely their Heads lay low as mine:
Before the bright Meridian Sun decline,
Beſeech the Mighty *Pan* to guide you;
If to *Elyſium* you wou'd happy flie,
Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* die.

The ſame in Latin. *By Mr.* Hanbury.

CUM Strephon extremas moriturus duxerit horas,
Unica Parchaſias Strephon inter Gloria valles,
Paſtores ille ante alios formoſior omnes,
Ille alacris Strephon, ille audax Strephon, ille facetus,
Multa gemens, flens multa ſuper lacrymabiles, dixit,
Quiſquis es, O Paſtor, comitis memor eſto ſepulti;
Ergò curæ hominum ſterileſque faceſſite nugæ,
Quoſque olim captata mihi ſuffragia ſæcli.
Namque ubi ducta ſemel clauſit cortina Theatrum,
Crede mihi, Paſtor, nunc ô nunc vera loquenti,

Crede

Crede Voluptates quæ ſunt virtutibus ortæ,
Somnia in extremo faciunt dulciſſima lecto;
Tam quia fatalis tam certè ſupervenit hora,
Et te mecum etiam pulvis communis habebit,
Præcipitemque diem flectet ſol pronus in umbram,
Magnum *Pana* petes ut te par devia ducat.
Si cupis *Elyſios* fœlix errare per agros,
Vivas diſſimilis, ſimilis moriare Strephoni.

An Anſwer to the Lord Rocheſter's *Satyr on Man.*

By Dr. P———

WERE I to chuſe what ſort of Corps I'd wear,
Not Baron Dog, Lord Monkey, or Earl Bear;
But I'd be Man, not as I am the worſt,
But Man refin'd ſuch as he was at firſt;
The ſpeechleſs State of Brutes I wou'd refuſe,
For the ſame Cauſe another doth it chuſe,
For then the Reputation I ſhou'd loſe
Of Wit, Extravagance and Mode, from whence
Reaſon is made to truckle under Senſe.
Or if to Senſe I did ſo much incline,
I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine,
To help to break the Court Phyſicians, who
Beſides compounding Luſts have nought to do.
Nature (exceeding Broths) wou'd then excite
Supplies to make a full-meal'd Appetite,
No Bugbear Conſcience dulling the Delight.
But what need ſuch a Metamorphoſis?
Man being made can do e'en more than this,
Granting your Principle that Reaſon's uſe
Is not to curb, but make Senſe more profuſe.
For tho Man's Life more vig'rous is than Brutes,
His pander Reaſon can contrive Recruits,

For

For its Defects, what Sins the ſenſual Man
Can't do alone, the reaſonable can.
With uſeful Wit for Senſuality,
A half unfaſhion'd Sinner doth deſcry,
His Modeſty debauch'd who can tell why?
That ſtirs up ſlow-pac'd Luſt by Argument,
Who to tir'd Senſe gives no Divertiſement,
But calls for more when all its Sin is ſpent.
And tho the flagging Wretch wou'd be content,
Diſabled from more Vice, now to repent;
Upbraiding Reaſon ſcorns the puny Motion,
Bids it chear up, and gives it t'other Potion,
Till after all when Nature has given o'er,
And Art can buoy up aged Senſe no more,
Reaſon reſerves this Remedy at laſt,
To think thoſe Pleaſures which it cannot taſte.
In this the thinking Fool may become wiſe,
And yet think on ſo that his thinking lies
In Notions of Venereal Myſteries.
Hence ſprung the reaſoning Art in former Days
Of *Sphinſtrinx*, *Oſcis*, and the modern Ways,
By Baths, laſcivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.
If this be Reaſon's uſe, no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent, but rational,
And boaſt the Reaſon of *Sardanapal*;
Reaſon nick-nam'd like Quaker's new-found Light,
One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite;
A ſtupid Reaſon which none will defend,
But he that has with Brutes one common End;
Debaſing Reaſon, corrupting every Aſs,
Even with my Lord in the ſame reaſoning Glaſs:
I'll be no Student in this Learned School,
I'd rather be the human thinking Fool,
A cloiſter'd Coxcomb, able to converſe
(Altho alone) with the whole Univerſe.

And

And reaſoning, into Heaven mount, from thence
Poſt Gazettes of Divine Intelligence,
And ſacred Knowledg moſt remote from Senſe.
Might I be plac'd in this exploded Sphere,
I'd not alone forgive the witty Jeer,
But boaſt the Name of reaſoning Engineer.
But as for Man made perfect and upright,
Why not the Image of the Infinite?
Were this a Scandal to his Glory, muſt
We for his Honour's ſake his Word diſtruſt?
Or is an Image ſuch a very ſame
With that it repreſents, that it muſt claim
Its full Perfection? Sure my Picture might
Be painted like me, and yet void of Sight.
Muſt the firſt Draught of Man be vilify'd,
Scorn'd and contemn'd 'cauſe Man himſelf has ſtray'd?
Or did not *Eve* ſufficiently tranſgreſs,
And baſtardiſe Poſterity, unleſs
Man little as he is be made much leſs?
Tho he does not his higher End purſue,
So well as doth the more ignoble Crew
Of Birds and Beaſts that have little to do.
The Difficulty of his lofty End
Above the others does his Cauſe defend;
And in the means a diſproportion pleads,
Choice ſways the one, Inſtinct the other leads.
'Tis not cauſe *Jowler*'s wiſe he takes the Hare,
But 'tis becauſe *Jowler* cannot forbear.
Tho in the Chair of State *Joan* lolling ſit,
That therefore ſhe can ſit upright in it,
Is an ill Conſequence and void of Wit.
But you your ſelf have taught Man ſuch a Way
Unto his Happineſs, that he muſt ſtray;
For if his Senſe muſt uſher in his Reſt,
And never be abridg'd of its Requeſt,
He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er bleſt.

As

As for Pride, gendring Philoſophy,
A captious Word, 'tis what you'd have it be,
Its own Diſtinctions have a knack to ſhew
'Tis good or bad, or neither, as pleaſe you.
Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
But in the Love of Wiſdom all agree;
Wiſdom which all acknowledg to be good,
But has the Fate to be miſunderſtood.
But tho Fools croud among Philoſophers,
The Fault is not the Sciences but theirs:
With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd chuſe
Before the madder Taverns leuder Stews;
Tho both are Slaves, I rather do reſpect
The *Stoick* than the *Epicurean* Sect.
If Senſe or Reaſon, one muſt be deny'd,
Reaſon wou'd tell me Reaſon muſt abide,
The leſs obnoxious and the ſureſt Guide.
But ſince kind Nature has deſign'd 'em both
For humane Complement, I ſhou'd be loth
To give my human Senſe to its own Will,
Or grant a Tyrant Reaſon leave to kill.
Such uſeful Facultys as Reaſon ſhall
Govern my ſubject Senſe, but not enthral;
Nor ſhall officious Senſe preſume to act,
Till Juſtice authorize the Fact.
That human Nature is corrupt I grant;
But was't the Uſe of Reaſon or the Want
That puft out the warm Breath of Love? from whence
Sprung Murder firſt but from malicious Senſe?
Which having firſt uſurp'd Queen Reaſon's Throne,
Was not contented with one Sin alone;
But falling headlong, plainly ſhews, alas!
By too too fatal proof, that that which was
The beſt, corrupted to the worſt does paſs.
Hence the acuteſt Wits, when they're defil'd,
Turn moſt extravagant, profane and wild,

Defend Debaucheries, and Senſe advance,
To reaſon Reaſon out of countenance,
Making their Knowledg worſe than Ignorance.
But muſt Humanity be quite eras'd,
Becauſe it is from what it was defac'd?
Or, muſt the little Reaſon Men yet hold
For their Improvement, be for Dogs Fleſh ſold?
Sometimes the Gameſter, when Misfortune croſſes,
With his laſt Stake recovers all his Loſſes:
He's but a weak Phyſician, who gives o'er
His weaker Patient, whom he might reſtore;
But may he ſuffer an eternal Curſe,
That dares preſcribe a Remedy that's worſe
Than the Diſeaſe it ſelf! When *Fowler*'s lame,
No one expects that he ſhou'd catch the Game:
But that he may hereafter, I am ſure
'Tis beſt not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
He that feels Qualms of Conſcience in his Breaſt,
Let him not barter Reaſon with a Beaſt,
But purge the Guilt with which he is oppreſt.
That Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe,
Is a good Argument for my Defence;
Since with that thing that has ſo great a Fame
'Tis inconſiſtent, Senſe is much to blame;
And Reaſon will (ſpite of the Rhime and Tide
Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide,
For having ſuch a Vertue on its ſide.
And Valour too takes part with her for Senſe;
As you contrive, it puts no difference
Between the Valiant that are ſo for fear,
And Cowards that wou'd be, but do not dare.
Reaſon cou'd ne'er invent ſuch a witty thing,
That one ſhou'd fight for fear of quarrelling.
All Men you ſay for Fools or Knaves muſt go,
And 'tis a Man himſelf that calls them ſo:

And ſeeing Man is at his own Choice free,
Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
Let him be either, or elſe none for me.
But let me, Sir, requeſt, before you ſlip
Into the Dog, or Bear, or Monky-ſhip,
Whether you think their brutiſh Form procures
Any Advantages exceeding yours?
Both Dog and Bear as well as Man will fight;
And (to no purpoſe too) each other bite:
And as for Pug, ſure all his Vertues lie
In aping Man, the only thing you fly.
The wiſer way this Evil to redreſs,
Is to be, what you are not more nor leſs;
That is, not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monkey neither,
But a rare ſomething of them altogether.

An Epitaph on the D. of G------

By F. S——d.

I.

BEneath this Place
Is ſtow'd his Grace
The Duke of *G*———
As ſharp a Blade
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had Haft on.

II.

Mark'd with a Star,
Forg'd for War,
Of Metal true,
As ever drew,
Or made a Paſs
At Lad or Laſs.

III.

This nat'ral Son of *Mars*
Ne'er hung an Arſe,
Or turn'd his Tail:
Tho Shot like Hail

IV.

Flew 'bout his Ears
Thro Pikes and Spears,
So thick they hid the Sun,
He'd boldly lead 'em on
More like a Devil than a
Man.

V.

He valu'd not the Balls of Gun,
He ne'er wou'd dread
Shot made of Lead,
Or Cannon Ball,
Nothing at all.

VI.

Yet a Bullet of *Cork*
Soon did his Work:
Unhappy Pellet,
With Grief I tell it,
It has undone
Great *Ceſar*'s Son!
A Stateſman ſpoil'd,
A Soldier foil'd.
G—— rot him
That ſhot him;
A Son of a Whore,
I ſay no more.

The Inniskilling *Regiment.*

I.

I Will ſing in the Praiſe, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the firſt Royal Regiment; but don't think I jeer,
If I vow and proteſt they're as brave Men and willing,
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Inniskilling.*

II.

Oh had you but ſeen 'em march with that *Decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em,
Some ſmoking, ſome whiſtling, all meaning no harm,
Like *Yorkſhire* Attorneys coming up to a Term.

III.

On Bobtails, on Longtails, on Trotters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,
You'd ha' ſwore Knights & Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and Panders,
Appear'd all like ſo many Great *Alexanders.*

IV.

Whoſe Warriors, who thorow all Dangers durſt go,
Moſt bravely deſpiſing Blood, Battle and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the laſt Lord-Mayor's Day,
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

V. 'Twas

V.

'Twas that very Day their high Proweſs was ſhown,
In guarding the King thro the Fire-works o' th' Town;
Tho Sparks were unhorſt and their lac'd Coats were ſpoil'd,
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women or Child.

VI.

The Cornet whoſe Noſe, tho it ſpoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that Day on a Horſe feared no Man,
No Wounds; for all o'er his Trappings ſo ſumptuous,
He had ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty preſumptuous.

VII.

For note his Deſign, faith 'tis worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen ſee how his Horſe cou'd ſtand firing;
Not wiſely conſid'ring that her Majeſty's marry'd,
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miſcarry'd.

VIII.

All Hearts true as Steel; but of all the brave Fellows,
Th' Attorney for my Mony, who was ſo zealous,
He went for the Leaſe of his own Houſe from home,
To make a new Covering for the Troop's Kettle-drum.

IX.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son-in-Law fancying ſome Treachery in it,
Gave the Oaths to the Horſe, which the Beaſt took they ſay,
But ſwore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

X.

He the Nag of an *Iriſh* Papiſt did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of *Lilly-burlero.*

XI.

XI.

The Tub-preaching Saint was ſo furious a Blade,
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preach'd, ſlept and
pray'd;
To call them to Prayers he need no Saints Bell,
For jingling his Spurs chim'd 'em all in as well.

XII.

A noble ſtout Scrivener that now ſhall be nameleſs,
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameleſs,
A War-Horſe of Wood from *Duck Carver* buys,
To learn with more Safety the Horſe-Exerciſe.

XIII.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus* Main,
That ſo by that means he his Prancer beſtriding,
Might practiſe at once both his writing and riding.

XIV.

But Oh the ſad News which their Joy now confounds,
To *Ireland* their own, like the laſt, Trumpet ſounds:
Lord, Lord, how this ſets 'em a writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions!

XV.

Oh who will march for me? ſpeak any that dare,
A Horſe and a Hundred Pounds for him, that's fair;
Dear Courtiers excuſe me from *Teagueland* & Slaughter,
And take which you pleaſe Sir, my Wife or my
Daughter.

XVI.

Some feign'd themſelves lame, ſome feign'd themſelves (clapt:
At laſt finding all themſelves by themſelves trapt,
The King moſt unanimouſly they addreſt,
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jeſt.

XVII.

A Jeſt, quoth the King, and with that the King ſmil'd;
Come it ne'er ſhall be ſaid ſuch a Jeſt ſhall be ſpoil'd,
There-

Therefore I diſmiſs you, in Peace all depart,
For it was more your Goodneſs than my Deſert.

XVIII.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
They kiſt Royal Fiſt and were drunk all for Joy,
And broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy.*

A Ballad on the Fleet.

A Mighty great Fleet, the like was ne'er ſeen
Since the Reign of K. *William* and *Mary* the Q.
Deſign'd the Deſtruction of *France* to have been;
Which no body can deny, &c.
The Fleet was compoſed of *Engliſh* and *Dutch*,
For Men and for Guns there was never ſeen ſuch,
Nor ſo little done, when expected ſo much;
Which, &c.
One hundred Ships which we Capital call,
With Frigots and Tenders and Yachts that were ſmall,
Went out and did little or nothing at all;
Which, &c.
26500 and ſix luſty Men, (Oh then,
Had they chanc'd to have met with the *French* Fleet,
As they beat 'em laſt Year, ſo they'd beat 'em again;
Which, &c.
Six thouſand great Guns and ſeventy eight more,
As good and as great as ever did roar,
It had been the ſame thing had they all been aſhore;
Which, &c.

But

But *T*——*n* now muſt command them no more,
We try'd of what Metal he was made of before;
It's ſafer for him on the Land for to whore:
Which, &c.
For a Bullet perhaps from the loud Cannon's Breech,
Which makes no diſtinction betwixt poor and rich,
Inſtead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch:
Which, &c.
But *R*—— the C — C — *R*—— is choſe,
His fine ſelf and his Fleet to the Sea to expoſe,
But he'll have a Care how he meets with his Foes:
Which, &c.
He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,
Which either might ſerve by Land or by Water,
But of what they have done we have heard no great (matter:
Which, &c.
In the Month of *May* laſt they ſail'd on the Main,
And now in *September* they come back again
With the Loſs of ſome Ships, but in Battel none ſlain:
Which, &c.

FINIS.

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